

The
POETS & POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND



NEW ISSUE—SUPPLIED TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND:

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME;

1219 — 1884.

COMPRISING CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY
SCOTTISH POETS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

Illustrated by Twenty-four beautifully engraved Portraits.

Aim of the Work.—In the preparation of this Work the first object has been to present, not a collection of the ballads or songs, or the writings of the poets of any particular district of the country, but a comprehensive view of the poetry of Scotland in all its forms from the earliest to the present time. The long line of sons and daughters to whom the Scottish Muse has given birth during a period of nearly six centuries, rendered this undertaking one of no ordinary difficulty; but it is confidently hoped that the present volumes, the result of years of patient research through the wide range of Scottish poetical literature, will enable the reader to acquire a thorough acquaintance with our national poetry, and to appreciate its pathos, its humour, and its patriotic fervour.

Plan of the Work: its Rich and Varied Store of Poetical Extracts.—The Work begins with our earliest poetic authors, who sang the exploits of Wallace and Bruce, and is continued in chronological order to the dates of Robert Buchanan and the Marquis of Lorne. From the early writers, many of whose words are now nearly obsolete, brief extracts only are made, but sufficient to show the character of their writings and the quaintness of their style. As the Work proceeds the selections become more copious; and when we reach modern times, the examples given are numerous and varied, so as to enable the reader to form a clear and correct idea of the character of the poetry written by the Scottish poets of the present day. Many admired and standard productions, as Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Beattie's "Minstrel,"

Blair's "Grave," Home's "Douglas," Grahame's "Sabbath," and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," have notwithstanding their length been given in full.

Represents over Two Hundred and Seventy Authors.—The number of authors represented in these pages amounts to upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY; and while this large number by no means exhausts the roll of Scottish poets, it enables the Editor to add to names whose fame is already established some specimens of the poetry of authors now little known to the reading public, and of others whose works are not easily accessible.

Gives Biographical and Critical Notices.—As a reader naturally desires to know something of the history of the author who amuses or delights him, a second object in preparing the Work has been to present brief but satisfactory Biographical Notices of the authors, with the opinions of competent authorities on the merits of their respective writings. The compilation of these notices entailed a large amount of labour and extensive correspondence; no effort, indeed, has been spared to ensure their accuracy. It is therefore hoped that the Work will not only present a complete view of the Poetry of Scotland, but will also prove a valuable biographical repertory of the Poets themselves.

Contains Original Contributions and hitherto Unpublished Poems.—Besides original contributions and poems by living authors, the Work will contain poems, hitherto unpublished, by ROBERT BURNS, WILLIAM TENNANT, Mrs. GRANT of Laggan, JAMES HYSLOP, HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL, JOHN LEYDEN, WILLIAM MILLER, and others.

Glossary.—A carefully prepared Glossary of Scottish Words has been added for the use of those not thoroughly versed in the national Doric.

Illustrations.—The Illustrations will consist of Twenty-four life-like Portraits, engraved on steel in the most finished manner, of which a list is subjoined, and Two Vignette Title-pages printed in colours.

Conditions.—The Work will be printed on fine toned paper, and will be completed in four half-volumes, cloth elegant, at 7s. 6d. each, or gilt edged at 8s. 6d. each.

Among the Poets whose writings are represented in this Work are the following:—

Ainslie, Hew.
Aird, Miss.
Aird, Thomas.
Allan, Robert.
Anderson, Alexander.
Atkinson, Thomas.

Baillie, Lady Grizzel.
Baillie, Joanna.
Ballantine, James.
Barbour, John.
Barnard, Lady Anne.
Beattie, George.
Beattie, James.
Beattie, William, M.D.
Bell, Henry Glassford.
Bennoch, Francis.
Bethune, Alexander.
Bethune, John.
Blackie, John Stuart.
Blair, Robert.
Blind Harry.
Bonar, Horatius, D.D.
Boswell, Sir Alexander.
Bruce, Michael.
Brydson, Thomas.
Buchanan, George.
Buchanan, Robert.
Burns, Robert.

Campbell, Thomas.
Carlyle, Thomas.
Charrick, John Donald.
Chambers, Robert.
Cunningham, Allan.
Cunningham, Thomas M.

Douglas, Gavin.
Drummond, William.
Dunbar, William.

Falconer, William.
Fergusson, Robert.

Gall, Richard.
Gilfillan, Robert.
Glen, William.
Graham, Dougald.
Grahame, James.
Grant of Laggan, Mrs.
Grant, Sir Robert.
Gray, Charles.
Gray, David.

Hamilton, Janet.
Hamilton, William.
Hastings, Lady Flora.

Hedderwick, James.
Henryson, Robert.
Henry the Minstrel.
Hervey, Thomas Kibble.
Hetherington, Wm. Maxwell.
Hogg, James.
Home, John.
Hume, Alexander.
Hyslop, James.

Imlah, John.

Jamieson, Robert.
Jeffrey, Francis, Lord.

Kennedy, William.
King James the First.
Kinloch, Lord.
Knox, Isa Craig.
Knox, William.

Laing, Alexander.
Lapraik, John.
Latto, Thomas C.
Leighton, Robert.
Leyden, John.
Lindsay, Sir David.
Lockhart, John Gibson.
Logan, John.
Lorne, Marquis of.
Lyte, Henry Francis.

M'Cheyne, Robert Murray.
MacColl, Evan.
MacDiarmid, John.
Mac Donald, George.
Macdonald, Hugh.
Macduff, Dr. John R.
Macfarlan, James.
Macintyre, Duncan.
Mackay, Charles.
Mackenzie, Henry.
M'Lachlan, Alexander.
MacLagan, Alexander.
Macneill, Hector.
Macnish, Robert.
Macpherson, James.
Maitland, Sir Richard.
Mallet, David.
Martin, Sir Theodore.
Maxwell, Sir William Stirling.
Mayne, John.
Miller, Hugh.
Miller, William.
Montgomery, James.
Moir, David Macbeth.
Moore, Dugald.

Motherwell, William.
Murdoch, William.

Nairne, Carolina Baroness.
Nevay, John.
Nicholson, William.
Nicol, Robert.

Outram, George.

Park, Andrew.
Paton, Sir Joseph Noel.
Paul, Hamilton.
Picken, Ebenezer.
Pollok, Robert.
Pringle, Thomas.

Ramsay, Allan.
Riddell, Henry Scott.
Rodger, Alexander.

Scott, Sir Walter.
Scott, William Bell.
Sempill, Francis.
Shairp, John Campbell.
Skinner, John.
Smart, Alexander.
Smibert, Thomas.
Smith, Alexander.
Smollet, Tobias G.
Sterling, John.
Stoddart, Thomas Tod.
Struthers, John.
Symington, Andrew J.

Tannahill, Robert.
Telfer, James.
Tennant, William.
Thom, William.
Thomas the Rhymers.
Thomson, James.
Train, Joseph.
Tytler, James.

Vedder, David.
Veitch, Professor.

Wake, Charlotte, Lady.
Watson, Thomas.
Watson, Walter.
Weir, Daniel.
White, Robert.
Wilson, Alexander.
Wilson, Professor.
Wilson, Robert.
Wilson, William.
Wingate, David.
Wright, John.
Wyntoun, Andrew.

LIST OF THE PORTRAITS.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden—from the picture by Jansen.
 GEORGE BUCHANAN—from the picture in the University, Edinburgh.
 ALLAN RAMSAY—from the picture by Aikman.
 JOHN SKINNER—from the picture that belonged to the Rev. Dr. Skinner, Aberdeen.
 THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.—from the picture that belonged to Dr. Laurie of Cassenarie
 JOHN HOME—from the picture by Raeburn.
 JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.—from the picture by Reynolds.
 HECTOR MACNEILL—from the picture by William.
 ROBERT BURNS—from the picture by Nasmyth.
 JOANNA BAILLIE—from the picture by Masquerier.
 JAMES GRAHAME—from a family miniature.
 JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd—from the picture by Watson Gordon.
 SIR WALTER SCOTT—from a sketch by Watson Gordon.
 JAMES MONTGOMERY—from the picture by T. H. Illidge.
 ROBERT TANNAHILL—from the picture by Blair.
 THOMAS CAMPBELL—from the picture by Lonsdale.
 JOHN WILSON (Christopher North)—from the picture by Robert Scott Lauder.
 D. M. MOIR (Delta)—from a picture in possession of the family.
 THOMAS AIRD—from a picture in possession of the family.
 HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.—from a photograph by Elliot & Fry.
 JOHN STUART BLACKIE—from a photograph by Johnston Shearer.
 CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.—from a photograph by Charles Watkins.
 GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.—from a photograph by Elliot & Fry.
 ROBERT BUCHANAN—from a photograph by Elliot & Fry.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A very interesting and judiciously-made collection, and its value is increased by the brief notices of the poets and their works.—*Spectator*.

No excuse in future can be offered for those who confess themselves ignorant of Scottish song.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

This is the best collection of the poets and poetry of Scotland we have seen.—*Weekly Review*.

It must prove a welcome boon wherever an adventurous Scotchman has fixed his abode on the face of the earth. The editor has displayed great taste and judgment in the selection of the pieces he has introduced, taking an especial care to have them of a truly representative character, and as such to set forth in vivid form the varied phases of the national character. In addition to this, however, the collection is immensely enhanced in value by the introduction of brief but spirited biographical notices.—*Liverpool Courier*.

It presents for the first time a comprehensive view of Scottish poetry in a condensed and readily accessible form. The biographical sketches are clearly and intelligently written.—*Manchester Courier*.

The purpose of the book is a good one, and the aim of the compiler has been satisfactorily carried out.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

It is in fact a miniature library, where one may sit and read the choicest passages of all our poets, and their biographies as well, without rising off the chair.—*Ayr Advertiser*.

All lovers of song will welcome a book which supplies, along with specimens of their best poetry, concise biographies of the minstrels, and a critical estimate of their genius.—*Northern Whig*.

It is destined to be a perennial source of delight to many generations of Scotsmen and Scotswomen.—*Stirling Observer*.

A work in which no one can fail to take a large amount of interest, and from which every one who possesses it must necessarily derive much pleasure and profit. The biographical and critical notices prefixed to the extracts are carefully and accurately done.—*Glasgow News*.

A better book than this is seldom placed in the hands of the reviewer.—*London Scottish Journal*.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND.



J. HAWKINS, R.A.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND

EDITED BY
JAMES GRANT WILSON.

+ — + + +
VOL. I.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS

LONDON
BLACKIE & SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND:

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED
CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY
SCOTTISH POETS,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY
JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

HALF VOLUME I.
1219—1737.



LONDON:
BLACKIE & SON, OLD BAILEY, E.C.;
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

GLASGOW :
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLAFIELD.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
SCOTLAND:

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPRISING
CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY
SCOTTISH POETS,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY
JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL

PERIOD:

FROM THOMAS THE RHYMER TO RICHARD GALL.

BORN A.D. 1219.

BORN A.D. 1776.



LONDON:
BLACKIE & SON, OLD BAILEY, E.C.;
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing
But the thread that binds them is mine own.

MONTAIGNI.

A floury grene
Full thick of grass, full soft and sweet,
With floures fele faire undir feet,
And little used.

CHAUCER.

GLASCOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,
VILLAFIELD.

PREFACE.

THE purpose of this Work is to give a comprehensive view of Scottish Poetry from the earliest to the present time, in a condensed and easily accessible form. Comparatively few persons can command sufficient leisure to enable them to examine thoroughly, in these busy days upon which we have fallen, the wilderness of separate volumes of the Scottish poets, and still fewer can afford to place them on the shelves of their libraries. Many readers regret being thus deprived of the opportunity of becoming fully acquainted in a systematic manner with a body of poetry and song, than which there is none superior in the literature of any land ancient or modern. To all such the present Work it is believed will come as a great boon. It will be found to present selections from the writings of above two hundred and seventy Scottish poets, sufficiently ample in extent to enable the reader to form a precise opinion respecting the style and merits of the authors.

Another purpose of this Work is to supply what has long been a desideratum in Scottish literature—concise biographies of the poets, with notices of their works, and critical remarks upon their writings—to tell, in short, when they lived, what they wrote, and the estimation in which their writings are held by competent authorities. To quote the words of one whose poems are included in this Collection, “We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on the Poets, what ideas men have formed of them, what work they did.”

The two volumes in which this Work is comprised will be found to contain a large and satisfying proportion of all that is truly beautiful among the productions of the best-known Scottish poets. That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favourite poems is perhaps too much to expect; but it is believed that of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of being worthy of preservation, few, if any, will be found wanting. The work covers a period of above six hundred years, the first poem in the collection having been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the latest during the third quarter of the nineteenth. Embraced within the time from THOMAS THE RHYMER to ROBERT BUCHANAN will be found nearly

three hundred names of Scottish singers, not all alike in the measure of their fame, for "one star differeth from another star in glory;" but names that are thought to be worthy of honourable mention among the minstrels of their native land—that noble brotherhood who speak for themselves in tones of harmony, grandeur, and pathos, and upon whom Wordsworth bestowed his benediction:—

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—
 The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

The writings of the earlier poets being couched in language not easily understood except by students of ancient literature, it has been deemed expedient to restrict the extracts from their works to short specimens, which, however, exhibit the form in which their thoughts were conveyed. But to enable the reader fully to understand the nature and scope of these writings, detailed descriptions have been given of their subject-matter, with such explanations as seemed to be required. On the other hand, full scope has been given to the more modern poets, from whose writings very copious extracts have been made; and many admirable and lengthy productions, such as Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," Home's "Douglas," Grahame's "Sabbath," and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," appear in full in these pages. Other poems of too great length to be given complete, are represented by such ample extracts that after their perusal the reader will find himself quite at home with the author.

Independently of names like those of Burns and Scott, that stand as landmarks in the world's literature, it may be truthfully asserted that no nation beneath the sun is more abundant than Scotland in local bards that sing of her streams and valleys and heathery hills, till almost every mountain and glen, every lake and brook of North Britain, has been celebrated in sweet and undying song. If it be true, as it has been said, that Scotland has given birth to two hundred thousand poets, the Editor asks for a generous and kindly consideration in his delicate and difficult duty of selecting some two hundred and seventy names from that large number, as well as for such other shortcomings as may doubtless be discovered in a work of this nature.

It is the peculiar good fortune of the compiler of these volumes, the preparation of which has been with him for several years a labour of love, to be able to present to his readers unpublished poems by Robert Burns, William Tennant, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Henry Scott Riddell, John Leyden, Hew Ainslie, Evan MacColl, and others who find an

appropriate niche in this Walhalla. There remains the agreeable duty of returning grateful thanks to the authors who have contributed original contributions to these pages, and to other living writers and their publishers, who have given permission to make use of copyright poems, as well as to many friends who have communicated information and in various ways afforded facilities to the Editor in the preparation of this Work.

There is a passage in an ancient volume which appears to be appropriate as a concluding paragraph to this introductory page. Cotton Mather remarks, in the dedication to his *Decennium Luctuosum*, "Should any *petit monsieur* complain (as the captain that found not himself in the tapestry hangings which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588) that he don't find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology: He has done as well and as much as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than anyone else hath made; and now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him: others may go on as they please with a completer composure."

LIST OF THE ENGRAVINGS

IN

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN—from the picture by Jansen,..... <i>frontis.</i>	73
THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS—from a drawing by Hill,..... <i>Engraved Title.</i>	349
GEORGE BUCHANAN—from the picture in the University, Edinburgh,	48
ALLAN RAMSAY—from the picture by Aikman,.....	102
JOHN SKINNER—from the picture that belonged to the Rev. Dr. Skinner, Aberdeen, ..	192
THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.—from the picture that belonged to Dr. Laurie of Cassencarie,	198
JOHN HOME—from the picture by Raeburn,.....	208
JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.—from the picture by Reynolds,	254
HECTOR MACNEILL—from the picture by William,.....	308
ROBERT BURNS—from the picture by Nasmyth,.....	350
JOANNA BAILLIE—from the picture by Masquerier,.....	386
JAMES GRAHAME—from a family miniature,.....	404
JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD—from the picture by Watson Gordon,.....	446
SIR WALTER SCOTT—from a sketch by Watson Gordon,.....	462
JAMES MONTGOMERY—from the picture by T. H. Illidge,.....	486
ROBERT TANNAHILL—from the picture by Blair,	502

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME I.

	PAGE		PAGE
PREFACE,	v	MAITLAND, SIR RICHARD (1496-1586),	38
LIST OF AUTHORS,	xv	The Creation and Paradise Lost,	39
THOMAS THE RHYMER (1219-1299),	1	Satire on the Town Ladies,	41
Sir Tristrem (extract),	3	WILSON, FLORENCE (1500-1547),	41
BARBOUR, JOHN (1316-1395),	4	Ode—Why do I?	43
Speech of King Robert Bruce,	6	SCOT, ALEXANDER (1502—),	45
The Blessings of Liberty,	7	The Flower of Womanheid,	45
WYNTOUN, ANDREW (1350-1420),	8	Rondel of Love,	46
The Chronicle of Scotland (extract), . .	9	To his Heart,	46
HENRY THE MINSTREL (1360—),	10	Love ane Leveller,	46
The Death of Wallace,	11	The Eagle and Robin Redbreast, . . .	47
JAMES THE FIRST (1394-1437),	12	Lament when his Wife left him, . . .	47
The King's Quhair (extract),	15	BUCHANAN, GEORGE (1506-1582),	48
Christ's Kirk on the Green,	16	On Nessera,	49
Divine Trust,	18	The First of May,	50
HENRYSON, ROBERT (1430-1506),	18	Franciscanus (extracts),	50
The Two Mice,	20	JAMES THE FIFTH (1512-1542),	51
KENNEDY, WALTER (1450-1508),	22	The Gaberlunzie Man,	52
Invective against Mouth-thankless, . .	23	The Jollie Beggar,	53
The Praise of Age,	23	MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER (1540-1614?),	54
DUNBAR, WILLIAM (1460-1520),	24	The Cherry and the Slae (extract), . .	55
The Thistle and the Rose,	26	Night is nigh gone,	55
Earthly Joy returns in Pain,	28	While with her White Hands,	56
DOUGLAS, GAVIN (1474-1522),	28	Vain Lovers,	56
King Hart (extract),	30	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS (1542-1587),	57
Apostrophe to Honour,	31	On the Death of the Dauphin,	58
BARCLAY, ALEXANDER (1475-1552),	31	Sonnet—Que suis-je, hélas!	58
Of them that give Judgment on others, .	32	To Ronsart,	59
Of Elevated Pride and Boasting, . . .	33	Last Prayer,	59
Of Evil Counsellors, Judges, and Lawyers,	33	HUME, ALEXANDER' (1560-1609),	59
LINDSAY, SIR DAVID (1490-1555),	34	The Day Estivall,	60
The Complaynt (extract),	35	Recantation,	62
Supplication in Contemption of Side-Tails,	37	JAMES THE SIXTH (1566-1625),	63
The Building of the Tower of Babel, . .	38	A Short Poem of Time,	64
		The ciiii. Psalme,	65
		Sonnet—We find by proof,	66

	PAGE		PAGE
AYTON, SIR ROBERT (1570-1638),.....	66	CRAWFORD, ROBERT (1690-1733),.....	133
On Woman's Inconstancy,	67	The Bush aboon Traquair,	134
The Answer,	67	One Day I heard Mary,	135
Inconstancy Reproved,	68	Leader Haughs and Yarrow,	135
Song—What means this Strangeness?	68	Tweedside,	135
ANCRUM, EARL OF (1578-1654),.....	68	My Dearie, if thou Dee,	136
Praise of a Solitary Life,	69	Down the Burn, Davie,	136
STIRLING, EARL OF (1580-1640),.....	70	When Summer comes,	136
Song—O would to God!	71	Peggy, I must Love thee,	137
A Speech of Coelia,	72	ROSS, ALEXANDER (1699-1784),.....	137
Sonnet—I swear, Aurora,	72	The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow,	138
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM (1586-1649),.....	73	They say that Jockey,	139
The River of Forth Feasting (extract),	75	Wood'd and Married and a',	139
Song—Phœbus, Arise!	76	What ails the Lasses at me?	140
Dedication of a Church,	77	The Braes of Flaviana,	140
Sonnets,	77	BLAIR, ROBERT (1699-1746),.....	141
JOHNSTON, ARTHUR (1587-1641),.....	78	The Grave,	142
Caskieben,	79	THOMSON, JAMES (1700-1748),.....	150
CHARLES THE FIRST (1600-1649),.....	80	The Seasons (extracts),	153
Majesty in Misery,	81	Hymn of the Seasons,	156
On a Quiet Conscience,	81	The Castle of Indolence (extract),	157
SEMPILL, FRANCIS (1605-1680?),.....	81	To the Memory of Mr. Congreve,	160
The Blythsome Bridal,	83	Tell me, thou Soul,	161
She Rose and Loot me in,	83	For ever, Fortune,	161
Maggie Lauder,	84	Hard is the Fate,	161
MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF (1612-1650),.....	84	Rule Britannia,	161
My dear and only Love,	86	Against the Crusades,	162
On the Execution of Charles I.,	87	MALLET, DAVID (1700-1765),.....	162
MACDONALD, JOHN (1620?-1700),.....	87	William and Margaret,	164
The Death of Glengarry,	88	The Birks of Invermay,	165
On Crowning Charles II.,	89	A Funeral Hymn,	165
The Battle of Inverlochy (extract),	89	As Sylvia in a Forest lay,	166
BAILLIE, LADY GRIZZEL (1665-1746),.....	90	A Youth adorned with every Art,	166
Were na my Heart Light,	91	Ye Woods and ye Mountains,	166
O the Ewe-buchting's bonnie,	91	MACDONALD, ALEXANDER (1701-1780),.....	166
HAMILTON, WM., of Gilbertfield (1665?-1751),.....	92	The Lion of Macdonald,	167
Willie was a Wanton Wag,	93	Address to the Morning,	168
Epistles to Allan Ramsay,	93	HAMILTON, WILLIAM, of Bangour (1704-1754),.....	169
WARDLAW, LADY (1670-1727),.....	96	The Braes of Yarrow,	170
Hardyknute,	97	To the Countess of Eglinton,	171
CLERK, SIR JOHN (1680-1755),.....	100	The Maid of Gallowshiels (extract),	173
The Miller,	101	Why hangs that Cloud?	173
RAMSAY, ALLAN (1686-1757),.....	101	Ah, the poor Shepherd,	174
The Gentle Shepherd,	105	Strephon's Picture,	174
The Vision,	128	Ye Shepherds and Nymphs,	174
Lochaber no More,	131	Alas! the Sunny Hours are past,	175
The Last Time I came o'er the Moor,	132	Ye Shepherds of this Pleasant Vale,	175
The Lass of Patie's Mill,	132	ARMSTRONG, JOHN (1709-1779),.....	174
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,	132	The Art of Preserving Health (extracts),	177
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie,	133	COCKBURN, MRS. ALISON (1712-1794),.....	179
		The Flowers of the Forest,	180
		MACKAY, ROBERT (1714-1778),.....	180
		The Song of Winter,	181
		Home Sickness,	182
		Disappointed Love,	183

	PAGE		PAGE
BUCHANAN, DUGALD (1716-1768),	183	OGILVIE, JOHN (1733-1814),	246
The Skull,	185	Providence (extract),	247
The Dream,	186	Hymn—Begin, my Soul,	248
SKIRVING, ADAM (1719-1803),	187	MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS (1734-1788),	249
Tranent Muir,	188	Cumnor Hall,	250
Johnnie Cope,	189	The Prophecy of Queen Emma,	251
WILSON, JOHN (1720-1789),	189	There's nae Luck about the House,	253
The Clyde (extracts),	190	The Lusiad (extract),	253
SKINNER, JOHN (1721-1807),	192	BEATTIE, JAMES (1735-1803),	254
Tullochgorum,	193	The Minstrel,	256
The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,	194	Retirement,	268
A Song on the Times,	195	The Hermit,	268
John o' Badenyon,	196	Could Aught of Song,	269
The Stipendless Parson,	197	GEDDES, ALEXANDER (1737-1802),	269
The Man of Ross,	197	The Wee Wifukie,	270
BLACKLOCK, THOMAS (1721-1791),	198	Lewis Gordon,	271
Ode to Aurora,	199	Satires of Horace (extract),	271
Absence,	199	MACPHERSON, JAMES (1738-1796),	273
Beneath a Green Shade,	200	Oina-Morul,	274
The Wedding-day,	200	The Songs of Selma,	275
Anna,	201	The Desolation of Balclutha,	277
Importance of Early Piety,	201	Address to the Moon,	278
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience,	201	Fingal's Airy Hall,	278
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE (1721-1771),	201	Colna-Dona,	278
The Tears of Scotland,	203	Ossian's Song of Sorrow,	280
Ode to Independence,	204	The Cave,	280
Thy Fatal Shafts,	205	MUIRHEAD, JAMES (1742-1806),	281
Blue-eyed Anne,	205	Bess the Gawkie,	282
When Sappho tun'd,	205	HUNTER, MRS. JOHN (1742-1821),	282
Ode to Leven Water,	206	The Lot of Thousands,	283
ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT (1722-1777),	206	The Ocean Grave,	283
Amynta,	207	Oh, Tuneful Voice,	284
'Twas at the Hour,	207	Adieu, ye Streams,	284
HOME, JOHN (1722-1808),	208	To-morrow,	284
Douglas,	209	To my Daughter,	284
MACINTYRE, DUNCAN (1724-1812),	227	My Mother bids me,	284
The Bard to his Musket,	228	The Indian Death-song,	285
Mary, the young, the fair-hair'd,	229	MACKENZIE, HENRY (1745-1831),	285
The Glen of the Mist,	229	The Pursuits of Happiness,	286
The Last Adieu to the Hills,	231	The Spanish Father (act i.),	291
LAPRAIK, JOHN (1727-1807),	232	BRUCE, MICHAEL (1746-1767),	294
Matrimonial Happiness,	232	Lochleven,	295
ELLIOT, MISS JANE (1727-1805),	233	Sir James the Ross,	301
The Flowers of the Forest,	233	Elegy to Spring,	303
MACLAGGAN, JAMES (1728-1805),	234	To a Fountain,	304
Song of the Royal Highland Regiment,	234	Danish Ode,	305
FALCONER, WILLIAM (1732-1769),	235	Sweet Fragrant Bower,	305
The Shipwreck (introduction and canto i.), 236		The Wish,	305
Occasional Elegy,	245	The Adieu,	306
Address to Miranda,	246	Ode to the Cuckoo,	306
		MACNEILL, HECTOR (1746-1818),	307
		Scotland's Skaith,	308
		The Wae o' War,	311
		Mary of Castlereary,	315

	PAGE		PAGE
My Boy Tammy,	315	BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796),	349
Donald and Flora,	316	Ode for Washington's Birth-day,	353
I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane,	317	The Cotter's Saturday Night,	354
Come under my Plaidie,	317	Tam o' Shanter,	356
The Plaid amang the Heather,	317	The Vision,	358
Dinna think, bonnie Lassie,	318	Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson,	361
BLAMIRE, SUSANNA (1747-1794),	318	Halloween,	362
The Traveller's Return,	319	To a Mountain Daisy,	365
What ails this Heart o' mine?	320	A Bard's Epitaph,	366
The Chelsea Pensioners,	320	Man was made to Mourn,	366
Barley Broth,	321	Mary Morison,	367
And ye shall walk in Silk Attire,	321	Highland Mary,	368
The Waefu' Heart,	321	MacPherson's Farewell,	368
LOGAN, JOHN (1748-1788),	322	Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes,	368
A Visit to the Country in Autumn,	323	Bruce's Address,	369
The Prayer of Jacob,	324	To Mary in Heaven,	369
The Complaint of Nature,	324	John Anderson,	370
The Reign of Messiah,	325	Wilt thou be my Dearie?	370
Heavenly Wisdom,	325	Honest Poverty,	370
The Dying Christian,	325	Oh, wert thou in the Cauld Blast?	371
While frequent on Tweed,	326	Ae Fond Kiss,	371
The Braes of Yarrow,	326	O Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut,	371
The Light of the Moon,	326	The Highland Widow's Lament,	372
FERGUSSON, ROBERT (1750-1774),	327	Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,	372
The Farmer's Ingle,	329	Tam Glen,	373
Braid Claith,	330	Meikle thinks my Luvie o' my Beauty,	373
To the Tron-kirk Bell,	330	MAYNE, JOHN (1759-1836),	373
Scottish Scenery and Music,	331	The Siller Gun (canto i.),	375
Cauler Water,	331	The Muffled Drum,	378
Sunday in Edinburgh,	332	Helen of Kirkconnel,	378
Hallow Fair,	333	Logan Braes,	379
BARNARD, LADY ANNE (1750-1825),	334	The Troops were Embarked,	379
Auld Robin Gray,	335	HAMILTON, JOHN (1761-1814),	380
Why tarries my Love?	336	Up in the Mornin' Early,	380
LOWE, JOHN (1750-1798),	337	The Rantin' Highlandman,	381
Mary's Dream,	338	Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff,	381
GRANT, MRS. ANNE (1755-1838),	338	The Ploughman,	381
O where, tell me where?	340	LOCHORE, ROBERT (1762-1852),	382
On a Sprig of Heath,	341	Walter's Waddin',	382
Oh, my Love, leave me not,	341	A Kintra Laird's Courtship,	385
Could I find a bonny Glen,	342	Marriage and the Care o't,	386
The Indian Widow,	342	BAILLIE, JOANNA (1762-1851),	386
My Colin, lov'd Colin,	342	Sir Maurice,	388
My sorrow, deep sorrow,	343	Lines to Agnes Baillie,	391
The Highland Poor,	343	Wood and Married and a',	392
On her Eighty-third Birth-day,	344	Saw ye Johnnie comin'?	393
SCOTT, ANDREW (1757-1839),	344	It was on a Morn,	393
Marriage of the Tweed and Teviot,	345	It fell on a Morning,	394
Rural Content,	345	Poverty parts good Company,	394
Symon and Janet,	346	Hooly and Fairly,	395
The Young Maid's Wish for Peace,	347	The Black Cock,	395
The Fiddler's Widow,	347	Say, sweet Carol!	396
Lament for an Irish Chief,	348	To a Child,	396
Coquet Water,	348	The Gowan glitters on the Sward,	396
		The Phrenzy of Orra,	397

	PAGE		PAGE
ROSS, WILLIAM (1762-1790),	398	NICOL, JAMES (1769-1819),	441
The Highland Maid,	399	Haluckt Meg,	441
The Bard in the South,	399	Where Quair rins sweet,	442
The Last Lay of Love,	400	By yon hoarse murmurin' Stream,	442
REID, WILLIAM (1764-1831),	400	Blaw softly, ye Breezes,	443
Kate o' Gowrie,	401	My dear little Lassie,	443
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,	402	PICKEN, EBENEZER (1769-1816),	443
John Anderson,	402	Nan of Logie Green,	444
The Lea-rig,	402	Woo me again,	444
Fair modest Flower,	403	Blythe are we set,	445
Of a' the Airts,	403	Peggy wi' the glancin' e'e,	445
GRAHAM, JAMES (1765-1811),	403	Reflection,	445
The Sabbath,	405	HOGG, JAMES (1770-1835),	446
The Birds of Scotland (extract),	413	Kilmeny,	451
To my Son,	415	Sir David Graeme,	454
The Wild Duck and her Brood,	415	To the Comet of 1811,	456
The Poor Man's Funeral,	415	Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now,	457
To a Redbreast,	416	The Lark,	457
STEWART, HELEN D. (1765-1838),	416	Donald Macdonald,	457
Returning Spring, with gladsome Ray,	417	Ah, Peggy, since thou'rt gane away,	458
The Tears I shed must ever fall,	417	Lock the Door, Lariston,	458
WILSON, ALEXANDER (1766-1813),	418	The Auld Highlandman,	459
Watty and Meg,	421	Gang to the Brakens wi' me,	459
Auchtertool,	423	Bonnie Jean,	460
Matilda,	423	Flora Macdonald's Farewell,	460
The Schoolmaster,	424	Caledonia,	461
A Pedlar's Story,	425	Bonny Prince Charlie,	461
Rab and Ringan,	425	SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832),	461
The American Blue-bird,	426	A Bridal in Branksome,	466
Connel and Flora,	427	The Death of Marmion,	467
NAIRNE, CAROLINA (1766-1845),	427	Christmas in the Olden Time,	468
The Pleughman,	429	The Eve of St. John,	469
Caller Herrin',	429	The Battle of Bannockburn,	471
The Laird o' Cockpen,	430	Carle, now the King's come,	478
Gude Nicht, and Joy be wi' ye a'!	430	The Massacre of Glencoe,	480
The Hundred Pipers,	430	Lochinvar,	480
The Land o' the Leal,	431	Hymn of the Hebrew Maid,	481
Saw ye nae my Peggy?	431	The Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill,	481
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,	432	Jock o' Hazeldean,	482
Here's to them that are gane,	432	Macgregor's Gathering,	482
The Lass o' Gowrie,	432	Hail to the Chief,	482
He's ower the Hills that I lo'e weel,	433	Soldier, Rest!	483
The Attainted Scottish Nobles,	433	Song—Love wakes and weeps,	483
Would you be Young again?	433	The Heath this Night,	483
Farewell, O farewell!	434	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,	484
Rest is not here,	434	Allen-a-Dale,	484
BALFOUR, ALEXANDER (1767-1829),	434	MONTGOMERY, JAMES (1771-1854),	485
To a Canary Bird,	435	Greenland (extract),	487
The bonnie Lass o' Leven Water,	436	The Grave,	490
Stanzas—Hark! Time has struck,	437	Christopher Columbus,	492
Slighted Love,	437	Robert Burns,	492
A Lament for Culloden,	438	"Friendship, Love, and Truth,"	493
To the Laurel,	438	The Recluse,	493
To the Memory of Gray,	438	Verses to a Robin Red-breast,	494
Elegy to the Memory of Robert Burns,	438	The Field of the World,	494
		Via Crucis, Via Lucis,	494
		The Common Lot,	495

	PAGE		PAGE
German War Song,	495	The Mermaid,	522
Home,	495	Ode to an Indian Gold Coin,	525
Slavery that was,	496	Ode to the Evening Star,	526
Night,	496	The Return after Absence,	526
To a Daisy,	497	Sonnet on Sabbath Morn,	526
Evening in the Alps,	497		
PAUL, HAMILTON (1773-1834),	498	SCADLOCK, JAMES (1775-1818),	527
The Bonnie Lass of Barr,	500	Hark, hark, the Skylark singing,	527
Helen Gray,	500	October Winds,	527
Petition of the Auld Brig o' Doon,	500	Along by Levern Stream,	528
TANNAHILL, ROBERT (1774-1810),	501	BOSWELL, SIR ALEXANDER (1776-1822),	528
Towser: a true Tale,	503	The High Street of Edinburgh,	529
Gloomy Winter's now awa',	504	Jenny's Bawbee,	530
Loudoun's bonnie Woods and Braes,	504	Auld Gudeman,	531
Midges dance aboon the Burn,	504	Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye a',	531
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane,	505	Bannocks o' Barley Meal,	531
The Braes o' Gleniffer,	505	Taste Life's glad Moments,	532
Good Night and joy,	505	Jenny dang the Weaver,	532
The Wood of Craigie Lea,	506	Come, rest ye here,	533
The Lament of Wallace,	506	MACLACHLAN, EWEN (1776-1822),	533
The Braes of Balquhither,	506	A Dream,	534
Clean Pease-strae,	506	Ode—What thick'ning glooms,	534
The dear Highland Laddie,	507	The Mavis of the Clan,	536
O, are ye sleeping, Maggie?	507	The Melody of Love,	537
Langsyne, beside the Woodland Burn,	507	CUNNINGHAM, THOMAS M. (1776-1834),	537
The Harper of Mull,	508	Farewell, ye Streams,	538
INGLIS, MRS. MARGARET M. (1774-1843),	508	The Beggar,	538
Sweet Bard of Ettrick's Glen,	509	The Hills o' Gallowa',	539
Bruce's Address,	509	Mary's Grave,	539
Heard ye the Bagpipe?	509	The Unco Grave,	539
When shall we meet again?	510	The Braes of Ballahun,	540
ALLAN, ROBERT (1774-1841),	510	STRUTHERS, JOHN (1776-1853),	540
The Thistle and the Rose,	511	The Poor Man's Sabbath,	541
The Twa Martyrs' Widows,	511	The Sick Child,	540
Bonnie Lassie,	511	GALL, RICHARD (1776-1801),	551
A Lassie cam' to our Gate,	512	The Braes o' Drumlee,	551
Life's a Faught,	512	My only Jo and Dearie, O!	552
Blink over the Burn,	513	On the Death of Burns,	552
Caledonia,	513	Farewell to Ayrshire,	553
To a Linnet,	513	Glendochart Vale,	553
The Sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,	513	I winna gang back to my Mammy,	553
The Covenanter's Lament,	514	The Cradle Song,	554
LEYDEN, JOHN (1775-1811),	514	The Waits,	554
Scenes of Infancy (part i.),	516	INDEX	555
Lines to Mrs. Charles Buller,	522		

LIST OF AUTHORS,

SELECTIONS FROM WHOSE WRITINGS ARE GIVEN IN THIS VOLUME.

Allen, Robert,	519	Grant, Mrs. Anne,	336	Jockle, William John,	249
Anderson, Earl of,	68	Hamilton, John,	339	Minstrel, Henry the,	19
Armstrong, John,	176	Hamilton, Wm (Bancroft), 163		Montgomery, Alexander,	54
Ayton, Sir Robert,	66	Hamilton, Wm (Gibbairfield), 92		Montgomery, James,	185
Baillie, Lady Grizel,	59	Hampson, Robert,	12	Montrose, Charles of,	84
Baillie, James,	386	Henry the Minstrel,	10	Northard, James,	281
Balfour, Alexander,	434	Hogg, James,	446	Scobie, Caroline,	137
Balfour, John,	4	Horne, John,	208	Scot, James,	441
Barkley, Alexander,	31	Hume, Alexander,	69	Orgrove, John,	246
Barnard, Lady Anne,	344	Hunter, Mrs. John,	282	Paul, Hamilton,	492
Bearne, James,	254	Inglis, Mrs. Margaret M.,	508	Picken, Elizabeth,	443
Blacklock, Thomas,	152	James the Fifth,	51	Ramsay, Allan,	161
Bran, Robert,	141	James the First,	12	Reid, William,	469
Brunner, Benjamin,	318	James the Sixth,	63	Rhymer, Thomas the,	1
Blind Harry,	49	Johnston, Arthur,	78	Ross, Alexander,	137
Boswell, Sir Alexander,	528	Kennedy, Walter,	22	Ross, William,	332
Brian, Michael,	294	Laprik, John,	232	Seachuck, James,	327
Buchanan, Donald,	183	Layden, John,	514	Scott, Alexander,	45
Buchanan, George,	42	Lindsay, Sir David,	34	Scott, Andrew,	344
Burns, Robert,	349	Lochore, Robert,	382	Scott, Sir Walter,	461
Charles the First,	30	Logan, John,	322	Sempill, Francis,	81
Clark, Sir John,	169	Lewis, John,	337	Skinner, John,	152
Clackburn, Mrs. Alison,	175	Mackdonald, Alexander,	166	Skirving, Adam,	287
Cressford, Robert,	133	Mackdonald, John,	27	Smollett, Tobias George,	261
Cunningham, Thomas M.,	537	Mackenzie, Henry,	285	Stewart, Helen D'Arcy,	416
Douglas, Gavin,	28	Mackintosh, Ewen,	232	Stirling, Earl of,	75
Drummond, William,	73	Mackinnon, Robert,	185	Struthers, John,	539
Dunbar, William,	24	Mackenzie, Henry,	285	Tannahill, Robert,	371
Elliot, Sir Gilbert,	206	Mackintosh, Ewen,	232	Thomas the Rhymer,	1
Elliot, Jane,	233	Mackinnon, James,	234	Thomson, James,	159
Falconer, William,	335	Mackinnon, Hector,	297	Wardlaw, Lady,	55
Fergusson, Robert,	327	Mackintosh, James,	273	Wilson, Alexander,	382
Gall, Richard,	551	Maitland, Sir Richard,	24	Wilson, Florence,	31
Gardner, Alexander,	269	Mallet, David,	162	Wilson, John,	139
Geddis, James,	403	Mary Queen of Scots,	57	Wyntoun, Andrew,	1
		Mayne, John,	373		

THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

PERIOD 1219 TO 1776.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

BORN 1219 — DIED 1299.

SO little is known with certainty concerning Thomas the Rhymer, the "day-starre" of Scottish poetry, that even his name has long been a subject of controversy. No other bard of ancient or modern times is more rich in designations. Commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, he is also known as Thomas Rymer, Sir Thomas Learmont or Lermont, Thomas of Ereildoune, and Thomas Rymer of Erceldon, the name given to him by his son, and one that existed in the poet's native county of Berwickshire during the thirteenth century. In the year 1296 one John Rimour, a Berwickshire freeholder, did homage, in company with others, to Edward I. King of England. The fact that persons named Learmoth still claim the right of sepulchre in the churchyard at Earlston as representing Thomas the Rhymer, is a fact in favour of the supposition that he

did bear that name. His territorial appellation as proprietor of a mount or hill at Ereildoune may have grown into Laird of Ersilmount, and have gradually become converted into Larsilmount or Learmont.¹

But whatever may have been his name, he was undoubtedly a gentleman of condition, and his wife is believed to have been a daughter of the knight of Thirlstane, an ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale. The same uncertainty concerning his proper designation also exists in respect to the exact time of his birth. Sir Walter Scott, who styles him the earliest Scottish poet, conjectures that he was born between 1226 and 1229, while later authorities assign 1219 as the year of his birth.

The family to which Thomas belonged seems to have taken its territorial title from Ereil-

¹ The biographers of Russia's greatest poet, with the single exception of Alexander Pushkin, claim for Michael Lermontof (1811-41)—whose Scottish ancestors settled in Poland in the seventeenth century, and from thence passed into the dominions and service of the first Tsar of the Romanoff dynasty—kinship with the father of Scottish poetry. Lermontof often refers in his poems to the home of his forefathers. In one he says:—

"Beneath the curtain of mist,
Beneath a heaven of storms,
Among the hills of my Scotland,
Lies the grave of Ossian;
Thither flies my weary soul,
To breathe its native gale,
And from that forgotten grave,
A second time to draw its life."

And in another poem called "The Wish," he longs to

have the wings of the bird, that he might fly "to the west, to the west, where shine the fields of my ancestors," and where "in the deserted tower among the misty hills rests their forgotten dust." Above the sword and shield hanging on the ancient walls he would fly, he cries, and with his wing flick off the gathered dust of ages.

"And the chords of the harp of Scotland would I touch,
And its sounds would fly along the vaults,
By me alone awakened, by me alone listened to;
No sooner resounding than dying away."

But vain are his fancies, he adds, his fruitless prayers to be delivered from the harsh laws of fate—

"Between me and the hills of my fatherland
Spread the waves of seas;
The last scion of a race of hardy warriors
Withers away amid alien snows."

doune, or according to modern corruption Earlston, a small village situated on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. He himself resided in a Border keep at the south-western extremity of this hamlet, the ruins of which, called "Rhymer's Tower," are, after the lapse of six centuries, still to be seen; and on a stone in the front wall of the church of Earlston is the inscription:—

"Auld Rhymer's race
Lies in this place."

Tradition says that this stone with its modernized spelling was transferred from the old church, which stood at a distance of a few yards from the existing building; also that it was substituted for a very ancient stone destroyed in 1782. The poet probably lived to be more than threescore and ten. He is known to have died before, or early in, the year 1299, as that is the date of a charter granted by his son and heir to the Trinity House at Soltra, in which he calls himself *filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Erceldoune*. Henry the Minstrel represents the poet to have been a companion-in-arms of Sir William Wallace in 1296; so if this authority is to be credited the poet died between that period and the date of his son's document.

Among his countrymen Thomas is celebrated as a prophet no less than a poet. The prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer were first published in Latin and English, early in the seventeenth century. Barbour, Wyntoun, and Blind Harry each refer to his prophetic character. The Bishop of St. Andrews is introduced by Barbour as saying, after Bruce had slain the Red Cumin—

"I hop Thomas' prophecy
Off Hersildoune, were fyd be
In him; for swa our Lord help me,
I haiff gret hop he schall be king,
And haiff this land all in leding."

Wyntoun's words are these:—

"Of this sycht quhilum spak Thomas
Of Erceldoune, that sayd in derne,
Thare suld meet stalwarty, stark, and sterne.
He said it in his prophecie
But how he wist, it was ferly."

Blind Harry represents Rhymer as saying, on being falsely informed that Sir William Wallace was dead—

"For such, or he decess,
Mony thousand on feild shal mak thar end.
And Scotland thriss he sall bring to the pess;
So gud of hand agayne sall nevir be kend."

"The popular tale of the neighbourhood relates," says Sir Walter in a note to his *Border Minstrelsy*, that "Thomas was carried off at an early age to Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which afterwards made him famous. After seven years' residence he was permitted to return to the earth to enlighten and astonish the world by his prophetic powers; still, however, being bound to return to his royal mistress (the Queen of the Fairies) whenever she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, when a person came running in with fear and astonishment, and told that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The poet arose instantly and followed the animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief he still 'drees his weird' (undergoes his doom) in Fairy Land, and is expected, at some future day, to revisit the earth."

Robert de Brunne, an English writer who was contemporary with Thomas of Erceldoune, commemorates him as the author of a metrical romance entitled "Sir Tristrem," which was supposed to be lost, till a copy of it was discovered among the Auchinleck manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and published in 1804, with an introduction and notes by Sir Walter Scott. It was for a long time to Robert de Brunne alone that we owed the preservation of Thomas the Rhymer's fame as a poet. In the "Prolog" to his *Annals*, written about 1338, he thus records his admiration of Sir Tristrem:—

"Sir Tristrem
Over Gestes¹ it has the 'steem'²
Over all that is, or was."

The recovery of this poem is of the more consequence that it presents us, in its original simplicity, with a story of great celebrity, which was subsequently altered and perverted into a thousand degenerate forms by the *discurs* of Normandy. Sir Tristrem was one of the ancient

¹ Romances.

² Esteem.

heroes of Wales, and if we can trust ancient authorities acted a distinguished part in the history of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. Gottfried of Strasburg, a German minstrel of the thirteenth century, says "that many of his profession told the tale of Sir Tristrem imperfectly and incorrectly, but that he derived his authority from 'Thomas of Britannia,' master of the art of romance, who had read the history in British books, and knew the lives of all the lords of the land, and made them known to us." The poem is written in what Robert de Brunne calls

"so quainte Inglis
That many one wate not what it is;"

and Sir Walter Scott has drawn from this circumstance, combined with the originality of the romance, a conclusion of so much importance to the literary fame of Scotland, that we are induced to give it in his own words.

"It will follow," says Sir Walter, "that the first classical English romance was written in part of what is now Scotland; and the attentive reader will find some reason to believe that our language received the first rudiments of improvement in the very corner where it now exists in its most debased state. In England it is now generally admitted that after the Norman conquest, while the Saxon language was abandoned to the lowest of the people, and

while the conquerors only deigned to employ their native French, the mixed language now called English only existed as a kind of *lingua franca* to conduct the necessary intercourse between the victors and the vanquished. It was not till the reign of Henry III. that this dialect had assumed a shape fit for the purposes of the poet; and even then the indolence or taste of the minstrels of that period induced them to prefer translating the Anglo-Norman and French romances which had stood the test of years, to the more precarious and laborious task of original composition. It is the united opinion of Wharton, Tyrwhitt, and Ritson, that there exists no English romance¹ prior to the days of Chaucer which is not a translation of some earlier French one." While the kings and knights of England were entertained with chivalric tales, told in the French language—by the *lais* of Marie, the *romances* of Chretien de Foyes, or the *fableaux* of the *trouveurs*—the legends of Scotland, which could boast of never having owned a victor's sway, were written in that Anglo-Saxon-Pictish mixture known by the name of Inglis or English. Thomas the Rhymer, and other Scottish poets whose works have now perished, had been famed throughout Europe for romances written in their native language—the language of Chaucer, a hundred years before "the day-starre of English poetry" was born.

SIR TRISTREM.

(EXTRACT FROM FYTTE FIRST.)

I was at (Erceldoune :)
With Tomas spak Y thare;
Ther herd Y rede in rounne,
Who Tristrem gat and bare.
Who was king with croun;
And who him forsterd yare;
And who was bold baroun,
As thair elders ware,
Bi yere:—
Tomas tells in toun,
This auntuours as thai ware.

This semly somers day,
In winter it is nought sen;
This greves wexen al gray,
That in her time were gene:

So dos this world Y say,
Y wis and nought at wene;
The gode bene al oway,
That our elders have bene
To abide:—
Of a knight is that Y mene;
His name is sprong wel wide.

Wald Morgen thole no wrong,
Thei Morgan lord wes:
He brak his castels strong,
His bold borwes he ches:

¹ Sir Walter means no romance in English written by an Englishman, for the English was at that time common to both Scotland and England.—ED.

His men he slough among,
 And reped him mani a res;
 The wer lasted so long,
 Til Morgan asked pes
 Thurch pine;
 For sothe, withouten les,
 His liif he wende to tine.

Thus the batayl it bigan,
 Witeth wele it was so,
 Bituene the Douk Morgan,
 And Rouland that was thro;
 That never thai no lan,
 The pouer to wirche wo:
 Thai spilden mani a man,
 Betuen hem selven to,
 In prise;
 That on was Douk Morgan,
 That other Rouland Riis.

The knightes that wer wise
 A forward fast thai bond,
 That ich a man schul joien his,
 And seuen yer to stond:
 The Douk and Rouland Riis,
 Therto thai bed her hond,
 To heighe and holden priis,

And foren till Ingland,
 To lende:
 Markes King thai fond,
 With knightes mani and hende.

To Marke the king thai went,
 With knightes proud in pres;
 And told him to th' ende,
 His auentours as it wes:
 He preyd hem as his frende,
 To duelle with him in pes:
 The knightes thai were hende,
 And dede with outen les,
 In lede:

A turnament they chess,
 With knightes stithe on stede.

Glad a man was he
 The turnament did crie,
 That maidens might him se,
 And ouer the walls to lye:
 Thai asked who was fre,
 To win the maistrie;
 Thai said that best was he,
 The child of Ermonie,
 In tour:
 Forthi chosen was he,
 To maiden Blaunche Flour.

JOHN BARBOUR.

BORN 1316 — DIED 1395.

JOHN BARBOUR, an eminent historical poet, whose name is also written Barber, Barbere, and Barbare, was born at Aberdeen, according to Lord Hailes in 1316; other authorities have variously assigned 1320, 1326, and 1330 as the dates of his birth. He studied for the church, and in 1356 was by King David appointed to the archdeaconry of Aberdeen. In August, 1357, there was a safe-conduct granted by Edward III. of England, at the request of the Scottish king, to "John Barber, archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, coming into England for the purpose of studying at the University of Oxford; *et ibidem actus scolasticos exercendo*," &c. In September of the same year he was appointed by the Bishop of Aberdeen one of his commissioners to treat at Edinburgh concerning the ransom of the Scottish king, then

a prisoner in England. In 1365 he appears to have visited St. Denis, near Paris, in company with six knights, his attendants, it is supposed, for a religious purpose, as the king of England granted them a safe-conduct through his dominions.

At the desire, it is said, of King David he composed his historical poem of "The Actes and Life of that most Victorious Conqueror, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; wherein are contained the Martiall Deeds of those Valient Princes, Edward Bruce, Syr James Douglas, Erle Thomas Randal, Walter Stewart, and sundrie others," which he finished, as he himself informs us, in 1375. This celebrated poem, though only second in antiquity to the "Sir Tristrem" of Thomas the Rhymer, is one of the finest in the old English language. In clearness and simplicity it must rank before

either Gower or Chaucer; and in elevation of sentiment Pinkerton does not hesitate to prefer it to both Dante and Petrarch. Warton, than whom there was no better judge of the comparative merits of the early British poets, says, that "Barbour adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images far superior to the age." Dr. Irving, another eminent critic, pronounces his opinion in the following words:—"Barbour seems to have been acquainted with those finer springs of the human heart which elude vulgar observation; he catches the shades of character with a delicate eye, and sometimes presents us with instances of nice discrimination. His work is not a mere narrative of events; it contains specimens of that minute and skilful delineation which marks the hand of a poet."

Had the style of the poem been much inferior to what it is, the subject is of a nature which could not fail to excite a deep interest in the breast of the Scottish people, recounting as it does the gallant deeds of some of the most renowned characters in their history: of a Bruce who rescued Scotland from the dominion of England; and of a Douglas, a Randolph, and other brave spirits, who assisted in that glorious enterprise. To this day "The Bruce"—the first epic in the English language—is a favourite work among the common people of Scotland, through the medium of a modern version. The poem is in octo-syllabic lines forming rhymed couplets, of which there are seven thousand. It was first published at Edinburgh in 1616, although some authorities state that an earlier edition existed. Since that period upwards of twenty different editions have appeared, the best of which are Pinkerton's and Dr. Jamieson's, the latter published in 1826. From some passages in Wyntoun's "Chronicle," it has been supposed that Barbour wrote another poem giving a genealogical history of the kings of Scotland. In 1870 Henry Bradshaw, the learned librarian of Cambridge University Library, discovered MSS. which we can hardly err in believing to be early copies of poems hitherto unknown, by Barbour. The first is a volume which was described at the Duke of Lauderdale's sale in 1692 as a "History of the Grecian and Trojan wars," and is a metrical translation by Lydgate, a monk of Bury, of

Colonna's *Destruction of Troy*. But for some cause the volume does not explain, the translation is not entirely that of Lydgate, and twice the transcriber inserts the following note: "Here endis the monk and beginnis Barbour," with a like note at the end of each interpolated passage. These two portions consist of 1560 and 600 lines respectively, and of them Professor Cosmo Innes says that the language, and the Romance octo-syllabic couplets, would satisfy those well acquainted with "The Brus" that they are unquestionably Barbour's work. The other manuscript contains the lives of about fifty saints in 32,000 lines of octo-syllabic verse, translated from the Latin, which, from internal evidence, is believed to be also the production of Archdeacon Barbour.

About 1378 the sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of his poem of "The Bruce." This gift was followed at the interval of a few months by a grant of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings; and the *Rotuli Scaccarii*, after Barbour's death, state expressly that this annuity was granted "for compiling the Book of the Acts of the most illustrious prince, King Robert Bruce."

The reward which Barbour received for his second poem, now lost, was a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The grant is dated December 5, 1388. The pension was payable in two moieties—the one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which he received was at Martinmas, 1394, so that the celebrated poet must have died between that date and Whitsunday, 1395. The precise day of his death was probably March 13th, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in the cathedral church of St. Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to Barbour by the first of the Stewart kings in 1378, "*pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus*." Such are all the memorials which the destructive hand of time has left us of one of the earliest and greatest of Scottish poets, the Froissart of his native land. He was justly celebrated in his own times for his learning and genius; but the humanity of his senti-

ments, and the liberality of his views, were greatly in advance of the age in which he lived. His eulogy on liberty, the very first to be found in the English language, has been often quoted, but not more often than it deserves.

SPEECH OF KING ROBERT.¹

(FROM THE BRUCE.)

And quhen the gud king gan thaim se
 Befor him swa assemblit be;
 Blyth and glad, that thar fayis war
 Rabutyt apon sic maner;
 A litill quhill he held him still;
 Syne on this wyss he said his will.
 "Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff
 All mychty God, that syttis abuff,
 That sendis ws sa fayr begynnnyng.
 It is a gret discomforting
 Till our fayis, that on this wiss
 Sa sone has bene rabutyt twiss.
 For quhen thai off thair ost sall her,
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner
 Thair waward, that wes sa stout,
 And syne yone othyr joly rout,
 That I trow off the best men war,
 That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
 War rabutyt sa sodanly;
 I trow, and knawis it all clerly,
 That mony a hart sall wawerand be,
 That semyt er off gret bounté.
 And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 The body is nocht worth a myt.
 Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 Sall folow till our begynnnyng.
 And quethir I say nocht this yow till,
 For that ye suld folow my will
 To fycht; bot in yow all sall be.
 For giff yow thinkis speidfull that we
 Fecht, we sall; and giff ye will,
 We leve, your liking to fulfill.
 I sall consent, on alkyn wiss,
 To do, rycht as ye will dwysss.
 Tharfor sayis off your will planly."
 And with a woce than gan thai cry;
 "Gud king, for owtny mar delay,
 To morne alsone as ye se day,
 Ordane yow hale for the bataill.
 For doute off dede we sall nocht fail:
 Na na payn sall refusyt be,
 Quhill we haiff maid our countré fre!"

Quhen the king had hard sa manlily
 Thai spak to fechting, and sa hardely,

In hart gret glaidship can he ta;
 And said; "Lordingis, sen ye will sua,
 Schaip we ws tharfor in the mornnyng.
 Swa that we, be the sone rysing,
 Haff herd mess; and buskyt weill
 Ilk man in till his awn eschell,
 With out the pailowynys, arayit
 In bataillis, with baneris displayit.
 And luk ye na wiss brek aray.
 And, as ye luf me, I yow pray
 That ilk man, for his awne honour,
 Purway him a gud baneour.
 And, quhen it cummys to the fycht,
 Ilk man set hart, will, and mycht,
 To stynt our fayis mekill prid.
 On horss thai will arayit rid;
 And cum on yow in full gret hy.
 Mete thaim with speris hardely.
 And think than on the mekill ill,
 That thai and tharis has done ws till;
 And ar in will yeit for to do,
 Giff thai haf mycht to cum thar to.
 And certis, me think weill that ye
 For owt abasing aucht to be
 Worthy, and of gret wasselagis.
 For we haff thre gret awantagis.
 The fyrst is, that we haf the rycht;
 And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 For lypynnyng off thair gret powar,
 To sek ws in our awne land;
 And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,
 Ryches in to sa gret quantité,
 That the powrest of yow sall be
 Bath rych, and mychty thar with all,
 Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 The thrid is, that we for our lyvis,
 And for our childre, and for our wywis,
 And for our fredome, and for our land,
 Ar strenyeit in to bataill for to stand.
 And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
 And for thai lat of ws heychtly,
 And for thai wald distroy ws all,
 Maiss thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall,
 That thai sall rew thair barganyng.
 And certis I warne yow off a thing;
 That happyn thaim, as God forbed,
 That deyt on roid for mankyn heid!

¹ Delivered on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

That thai wyn ws opynly,
 Thai sall off ws haf na mercy.
 And, sen we know thair felone will,
 Me think it suld accord to skill,
 To set stoutnes agayne felony;
 And mak sa gat a juperty.
 Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
 That with all your mycht, that ye may,
 Ye press yow at the begynnyng,
 But cowardyss or abaysing,
 To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
 Sa stoutly that the henmaist trymble.
 And menyis of your gret manheid,
 Your worschip, and your douchti deid;
 And off the joy that we abid,
 Giff that ws fall, as weill may tid,
 Hap to wencuss this gret bataill.
 In your handys with out faile
 Ye ber honour, price, and richés,
 Fredome, welth, and blythnes;
 Gyff ye contene yow manlely.
 And the contrar all halyly
 Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardyss
 And wykytnes yow suppriss.
 Ye mycht haf lewynt in to thredome:
 Bot, for ye yarynt till have fredome,
 Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
 Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 Worthy and wycht, but abaysing.
 And I warne yow weill off a thing;
 That mar myscheff may fall ws nane,
 Than in thair handys to be tane:
 For thai suld sla ws, I wate weill,
 Rycht as thai did my brother Nele.
 Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
 And off the mony gret prowes,
 That ye haff doyne sa worthely;
 I traist, and trowis sekirly,
 To haff plane wictour in this fycht.
 For thought our fayis haf mekill mycht,
 Thai have the wrang; and succudry,
 And cowatyss of senyowry,
 Amowys thaim for owtyne mor.
 Na ws thar dreid thaim, bot befor:
 For strenth off this place, as ye se,
 Sall let us enweronyt to be.
 And I pray yow als specially,
 Bath mar and les commonaly,
 That nane of yow for gredynes
 Haff ey to tak of thair ryches;
 Na prisoneris for to ta;
 Quhill ye se thaim contraryit sa,
 That the feld anerly yowris be.
 And than, at your liking, may ye
 Tak all the riches that thar is.
 Giff ye will wyrk upon this wiss,
 Ye sall haiff wictour sekirly.
 I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I.

Bot all wate ye quhat honour is:
 Contene [yow] than on sic awiss,
 That your honour ay savyt be.
 And Ik hycht her in leauté;
 Giff ony deys in this bataille,
 His ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,
 On the fyrst day sall weld;
 All be he neuir sa young off eild.
 Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
 God help ws, that is maist of mycht!
 I rede, armyt all nycht that we be,
 Purwayit in bataill sua, that we
 To mete our fayis ay be boune."
 Than ansueryt thai all, with a soun;e;
 "As ye dywyss all sall be done."
 Than till thair innys went thai sone;
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechtig:
 Syne assemblyt in the ewynnyng;
 And swagat all the nycht bad thai,
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.¹

(FROM THE BRUCE.²)

A! fredome is a nobil thing;
 Fredome mayss a man to haiff liking.

¹ Barbour, contemplating the enslaved condition of his country, breaks out into the following animated lines on the blessings of liberty.—*George Ellis*.

Some readers may more readily arrive at the meaning of this fine apostrophe through the following paraphrase:—

Ah! freedom is a noble thing,
 And can to life a relish bring.
 Freedom all solace to man gives;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.
 A noble heart may have no ease,
 Nor aught beside that may it please,
 If freedom fail—for 'tis the choice,
 More than the chosen, man enjoys.
 Ah! he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,
 Knows not the weary pains which gall
 The limbs, the soul of him who 'plains
 In slavery's foul and festering chains;
 If these he knew, I ween right soon
 He would seek back the precious boon
 Of freedom, which he then would prize
 More than all wealth beneath the skies.

² Our archdeacon was not only famous for his extensive knowledge in the philosophy and divinity of those times, but still more admired for his admirable genius for English poetry; in which he composed a history of the life and glorious actions of Robert Bruce. A work not only remarkable for a copious circumstantial detail of the exploits of that illustrious prince, and his brave companions in arms Randolph, Earl of Moray, and the Lord James Douglas, but also for the beauty of its style, which is not inferior to that of his contemporary, Chaucer.—*Henry's History of Great Britain*.

Fredome all solace to man gifis,
 He levys at ess that frely levys.
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
 Gyff fredome failyhe; for fre liking
 Is yharuyt our all othir thing.
 Na he that ay hass levyt fre,

May nocht know weill the propyrt,
 The angry, na the wrechyt dome
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome,
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt,
 And suld think fredome mar to pryss
 Than all the gold in warld that is.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

BORN 1350—DIED 1420.

ANDREW WYNTOUN, or Andrew of Wyntoun, in point of time the third of the early Scottish poets whose works have been handed down to us, lived towards the close of the fourteenth century. Of the place or exact date of his birth nothing positive is known. He is believed to have been born about 1350. The rhyming chronicler was a canon-regular of St. Andrews, the most important religious establishment in the kingdom, and in or before the year 1395 he was elected prior of the monastery of St. Serf, in Lochleven. Of this Wyntoun gives an account in his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland:"—

"Of my defeaute it is my name
 Be baptisme, Andrewe of Wyntoun,
 Of Sanct Andrew's a chanoun
 Regular; bot, noucht forthi
 Of thaim all the lest worthy.
 Bot of thair grace and thair favoure
 I wes but meryt, made prioure
 Of the Ynch within Lochlevyne."

In the chartulary of the priory of St. Andrews there are several public instruments by Andrew Wyntoun, as prior of Lochleven, dated between the years 1395 and 1413; and in the last page of his "Cronykil" he makes mention of the Council of Constance, which began November 16, 1414, and terminated May 20, 1418. On the supposition that he brought down his narrative of events to as late a period as he possibly could, his death may be supposed to have occurred in 1420, or the year following.

Notwithstanding the great value of Wyntoun's historical poem, written at the request of "Schyr Jhone of the Wemys," it was suf-

fered to remain neglected for nearly four centuries. In 1795, however, an edition of that portion of it which relates more immediately to the affairs of Scotland was published, with very valuable notes by David Macpherson, who omitted the introductory portion of this famous "Cronykil," in which, after the fashion of Roger of Chester and other venerable historians, the author most learnedly treats of the creation and of the general history of the world before he reaches the subjects which more pertinently relate to his work, *i.e.* the history of Scotland. "The Chronicle of Wyntoun," says Dr. Irving, "is valuable as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors. With a perseverance of industry which had numerous difficulties to encounter, he has collected and recorded many circumstances that tend to illustrate the history of his native country; nor, rude as the composition may seem, is his work altogether incapable of interesting a reader of the present age of refinement. To those who delight to trace the progress of the human mind his unpolished production will afford a delicious entertainment." Another writer remarks "that Wyntoun's genius is certainly inferior to that of his predecessor Barbour, but that at least his versification is easy, his language pure, and his style often animated."

In Wyntoun's work the student of history will find what, in the absence of more ancient records, must be now regarded as the original accounts of numerous transactions in Scottish

story. Many of these the poet has related from his own knowledge or from the reports of eye-witnesses; and of the general fidelity of his narrative there is every reason to form the most favourable opinion, from the strict agreement which is to be found between him and other authorities, where there happens, on any fact, to be other authors to refer to—such as the “*Foedera Angliæ*, or the Fragments of the Chartulary of the Priory of St. Andrews,” from which Wyntoun drew largely and literally. Of Barbour and other writers he speaks in a generous and respectful manner, and modestly avows his inability to write equal to the author of “*Bruce*,” as in the following lines:—

“The Stewartis originale
The Archedekyne has trefty hal,
In metre fayre mare wertusly
Than I can thynk be my study,” &c.

That Wyntoun was a man of learning his poem gives evidence, as it contains quotations from Aristotle, Cicero, Josephus, Livy, and other ancient authors, and also mentions Augustin, Cato, Dionysius, Homer, Virgil, &c. In the “*Chronicle*” there is preserved

the first of Scottish songs, which is believed by several authorities to be ninety years older than Barbour's work. Allan Cunningham deemed it too melodious and too alliterative for that early date, and as rather belonging to the same period as the rhyming chronicler himself. It is a little elegiac song on the death of Alexander III., who was accidentally killed in the year 1286:—

“Quhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede,
Dat Scotland led in luwe and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gamin and gle:
Oure gold wes changyd in-to lede,
Cryst, borne in-to virgynyté,
Succour Scotland and remede,
Dat stad is in perplexyté.”

In 1872 a new edition of Wyntoun's work appeared, edited by David Laing, containing the suppressed or omitted portions of the “*Chronicle*,” and forming nearly one-third of the entire poem. There are several manuscript copies of the “*Chronicle*,” more or less perfect, still extant, of which the one known as the Royal MS., in the British Museum, is by general consent considered the most perfect.

THE CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND.

(EXTRACT.¹)

Ande, or all this tyme wes gone,
The yhowng Erle off Murrawe Jhon,
And Schyre Archebald off Dowglas,
That brodyr till Schyre Jamys was,
Purchasyd thame a company,
A thowsand wycht men and hardy.
Till Anand in a [tranowntyng]
Thai come on thame in the dawying:
Thare war syndry gud men slayne.
Schyre Henry the Ballyoll thame agayne
Wyth a staffe fawcht stwrdyly,
And dyntis delt rycht dowchtyly,
That men hym lovyd efftyr his day.
Thare deyde Schyre Jhone than the Mowbray:
And Alysawndyre the Brws was tane.
Bot the Ballyoll his gat is gane
On a barme hors wyth leggyis bare:
Swa fell, that he ethchapyd thare.
The lave, that ware noucht tane in hand,
Fled, qwhare thai mycht fynd warrand;

Swa that all that company
Dyscumfyt ware all halyly.

The Scottis men syne, that hade dredyng,
That Schyre Edward, off Inland Kyng,
Suld cum wyth fors in till oure land
(As he dyd, nowcht agayne standand
The pese, that sworne wes, and made,
And confermyd wyth selys brade),
Made ordynawns thare land to save.
To the Erle Patryk thai gave
The Castell off Berwyke in kepyng;
And syne the town in governyng
Thai gave till Alysawndyr off Seytown,
That wes a knyght off gud renown.
Schyre Andrew off Murrawe gud and wycht.
That was a bald and a stowt knyght,
That nane bettyr wes in his day,
Fra the gud Kyng Robert wes away,
Was made Wardane off all the land.
And fra he tuk that state on hand,
He gert sowmownd his folk in hy:
And thai assemblyd hastyly.

¹ Book viii. chap. xxvi.

And wyth that folk he held his way
 Till Roxburch, quhare the Ballyoll lay,
 That had befor in Ingland bene:
 Off sergeandys thare and knychtis kene
 He gat a gret company.
 Schyre Andrew thidder can hym hy;
 Hys men held noucht all gud array;
 Swm yhowng men, as I herd say,
 Come on the bryg; bot Inglis men
 Swa gret debate made wyth thame then,
 That thai welle swne war pwt away;
 The bryg syne occupyid thai.
 And in defens off Rawff Goldyng,
 That wes borne downe on a myddyng,
 Schyre Andrew Murrawe owt off his stale,
 That wend, that all his menyhé hale
 Had folowyd, bot thai dyd noucht swa
 (For swme off thame war fere hym fra,
 And othir swme owt off array,

For purwayd noucht at poynt war thai,
 Swa bot full fewe wyth hym ar gane)
 He wes nere-hand leftt hym allane,
 To the bryg went he stwrdyly,
 As all hys men had bene hym by,
 And made sic pay, that men sayis yhete,
 He gert fele fall down till his fete
 Sprewland, as thai chyknys ware.
 And qwhen his fays saw hym thare
 Forowtyn fere feychtand allane,
 And has hym in his armys tane,
 And enbrasyt hym sturdly,
 [He] turnyd hym wyth hym in hy
 For to beteeche hym till his men,
 That he wend at his bake war then,
 Than all the Inglis company
 Behynd stert on hym stwrdyly,
 And magrawe his, thai have hym tane;
 Bot swthly he yhald hym to nane.

HENRY THE MINSTREL.

BORN 1360 — DIED —.

HENRY THE MINSTREL, or Blind Harry, as he was familiarly called, who commemorated the deeds of the champion of Scottish liberty in a heroic poem entitled "Ye Actis and Deidis of ye Illuster and Vailzeand Champioun Shyr William Wallace," flourished in the fifteenth century. Of his personal history we know very little—we do not even possess more than half his name; and have no means of knowing whether Henry was a Christian or surname. He is stated by Dempster to have been living in 1361; but Major, who is supposed to have been born about 1446, stated that when he was in his infancy Henry the Minstrel wrote his "Actis and Deidis." Major also informs us that the poet was blind from his birth, and that he gained his food and clothing by the recitation of histories or "gestes" before the nobles of the land. It is said by the Minstrel himself that his work was founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever had existence, is now lost; and from the immediate descendants of Wallace's contemporaries.

"The Wallace" abounds in evident exagge-

rations and anachronisms, but as a poem it is simple, interesting, and exciting. As a narrative of facts it must be remembered that we have it not through the medium of the author's own pen, but through oral recitation, to the corruptions of which there are no limits. The circumstance of the poet's correctness as regards several incidents heretofore believed to be fictitious—as, for example, Wallace's expedition to France—having been recently verified by the discovery of authentic evidence, should induce us to be careful in ascribing to the Minstrel errors in which it abounds, rather than to the reciters of his work, who are much likelier to be the culprits. "That a man born blind," says George Ellis, "should excel in any science is sufficiently extraordinary, though by no means without example; but that he should become an excellent poet is almost miraculous, because the soul of poetry is description. Perhaps, therefore, it may be safely assumed that Henry was not inferior, in point of genius, to Barbour or Chaucer, nor indeed to any poet in any age or country." The praise of this eminent critic exceeds that which is justly due to Henry the Minstrel,

deservedly popular as his effusions are. "The Wallace" cannot certainly be compared to the great poem of the learned Archdeacon of Aberdeen."

"The Bruce" is evidently the work of a politician as well as a poet. The characters of the king, of his brother, of Douglas, and of the Earl of Moray are discriminated, and their separate talents always employed with judgment, so that every event is prepared and rendered probable by the means to which it is attributed; whereas the 'Life of Wallace' is a mere romance, in which the hero hews down whole squadrons with his single arm, and is indebted for every victory to his own muscular strength. Both poems are filled with descriptions of battles, but in those of Barbour our attention is successively directed to the cool intrepidity of King Robert, to the brilliant rashness of Edward Bruce, or to the enterprising stratagems of Douglas; while in Henry

we find little more than a disgusting picture of revenge, hatred, and blood." This critic errs in underrating, as the writer first quoted does in overrating, the merits of Blind Harry. The assertion that any portion of his "Wallace" is disgusting only exhibits an ignorance of the work on which the criticism is passed. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later period, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A modern paraphrase of the poem, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, has long been a favourite book amongst the peasantry of Scotland, and it was the reading of this volume which had so great an effect in kindling the genius and patriotic ardour of Robert Burns. The only MS. of Blind Harry's heroic poem is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and bears date 1488. The first edition of the work was published in 1570; the latest and most correct, with notes and glossary by Dr. Jamieson, in 1820.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.¹

(FROM SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.)

On Wednesday the fals Sotheroun furth brocht,
Till martyr him as thai befor had wrocht.
Rycht suth it is, a martyr was Wallace,
Als Osauld, Edmunt, Eduuard, and Thomas.
Off men in armes led him a full gret rout.
With a bauld spreit gud Wallace blent about:
A preyst he askyt, for God at deit on tre.
King Eduuard than cummandyt his clergé,
And said; "I charge, apayn off loss off lywe,
Nane be sa bauld yon tyrand for to schrywe.
He has rong lang in contrar my hienace."
A blyst byschop sone, present in that place,
Off Canterbury he than was rychtwyss lord,
Agayn the king he maid this richt record;
And [said]; "My self sall her his confessioun,
Gyff I haiff mycht, in contrar off thi croun.
And thou throu force will stop me off this thing,
I wow to God, quhilk is my rychtwyss king,
That all Ingland I sall her enterdyt,
And mak it knawin thou art ane herretyk.

The sacrament off kyrk I sall him geiff;
Syn tak thi chos, to sterwe or lat him leiff.
It war mar waill, in worschip off thi croun,
To kepe sic ane in lyff in thi bandoun,
Than all the land and gud at thow has refyd.
Bot cowatice the ay fra honour drefyd.
Thow has [thi] lyff rongyn in wrangwis deid;
That sall be seyn on the, or on thi seid."
The king gert charge thai suld the byschop ta;
Bot sad lordys consellyt to lat him ga.
All Inglissmen said, at his desyr was rycht;
To Wallace than he rakyt in thar sicht,
And sadly hard his confessioun till ane end.
Hvmbly to God his spreit he thar comend;
Lawly him serwyth with hartly deuocioun
Apon his kneis, and said ane orysoun.
His leyff he tuk, and to West monastyr raid.
The lokmen than thai bur Wallace but baid
On till a place, his martyrdom to tak;
For till his ded he wald na forthyr mak.
Fra the fyrst nycht he was tane in Scotland,
Thai keypt him in to that sammyn band.
Na thing he had at suld haiff doyn him gud;
Bot Inglissmen him seruit off carnaill fud.
Hys warldly lyff desyrd the sustenance,
Thocht he it gat in contrar off plesance.
Thai thretty dayis his band thai durst noch slaik,
Quhill he was bundyn on a skamyll off ayk,
With irn chenyeis that was bath stark and keyn.

¹ Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, notices Barbour and Henry the Minstrel in these words:—"Although this work is professedly confined to England, yet I cannot pass over two Scotch poets of this period who have adorned the English language by a train of versification, expression, and poetical imagery far superior to their age; and who consequently deserve to be mentioned in a general review of our national poetry."

A clerk thai set to her quhat he wald meyn.
 "Thow Scot," he said, "that gret wrangis has don,
 Thi fatell hour, thow seis, approchis son.
 Thow suld in mynd remembyr thi mysdeid,
 At clerkis may, quhen thai thair psalmis reid
 For Crystyn saullis, that makis thaim to pray,
 In thair nowmyr thow may be ane off thai;
 For now thow seis on fors thou mon decess."
 Than Wallace said; "For all thi roid rahress,
 Thow has na charge, supposs at I did myss;
 Yon blyst byschop has hecht I sall haiff blis;
 And trew [I] weill, that God sall it admyt:
 Thi febyll wordis sall nocht my conscience smyt.
 Conford I haiff off way that I suld gang,
 Maist payn I feill at I bid her our lang."
 Than said this clerk; "Our king off send the till;
 Thow mycht haiff had all Scotland at thi will,
 To hald off him, and cessay off thi stryff;
 So as a lord rongyn furth all thi lyff."
 Than Wallace said; "Thou spekis off mychty
 thing.
 Had I lestyt, and gottyn my rychtwyss king,
 Fra worthi Bruce had rasauit his croun,
 I thoct haiff maid Ingland at his bandoun.
 So wttraly it suld beyn at his will,
 Quhat plessyt him, to sauff thi king or spill."
 "Weill," said this clerk, "than thow repentis
 nocht:

Off wykkydness thow has a felloun thoct.
 Is nayne in warld at has sa mony slane;
 Tharfor till ask, me think thow suld be bane,
 Grace off our king, and syn at his barnage."
 Than Wallace smyld [a] litill at his langage.
 "I grant," he said, "part Inglissmen I slew
 In my quarrel, me thoct nocht half enew.
 I mowyt na wer bot for to win our awin;
 To God and man the rycht full weill is knawin.
 Thi frustyr wordis dois nocht bot taris me,
 I the commaund, on Goddis half, lat me be."
 A schyrray gart this clerk sone fra him pass;
 Rycht as thai durst, thai grant quhat he wald
 ass.
 A Psaltyr buk Wallace had on him euir;
 Fra his childeid fra it wald nocht deseuir.
 Bettyr he trowit in wiage for to speid.
 Bot than he was dispulyeid off his weid.
 This grace he ast at Lord Clyffurd that knycht,
 To lat him haiff his Psaltyr buk in sycht.
 He gert a preyst it oppyn befor him hauld,
 Quhill thai till him had done all at thai wauld.
 Stedfast he red, for ocht thai did him thar:
 Feyll Sotheroun said, at Wallace feld na sayr.
 Gud deuocioun sa was his begynnnyng,
 Conteynd tharwith, and fair was his endyng;
 Quhill spech and spreyt at anys all can fayr
 To lestand blyss, we trow, for euirmayr.

JAMES THE FIRST.

BORN 1394 — DIED 1437.

JAMES THE FIRST, one of the most chivalric, and certainly the most accomplished of the ancient Scottish kings, was born at Dunfermline in 1394. His elder brother having fallen a victim to the ambition of his uncle the Duke of Albany, Robert III., filled with anxiety for the safety of his only remaining son, and in order to place him beyond the reach of a faithless kindred until he should attain to manhood, resolved to send him to the court of France to complete his education, which had been begun under the learned prelate Walter Wardlaw, archbishop of St. Andrews. Accordingly, in 1405, the young prince sailed from his native country under the care of the Earl of Orkney, but the vessel being captured by an English squadron, in violation of a treaty of peace which then existed between the two nations, he was car-

ried prisoner to the Tower of London. This act of gross injustice completed the calamities of the infirm King Robert, who sank under the blow, and it led to the captivity of James for more than eighteen years.

After a confinement of two years in the Tower the young prince was removed to Nottingham Castle. In 1413 he was taken back to the Tower, but in the course of the same year was transferred to Windsor Castle. In 1414 the English king, Henry V., took James with him in his second expedition into France, but on his return committed him anew to Windsor Castle, where he remained till his final liberation. Though kept in close confinement he was instructed in every branch of knowledge which that age afforded, and became also eminently expert in all athletic exercises. Hector Boece tells us that he was a proficient

in every branch of polite literature, in grammar, oratory, Latin and English poetry, music, jurisprudence, and the philosophy of the times;¹ and Drummond says "that there was nothing wherein the commendation of wit consisted, or any shadow of the liberal arts did appear, that he had not applied his mind to, seeming rather born to letters than instructed." Philosophy and poetry were the sources from which the unfortunate young prince drew the consolation he so much needed. Speaking of his determination to write the "King's Quhair," his greatest work, he says—

"And in my tyme more ink and paper spent
To lyte effect, I tuke conclusion
Sum new thing to write;"

and that he did not seek the consolations of philosophy in vain is shown by many passages in his matchless poem:—

"Bewailing in my chamber thus allone,
Despeired of all joye and remedye;
For tirit of my thought and wo-begone,
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hye,
To see the warld and folk yt went forbye,
As for the tyme, *though I of mirthis fude*
Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude."

At length James was restored, when in his thirtieth year, to his kingdom, returning to Scotland in April, 1424, having espoused the Lady Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter of John, duke of Gaunt. His descriptions of the small garden, once the moat of Windsor Castle, which was seen from his place of confinement, and the first glimpse he there obtained of his future queen, are among the most beautiful and touching passages in the poem. Proceeding first to Edinburgh he was received by his people with a degree of affectionate enthusiasm which could scarcely have been expected from their former indifference to his fate; he afterwards went to Secone, accompanied by his queen, where they were both solemnly crowned. When first informed on his arrival in the kingdom of the lawlessness which prevailed in

it he exclaimed, "By the help of God, though I should myself lead the life of a dog, I shall make the key keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow." The sentiment was worthy a prince, and he set himself vigorously at work to curb his lawless nobles, and to better the condition of his distracted kingdom.

In 1436 James renewed the allegiance with France, giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to the dauphin. The year following a conspiracy was formed against him, and on the night of February 20 he was assassinated at Perth by a band of ruffians led by Sir Robert Graham of Strathearn. His death was universally bewailed by the nation, and his inhuman murderers were put to death by the horrible tortures practised in that age. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV., who was in Scotland as legate at the time of this catastrophe, in giving an account of it, said that he "was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief which overspread the nation on the death of the king, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his murderers were pursued; who, being all of them traced and dragged from their lurking retreats, were, by the most lingering tortures that human invention could suggest, put to death."

"A cruel crime rewarded cruellie."

Margaret, dauphiness of France, eldest daughter of the murdered king, inherited not a little of her father's gallant spirit and poetic ability. It is of her that the familiar story is related that, walking in the gallery of the palace, and finding Alain Chartier, the poet, asleep there, she reverently kissed him. "How could you kiss one so ugly?" exclaimed one of her maids of honour. "I do not," answered the princess, "kiss the man, but the lips that have uttered so many beautiful thoughts"—a kiss which Menage says will immortalize her.

Of the king's principal poetical work Pinckerton, a writer extremely penurious of praise, says that it "equals anything Chaucer has written;" and Ellis remarks that "it is not inferior in poetical merit to any similar production" of the father of English poetry. It is most undoubtedly true that neither Chaucer nor any contemporary poet of either England or Scotland is characterized by that delicacy

¹ He was well lernit to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to worsyle, to sing and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sindry other instruments of music; he was expert in gramer, oratory, and poetry, and maid sae flowan and sententious versis—he was ane natural and borne poete.—*Boece's History.*

which distinguishes the productions of King James. Considering the rude age in which he wrote, and that Chaucer and Gower, with whose writings he was well acquainted, and whom indeed he acknowledges in one of his stanzas for his masters, were so distinguished, as well as Dunbar, for an opposite character, it is certainly one of the greatest phenomena in the annals of poetry. The "King's Quhair" was for centuries lost to the world, the only MS. copy in existence, at the Bodleian Library, having been discovered by Lord Woodhouselee, who in 1783 first published it to the world, with explanatory notes and a critical dissertation. The subject is the royal poet's love for his future queen, described in the allegorical style of the age, but with much fine description, sentiment, and poetical fancy. To King James is likewise ascribed two humorous poems entitled "Christis Kirk on the Grene" and "Pebelis to the Play," descriptive of the rural manners and pastimes of that age. These poems are great favourites. To the former allusion is made by Pope, who writes—

"One likes no language but the Fairy Queen:
Or Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

His claim to either has been disputed, but Allan Ramsay, Sir Walter Scott, and others unhesitatingly ascribe "Christis Kirk on the Grene" to the royal poet, while authorities equally entitled to credit entertain the same feelings of certainty as respects the authorship of his other poem, "Pebelis to the Play." The poems of the royal poet were first collected and published at Perth in 1786, and are also to be found in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. In 1873 was published an edition of "The Poetical Remains of King James the First of Scotland, with a Memoir by the Rev. Dr. Rogers," containing, in addition to the compositions previously mentioned, a song on "Absence" and a sacred poem entitled "Divine Trust," the latter included among our selections.

Historians relate that the king was a skilful musician, playing on eight different instru-

ments, and to him accord the honour of introducing "a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others," to quote the language of Tassoni, an Italian writer who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century. James is known, from contemporary authorities, to have cultivated music with more than usual ardour, and under circumstances of long imprisonment and solitude, singularly calculated to give to his compositions that "plaintive and melancholy" style which the Italian writer tells us was regarded as the characteristic of the kind of music which the king invented, and which we know to be the characteristic of the national music of Scotland as existing during the past four and a half centuries.

Dyer said of this accomplished prince—

"Amid the bards whom Scotia holds to fame,
She boasts, nor vainly boasts, her James's name;
And less, sweet bard! a crown thy glory shows,
Than the fair laurel that adorns thy brows:"

and Washington Irving, in the article entitled "A Royal Poet," in the *Sketch Book*, has given us a charming description of the king and his Quhair (Book), consisting of 197 seven-lined stanzas, declared by Lockhart to be "infinitely more graceful than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writings of our day." Mr. Irving, after a visit to Windsor Castle, remarks, "I have been particularly interested by those parts of the poem which breathe his immediate thoughts concerning his situation, or which are connected with the apartment in the Tower. They have thus a personal and local charm, and are given with such circumstantial truth as to make the reader present with the captive in his prison, and the companion of his meditations. . . . As an amatory poem it is edifying, in these days of coarser thinking, to notice the nature, refinement, and exquisite delicacy which pervade it, banishing every gross thought or immodest expression, and presenting female loveliness clothed in all its chivalrous attributes of almost supernatural purity and grace."

THE KING'S QUHAIR.¹

(EXTRACT.)

Than wold I say, Giff God me had devisit
 To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,
 Quhat was the cause that he more me comprisit,
 Than othir folk to lyve in such ruynes?
 I suffere alone amang the figuris nyne,
 Ane wofull wrache that to no wight may spede,
 And yit of every lyvis help has nede.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,
 I wold bewaile my fortune in this wise.
 For quich, again distresse confort to seke,
 My custum was on mornis for to rise
 Airly as day, O happy exercise!
 By the come I to joye out of turment!
 Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus allone,
 Despeired of all joye and remedye,
 For-tirit of my thought and wo-begone,
 And to the wyndow gan I walk in hie,
 To see the warld and folk that went forbye,
 As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
 Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set
 Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,
 Railit about, and so with treis set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,
 That lyf was non, walkyng there forbye,
 That mycht within scarce any wight aspye.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene
 Beschadit all the allyes that there were,
 And myddis every herbere mycht be sene
 The sharp grene suete jenepere,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That, as it semyt to a lyf without,
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis sat
 The lytil suete nygtingale, and song
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
 Of luvis use, now soft now lowd amang,
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong
 Rycht of thaire song.

Kest I doun myn eye ageyne,
 Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,

Full secretly, new cumyn hir to pleyne,
 The fairest or the freschest young floure
 That ever I sawe, methoucht, before that houre,
 For quich sodayne abate, anon astert
 The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaisit then a lyte,
 No wonder was, for quhy? my wittis all
 Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,
 Only through latting of myn eyen fall,
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall
 For ever; of free wyll, for of manace
 There was no takyn in hir suete face.

And in my hede I drew ryght hastily,
 And eft sones I lent it forth ageyne,
 And saw hir walk that verray womanly,
 With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne.
 Than gan I study in myself and seyne,
 Ah suete! are ye a warldly creature,
 Or hevynly thing in likenesse of nature?

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse,
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band?
 Or ar ye veray Nature the goddesse,
 That have depayntit with your hevynly hand,
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
 Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reverence
 Sall I mester to your excellence?

Giff ye a goddesse be, and that ye like
 To do me payne, I may it not astert;
 Giff ye be warldly wight, that dooth me sike,
 Quhy lest God mak you so, my derest hert!
 To do a sely prisoner thus smert,
 That lufis you all, and wote of noucht but wo,
 And, therefore, merci suete! sen it is so.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,
 Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,
 So ferre I fallyng into lufis dance,
 That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
 My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
 Was changit clene rycht in ane other kind.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
 Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,
 In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite,
 And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,
 With mony ane emerant and faire saphire,
 And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
 Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blew.

Full of quaking spangis brycht as gold,
 Forgit of schap like to the amoretis,

¹ The "King's Quhair" is a long allegory, polished and imaginative, but with some of the tediousness usual in such productions.—*Henry Hallam*.

The author of our first serious and purely imaginative poem, the "King's Quhair," and our earliest truly comic and homely poem, "Pebilis to the Play."—*Allan Cunningham*.

So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,
And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis;
And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee enouch to mak a world to dote.

About hir neck, quhite as the fayre anmaill,
A gudeli cheyne of small orferyve,
Quhare by there hang a ruby, without faille
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte.
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,
Ane huke she had upon her tissew quhite,
That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,
As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;
Thus halflyng lowse for haste, to suich delyte,
It was to see her youth in gudelihed,
That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

In hir was youth, beautee, with humble aport,
Bountee, richesse, and womanly faiture,
God better wote than my pen can report,
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and conyng sure
In every point, so guydit hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature mycht no more hir childe auance.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe
Under the suete grene bewis bent,
Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,
Sche turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went.
Bot then began myn axis and turment!
To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht;
Methoucht the day was turnyt into nycht.

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.¹

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
Such dancing nor deray,
Neither at Falkland on the green,
Or Peeblis at the Play;
As was (of *wowaris* as I *ween*)
At Christ's Kirk on a day;
There came our Kitties washen clean,
In their new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

¹ James Sibbald has named St. Salvator's Chapel, at St. Andrews, as the scene of the diversions celebrated in this lively ballad; by other authorities the scene is assigned to Garioch, Aberdeenshire. It was, however, most probably at the old kirk-town of Leslie, a place in all respects suiting the requirements of the poem, and within six miles of Falkland Palace, a favourite resort of the gallant king.—Ed.

To dance thir damysellis them dicht,
These lasses licht of laitis;
Their gloves were of the raffell right,
Their schone were of the straitis,
Their kirtles were of lyncome light,
Well prest with many plaitis;
They were so nyss when men them nigh'd,
They squeit like any gaitis,
Full loud,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Of all these maidens mild as meid,
Was none so gymp as Gillie;
As any rose her rude was red,
Her lyre was like the lily:
Fow yellow, yellow was her head,
But she of love was silly,
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
She would have but sweet Willie
Alone,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

She scorned Jock and skraipet at him,
And murgeon'd him with morkis,
He would have luvit, she would not let him,
For all his yellow lokkis;
He cherisht her, she bad go chat him,
She comptit him not two clockis;
So shamefully his short gown set him,
His limbs were like two rokkis,
She said,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Tom Lutar was their minstrel meet,
O Lord, as he could lanns,
He played so schill, and sang so sweet,
While Towsy took a trans;
Old Light-foot, there he did forleit,
And counterfeited France,
He us'd himself as man discreet,
And up took morrice dance,
Full loud,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Then Stephen came stepping in with stends,
No rink might him arrest,
Splayfoot he bobbit up with bends,
For Maud he made request:
He lap while he lay on his lends
But rising he was priest,
While that he hostit, at both ends,
For honour of the feast,

That day,
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Syne Robin Roy began to revel
And Downy till him druggit,
Let be, quoth Jock, and call'd him javell,
And by the tail him tugged;

The kensie cleikit to a cavell,
 But, Lord! if they then luggit,
 They parted, there, manly with a nevell;
 God wot if hair was ruggit,

Between them,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

One bent a bow, sic sturt could steir him,
 Great skayth wes'd to have scared him;
 He chesit a flane as did affeir him;

The t'other said *dirdum dardum*:

Through both the cheikis he thought to cheir
 him,

Or throw the erss have chard him,
 But by an akerbraid it came not near him,
 I can not tell what marr'd him,

There,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

With that a friend of his cried, Fy!

And up an arrow drew;

He forged it so furiously,

The bow in flenderis flew;

So was the will of God, trow I!

For, had the tree been true,

Men said, that kend his archery,

That he had slain anew,

That day,

At Christ's Kirk on the green.

An hasty hensure called Harry

Who was an archer heynd,

Tilt up a takill withouten tary,

That torment so him teynd;

I wot not whether his hand could vary,

Or the man was his freynd;

But, he escaped through nichtis of Mary,

As man that no ill meynd,

But gude,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Then Lowre as a lion lap,

And soon a flane could fedder;

He hecht to pierce him at the pap,

Thereon to wed a wedder;

He hit him on the wame a wap;

It buft like any bledder;

But so his fortune was, and hap,

His doublet was of ledder;

And saved him,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The buff so bousteouslie abaisit him,

To the erd he duschit down;

The other for dead he preissit him,

And fled out of the town:

The wives come furth and up they paisit him,

And fande life in the loun;

And with three routis they raised him,
 And couverit him of swoone;

Again,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day,

A zaip young man, that stood him neist,
 Loos'd off a shot with ire;

He ettlit the bern in at the breist,

The bolt flew o'er the byre;

One cried, fye! he had slane a priest,

A mile beyond a mire;

Then bow and bag from him he keist,

And fled als ferse as fyre

Of flynt,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

With forkis and flailis they let great flappis,

And flang together like friggis;

With bowgaris of barnis that beft blue kappis,

While they of bernis made briggis;

The reird raise rudely with the rappis,

When rungis was laid on riggis;

The wyffis come forth, with cryis and clappis,

Lo! where my liking liggis,

Quoth they,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

They girnit, and leit gird, with granis,

Each gossip other grevit;

Some struck with stingis, some gathered stanis,

Some fled, and evil eschewit;

The minstrel wan within two wanis,

That day, full well he previt;

For he came home with unbirs'd banis,

Where fechtaris were mischevit,

For ever,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Heich Hucheoun, with an hissell ryss;

To red can throw them rummill;

He mudlet them down, like any mice,

He was no batie-bummil;

Though he was wicht, he was not wise,

With such jangleris to jummill;

For from his thumb they dang a slice,

While he cried barla-fummil,

I'm slain,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When that he saw his blood so reid,

To flee might no man lat him;

He would it had been for auld feid;

He thought one cried, have at him;

He gart his feet defend his heid,

The far farar it set him;

While he was past out of all pleid,

He suld been swift that gat him,

Through speed,

At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The town sowtar in grief was bowdin,
 His wife hang in his waist:
 His body was with blood all browdin,
 He granit like any gaist;
 His glittering hair, that was full gowden,
 So hard in love him laist;
 That for her sake he was not zowdin,
 Seven mile while he was chaist,
 And more,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The miller was of manly mak,
 To meet him was no mowis;
 Their durst not ten come him to tak,
 So nowit he their nowis;
 The buschment haill about him brak,
 And bikkerit him with bowis,
 Syne traitourly behind his back,
 They hewed him on the howis,
 Behind,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Two that were heidsmen of the herd,
 Ran upon uderis like rammis;
 Than followit feymen, right unaffair'd,
 Bet on with barrow trammiss;
 But where their gobbis were ungeird,
 They got upon the gammis;
 While bloody barkit was their beird;
 As they had werreit lammis
 Most like,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The wives kest up an hideous yell,
 When all the yunkeris yokkit;
 As fierce as any fyr-flaught fell,
 Frieikes to the field they flokkit:
 The carlis with clubbis could other quell,
 While blood at briestis out bokkit;
 So rudely rang the commoun bell,
 While all the steeple rokkit,
 For reird,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When they had beirit, like baited bullis,
 And branewod, brynt in bailis,

They wox as meek as any mulis,
 That mangit were with mailis:
 For faintness thir forfochin fulis
 Fell down, like flauchtir failis;
 Fresh men came in and haild the dulis
 And dang them down in dailis,
 Bedene,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When all was done, Dick, with an aix,
 Came forth, to fell a futher;
 Quod he, Where are yon hangit smaiks,
 Right now wald slain my bruther?
 His wife bad him go home, good glaiks,
 And so did Meg his mother;
 He turn'd, and gave them both their paiks;
 For he durst ding none other,
 For feir,
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

DIVINE TRUST.¹

Sen throw vertew incessis dignitie,
 And vertew is flour and rute of nobles ay,
 Of ony wit or quhat estait thou be
 His steppis follow, and dreid for none effray;
 Eject vice, and follow truth alway;
 Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Be not our proude in thy prosperitie,
 For as it cummis, sa will it pas away;
 The tyme to compt is schort, thow may weill se,
 For of grene grass sone cummis wallowit hay.
 Labour in truth quhilk suith is of thy fay;
 Traist maist in God, for He best gyde thé can,
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,
 Thou dant thy toung that power hes and may
 Thou steik thy ene fra warldis vanitie,
 Refraine thy lust and harkin quhat I say:
 Graip or tho slyde, and keip furth the hie way,
 Thou hald thé fast upon thy God and man,
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

BORN 1430 — DIED 1506.

ROBERT HENRYSON, or HENDERSON, a poet and fabulist of the fifteenth century, was chief

schoolmaster of Dunfermline. Lord Hailes conjectures that he acted as preceptor to the

¹ Of the king's hymns or sacred poems only one specimen has been preserved at the close of the collection

called *The Gude and Godlie Ballates*, published in 1570. It has been entitled by Dr. Rogers "Divine Trust."—ED.

Benedictine convent of that town. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1430, and it is known that he died at an advanced age, as Sir Francis Kinaston tells us "that being very old, he died of a diarrhoe or fluxe." It is also known that he passed away early in the sixteenth century, as his name appears among the latest of the poets lamented by Dunbar in his poem on the "Deth of the Makkaris," printed in the year 1508:—

"In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henrysoun."

On the poet's own testimony he appears to have lived to a good old age, and happily not to have been without the comforts so necessary in advanced years. In the opening stanzas of the "Testament of Faire Creseide," the longest of his productions, he says:—

"I made the fire, and beked me aboute,
Then toke I drink, my spirits to comforte,
And armed me well fro the cold thereoute.
To cutte the winter night, and make it shorte,
I took a quere, and lefte all other sporte,
Written by worthy Chaucer glorious,
Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus."

Of this poem a critic says, "Wittily observing that Chaucer, in his fifth book, had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to express the punishment and end due to a false inconstant, which commonly ends in extreme misery." The poem was first printed by Henry Charteris in 1593, and has been appended to various editions of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*. The "Testament of Creseide" and Henryson's pastoral poem of "Robene and Makyne," the earliest of bucolics in the Scottish language, was printed (sixty-five copies) for the Bannatyne Club in 1824 by George Chalmers. Of the latter poem a writer in Blackie's *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen* remarks, "I consider it superior in many respects to the similar attempts of Spenser and Broune; it is free from the glaring improprieties which sometimes appear in the pastorals of those more recent writers, and it exhibits many

genuine strokes of poetical delineation." His poetical tale entitled "The Traitie of Orpheus Kyng, and how he came to yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his Quene," was first published in 1508. Portions of both of these poems have been highly commended by Sir Walter Scott, Warton, and other competent judges; but it is in his fables that Henryson's poetical powers appear to greatest advantage. The best of his "Fabils," thirteen in number, is the common story of the "Town Mouse and the City Mouse," which he treats with much humour and characteristic description, and concludes with a beautifully expressed moral. He gives it the Scotch title of "The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous." This collection, in manuscript, is still preserved in the Harleian Library, and is dated 1571.

The "Fables" of Henryson were reprinted in 1832 for the Bannatyne Club, from the edition of Andrew Hart, printed in Edinburgh, 1621,—of which the only known copy is in the Advocates' Library—with a memoir prefixed by Dr. Irving, the editor. "Nearly the whole of Henryson's poems," says a critic, "bear evidence of having been composed in the decline of life. In this he resembled his model Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales*, the best of all his works, were written when on the verge of threescore years and ten. Henryson had not, however, like Chaucer, cause to blame a vagrant muse in his dying hours, for anything in his writings which might pollute to future ages the stream of future morals. His sentiments are uniformly worthy of his years—pure, chastened, and instructive; and whatever share of the poetical art he displays it is solely employed in giving to the lessons of virtue some heightening charm, or rendering the ways of vice more odious." Until recently it was a subject of regret that only specimens of Henryson's poems were to be met with in the collections of Hailles, Pinkerton, Ramsay, Sibbald, Irving, and Ellis. The desideratum was at length supplied by David Laing, who first collected his poetical writings and prepared a memoir of his life, issued at Edinburgh in 1865.

THE TWO MICE.¹

Esope, myne autour, makis mentioun

Of twa myiss; and they war sisters deir;
Off quhom the elder dwelt in borrowstown;
The yonger wend up-on-land, weil neir
Ryecht solitair; quhyle under busk and breir,
Quhyle in the corn, in uthle menys schacht,
As outlawis dois that levis on ylin wacht.

The rural mouss into the winter tyde
Had hungar, cauld, and tholit grit distress;
The tothir mouss that in the burgh can byde
Was gilt brother, and made ane free burgess.
Tol-free alsua, but custom, mair or less,
And freedom had to ga quhair eir sche list
Amang the cheiss and meill, in ark and kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full, and on fute fure,
Scho tuk in mynd her sister up-on-land,
And langit for her cheir, and her welfair,
And se quhat lyfe scho led under the wand:
Barefute allane, with pykstaff in her hand,
As pure pilgrim, scho passit out of town,
To seik her sister, baith our dail and down.

Throw mony wilsum wayis couth scho walk,
Throw mure and moss, throwout bank, busk,
and breyr,
Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
Cum furth to me, myne sueit sister deir!
Cry peip anis—with that the mouse couth heir,
And knew her voice, as kynismen will do
By very kind; and furth scho came her to.

Their hairtly cheir, Lord God! gif ye had seen,
Was kynd quhen thir sisters twa wer met,
Quhilk that oft syss was schawin thame betwene;
For quhyles thai leuch, and quhyles for joy
thay gret;
Quhyles kissit sueit, and quhyles in armis plet.
And thus they fure, quhill sobirt was their meid,
Then fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid.

As I hard say, it was a simple wane
Off fog and ferne, full maikly was it maid,
A silly scheill under a yerd-fast stane,
Of quhilk the entry was not hie nor bred:
And in the same thai went bot mair abaid,
Withoutten fyre or candell burnand bricht,
For commonly sic pykers lykes not lycht.

Quhen they war lugit thus, thir silly myss,
The yungest sister until her butrie hyied,
Brought forth nuttis, and peiss, instead of spyss;
Gif that was weifarn doit, on thame besyd.
This burgess mouss permyngit full of pryd,

Than said, sister, is this your daily fude?
Quhy not, quod scho, think ye this mess not gude?

Na, be my saul, me think it but a skorn;
Ma dame, quod sche, ye be the mair to blame;
My moder said, after that we wer born,
That ye and I lay baith within her wame;
I kep the rycht auld custom of my dame,
And of my syre, lyvand in povertie,
For landis haif we nane of propertie.

My fair sister, quod scho, haif me excusit;
This rude dyet and I can not accord;
With tender meit my stomach ay is usit;
For quhy, I fair as weil as ony lord:
Thir widdirer peiss and nuttis, or thai be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my mouth full
sklender,
Quhilk usit wer befor to meit mair tender.

Weill, weill sister, than quoth the rural mouss,
Gif that ye pleiss sic things as ye se heir,
Baith meit and drink, and arbourie and house,
Sall be your awin—will ye remain all yeir,
Ye sall it haif, with blyth and hairtly cheir;
And that suld make the messes that are rude,
Amang friendis richt tendir, sueit and gude.

Quhat plesans is in feists feir delicate,
The quhilk ar given with a gloumand brow;
A gentle heart is better recreate
With blyth usage than seith to him a cow;
Ane *Modicum* is better, yeill allow,
Sae that gude-will be carver at the dess,
Than a thrawn vult, and mony a spycie mess.

For all this moral exhortatioun,
The burgess mous had little will to sing,
But hevely scho kest her visage down,
For all the daintys scho couth till her bring;
Yit at the last scho said, half in hiething,
Sister, this vittell and your ryal feist
May weill suffice for sic a rural beist.

Let be this hole, and cum unto my place,
I sall you schaw, by gude experience,
That my *Gude-Fridays* better than your *Pase*,
And a dish licking worth your hale expence;
Houses I haif enow of grit defence,
Of cat, nor fall, nor trap, I haif nae dreid.
I grant, quod sche, convinced, and furth they
yeid.

In skugry ay throw rankest gras and corn,
And wonder slie prively throw they creip;
The eldest was the gyde, and went befor,
The yonger to her wayis tuke gude keip;
On nicht they ran, and on the day did sleip,

¹ Sibbald says, "This fable is written with much naïveté, and being the very first example of that manner in the Scottish language, is eminently curious."—Ed.

Till on a morning, or the lavrock sang,
They fand the town, and blythly in couth gang.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy wane,
This burges brocht them sune quhair they
sould be.

Without God-speid,—thair herboury was tane
In till a spence, wher vittel was plenty,
Baith cheis and butter on lang skelfs richt hie,
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
And pokkis full of grots, baith meil and malt.

After, quhen they disposit wer to dyne,
Withooten grace they wush and went to meit,
On every dish that cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and beif strikin out in telzies grit;
Ane lordis fair thus can they counterfitt,
Except ane thing,—they drank the watter cleir
Insteid of wyne, but yit they made gude cheir.

With blyth upeast and merry countenance,
The elder sister then speird at her gest,
Gif that scho thocht be reson differance
Betwixt that chalmer and her sary nest.
Yea dame, quoth scho; but how lang will this
lest?
For evirmair I wate, and langer to.
Gif that be trew, ye ar at eise, quoth scho.

To eik the cheir, in plenty furth scho brocht
A plate of grottis, and a dish of meil,
A threife of caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Habundantie about her for to deill;
Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of geil,
A quhyte candle out of a coffer staw,
Insteid of spyce, to creish thair teith with a.

Thus made they mirry, quhyte they nicht nae
mair,
And hail *quyle*! hail! they cryit up on hie;
But after joy aftentymes comes cair,
And trouble after grit prosperitie:
Thus as they sat in all thair solitie,
The spensar came with keis in his hand,
Opent the dore, and them at dinner fand.

They tarriet not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, quha nicht the formost win;
The burges had a hole, and in scho goes,
Her sister had nae place to hyde her in;
To se that silly mous it was grit sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,
For very feir scho fell in swoun, neir deid.

But as God wald, it fell a happy case,
The spensar had nae laisar for to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chaiss,
But on he went, and kest the dore upwyde.
This burges mouss his pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her hole scho came, and cryt on hé,
How! fair sister, cry peip, quhair eir thou be.

The rural mous lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid scho was full dreidand,
For till her heart strak mony waefull stound,
As in a fever trymlin fute and hand;
And when her sister in sic plicht her fand,
For very pitie scho began to greit;
Syne comfort gaif, with words as hunny sweet.

Quhy ly ye thus? Ryse up my sister deir,
Cum to your meit, this perell is owre-past;
The uther answert, with a hevy cheir,
I may nocht eit, sae sair I am agast:
Lever I had this fourtie dayis fast,
With watter kail, or gnaw beinis and peis,
Then all your feist with this dreid and disseiss.

With fair tretie, yit gart scho her ryse;
To burde they went, and on togither sat;
But skantly had they drunken anes or twice,
Quhen in came Gib Hunter, our joly cat,
And bad God-speid.—The burges up than gat,
And till her hole scho fled as fyre of flint;
Badrans the uther be the back has hint.

Frae fute to fute she kest her to and frae,
Quhyte up, quhyte down, als cant as ony kid;
Quhyte wald she let her ryn under the strae,
Quhyte wald she wink and play with her buk-hid:
Thus to the silly mous grit harm she did:
Quhyte at the last, throw fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the dressour and the wall scho crap.

Syne up in haste behind the pannaling,
Sae hiescho clam, that Gilbert might not get her.
And be the cluks craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheir was all the better.
Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let
her.

Then on the burges mous loud couth she cry,
Fairweil sister, heir I thy feist defy.

Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
Thy gyse is gud, thy gane-full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
So sall thou find heirefterwart may fall.
I thank yone courtayne, and yone parpane wall,
Of my defenss now fra yon crewell beist;
Almichty God, keip me fra sic a feist.

Wer I into the place that I cam frae,
For weil nor wae I sould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyte throw the corn, quhyte throw the plain,
Quhen scho was furth and frie, sche was rycht
fain,

And merrylye linkit unto the mure,
I cannot tell how afterwart scho fure.

But I hard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as wow, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
With peisand nuts, and beinsand ry and quheit,
When eir scho lykt scho had enouch of meit,

In quiet and eise, withouten dreid,
But till her sister's feist nae mair she yeid.

MORALITAS.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,
In this fable a gud moralitie.
As fitchis myngit ar with noble seid,
So intermellit is adversitie
With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré
Without truble and sum vexatioun;
And namely thay that clymis up most hé,
And nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withoutin dreid;
Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;
Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes he neid,
Thocht it be littill into quanteté.
Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,
Oft tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;

The suetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntré,
Is of sickness, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! quhilk usis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,
Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;
The cat cummis, and to the mouss hewis é.
Quhat dois avall thy feist and reyelté,
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,
Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,
It warnis weill, and is worth gold to thé:
And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,
*Under the hevin I can nocht bettir sé,
Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté;*
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressoun,
Of erdly joy it beiris moist degré,
Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

WALTER KENNEDY.

BORN 1450 — DIED 1508.

WALTER KENNEDY, a contemporary of Dunbar, was born in the district of Carrick, Ayrshire, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He resided in the town of Ayr, which he calls "hame," and belonged to the ecclesiastical order. Although Kennedy is now chiefly known to the readers of Scottish poetry by his "Flyting" or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme, he appears in his time to have possessed a very considerable poetical reputation. He speaks of himself as "of Rethory the Rose," and as one who has

"ambulate on Parnasso the mountain,
Inspyrit with Hermes frae his golden sphere;
And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountain,
Quhen purifet with frost, and flowand cleir."

In addition to his own testimony we find him mentioned by Douglas and Lyndsay, as one of the most eminent of their contemporaries. Douglas ranks him before Dunbar in his "Court of Muses," styling him "the great Kennedie." His works, with the exception of a few short poems, have perished. Dunbar, with whom he carried on a poetical warfare, upbraids him with living by theft and beggary; but Kennedy replies that he wants not "land,

store, and stakkis," "steids and cakes," of his own. He boasts also of the favour of royalty, and even of some affinity to it:—

"I am the king's blude, his trew and special clerk,
That never yit imaginitt his offense;
Constant in my allegiance, word, and wark,
Only dependand on his excellence,
Trusting to have of his magnificence
Guerdon, reward, and benefice bedene."

The "Flyting" is a miserable exhibition of rival malice, and does as little credit to the moral sense as to the poetical taste of the combatants. It is due, however, to Kennedy to mention that the controversy did not commence with him, and that he appears to have suffered least in the wordy conflict. Lord Hailes thinks it probable that the altercation between the poets may have been merely a play of fancy, without any real quarrel existing between the parties, and that there was more mirth than malice at the bottom of the affair. It is gratifying to know that Dunbar, who survived Kennedy, survived also whatever resentment he entertained towards him, if indeed he ever felt any. In his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris," he thus mourns the

approaching loss of his adversary, who appears, at the time the poem was written, to have been on his death-bed:—

“ And Mr. Walter Kennedy
In point of death lies wearily,
Grit rewth it wer that so should be,
Timor mortis conturbat me.”

“The Praise of Age” is the only production by Kennedy extant which is of a nature to account for the estimation in which he was anciently held. “This poem gives a favourable idea of Kennedy as a versifier. His lines are more polished than those of his contemporaries.”

INVECTIVE AGAINST MOUTH- THANKLESS.

Ane agit man twyce fourty yeirs,
After the haly days of Yule,
I hard him carp among the freirs,
Of order gray, makand grit dule,
Richt as he war a furious fule;
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace!
Be *Claud* my care may nevir eule,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Throch ignorance, and folly, youth,
My preterit tyme I wald neir spair,
Plesance to put into that mouth,
Till aige said, Fule, let be thy fare,
And now my heid is quhyt and liair,
For feiding of that fowmart face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Silver and gold that I nicht get,
Beisands, brotches, robes and rings,
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
To please the mulls attour all things.
Right as the swan for sorrow sings,
Before her deid a little space,
Richt sae do I, and my hands wrings,
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Bettir it were a man to serve
With honour brave beneath a shield,
Nor her to pleis, thoct thou sould sterve,
That will not luke on thee in eild,
Frae that thou hast nae hair to heild
Thy heid frae harming that it hes,
Quhen pen and purse and all ar peild,
Tak then a meis of *Mouth-thankless*.

It may be in example sene,
The grund of truth wha understude,
Frae in thy bag thou beirs thyne ene,
Thou gets nae grace but for thy gude,
At Venus closet, to conclude,
Call ye not this a cankert case:
Now God help and the haly rude,
And keip all men frae *Mouth-thankless*.

O brukil youth in tyme behald,
And in thy heart thir words gae graif,
Or thy complexion gather cauld,
Amend thy miss, thy self to saif,
The bliss abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy gilt remit and grace.
All this I hard an auld man raif,
After the Yule of *Mouth-thankless*.

THE PRAISE OF AGE.

At matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,
Walkeit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone,
Ane aigit man, semit sextie yeiris be sicht,
This sentence sett, and song it in gud tone:
O thryn-fold, and eterne God in trone!
To be content and lufe thé I haif caus.
That my licht youtheid is our past and done;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,
Thy fulis lust lestis skant ane May;
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,
Worldly witt, honor, riches, or fresche array:
Deffy the devill, dreid deid and domisday,
For all sall be accusit, as thow knawis;
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

O bittir yowth! that semit delicious;
O swetest aige! that sumtyme semit soure;
O rekles yowth! hie, hait, and vicious;
O haly aige! fulfillit with honour;
O flowand yowth! frutles and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, leyth to luf gud lawis,
Of all vane gloir the lanthorne and mirroure;
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

This world is sett for to dissaive us evin;
Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane;
For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
Wald I be yung into this world agane.
The schip of fayth, tempestous winds and rane

Of Lollerdry, dryvand in the sey hir blawis;
My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Law, luv, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly;
Dissimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis;

Writ, wax, and selis ar no ways set by;
Flattery is fosterit baith with friends and faves.
The sone, to bruiik it that his fader hais,
Wald sé him deid; Sathanas sic seid sawis;
Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

BORN 1460 — DIED 1520.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, styled by Pinkerton "the chief of the ancient Scottish poets," was born about the year 1460. From passages in his writings he is supposed to have been a native of East Lothian. Having received his education at the College of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, he became a travelling novitiate of the order of St. Francis, as we learn from his poem "How Dunbar was desyred to be ane Frier," in which capacity he visited the principal towns and cities of England and Scotland. He also went to France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which the poet himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of deceit, flattery, and falsehood. He returned to Scotland about the year 1490, and attaching himself to the court of the brave, generous, and accomplished James IV., he received a small pension from that monarch. What his duties at court were is not known, but he evidently entertained hopes of advancement in the church. His smaller poems abound with allusions to this effect:—

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,
Bot benefices ar nocht leil devydit;
Sum men has sevin, and I nocht nane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"And sum, unworthy to brouk ane stall,
Wald clym to be ane cardinal;
Ane bishopric may nocht him gane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"Unworthy I, among the laif,
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have," &c.

It does not appear that any ecclesiastical benefice was ever conferred upon Dunbar; a fact the more remarkable because it is known

that he became a great favourite at the Scottish court. It is believed, from allusions in his writings, that for many years he was employed by the king in some subordinate capacity in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he visited England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Leading such a life for upwards of ten years, Dunbar could not fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of a poet's education. It is probable that the poet accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the king's marriage, and that he remained to witness the affiancing of the Princess Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., which took place at St. Paul's Cross, with great solemnity and splendour, January 25, 1502; and that he was the person then styled "The Rhymer of Scotland." Three months before her arrival in Scotland Dunbar composed "The Thrissill and the Rois," one of the most beautiful, and certainly the noblest, of all prothalamia. We give the whole poem, as he wrote it, among our selections. He appears to have been on good terms with the queen, as he had previously been with the king, for he addresses several poems to her majesty in a very familiar manner. One is entitled "Prayer that the King war Johne Thomsounis Man," that is, subservient to the views of his consort, so that he might obtain what the queen desired his majesty to bestow upon him:—

"For war it so, than weill were me,
But benefice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortoun were endit than,
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!"

To be *John Thomson's man*, was a proverbial expression for being what is now familiarly known as a hen-pecked husband.

At Martinmas, 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*; the king having ordered it to be increased to £20, and three years afterwards it was raised to £80, to be paid during his life, "or until he be promoted to a benefice of £100 or above." It is, we think, very evident that the cause of the court-bard's non-preferment was the king's reluctance to be deprived of his company, being pleased with his compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. His majesty would not have stood such incessant badgering about a benefice, had he not been loath to lose so bright a genius—nay, had he not loved the man. As for Dunbar himself, we doubt his having been as desirous to give up his £80 a year at court for £100 per annum, and a parish in some obscure village, as would appear to have been the case from his unceasing appeals to the king. "With all his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit," says his biographer, "Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on court favour. Had the Scottish monarch not desired to retain him as a personal attendant, he would have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the king's hands; for it has been well observed, 'that it must have been a pure priesthood, indeed, to whom Dunbar would not in his maturer years have done honour.'" Of the time or manner of Dunbar's death nothing is known with certainty. From one of his poems on the death of the poets he appears to have outlived most of his contemporaries, and probably lived until about 1520 or 1530. Next to the "Thrissill and the Rois," his most considerable poem was "The Goldyn Targe," a moral allegorical piece intended to demonstrate the general tendency of love to overcome reason; the golden targe, or shield, of reason, he shows to be an inefficient protection to the shafts of Cupid. It is cited by Sir David Lyndsay, as showing that Dunbar had "language at large." The most remarkable of his poems is the "Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis." It is equal in

its way to anything in Spenser. Dunbar was the author of a number of moral poems, the most solemn of which is the one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections.

Among his numerous comic pieces, which are not, however, suited to the present era, the most humorous are the "Twa Marriets Wemen and the Wedo," containing many sarcastic reflections upon the fair sex; and an account of a tournament, entitled "The Justis betuix the Tailyzour and Sowtar"—conducted according to the laws of chivalry. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. Dunbar is supposed to be the author of another exquisitely humorous tale, "The Freirs of Berwick," which supplied the groundwork of Allan Ramsay's well known poem of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife." Our court-bard had the fortune, rare in that age, of seeing some of his poems printed in his lifetime. In 1508, among the first efforts of the Scottish press, Chapman and Miller published his "Golden Targe" and "Two Married Women and the Widow." Most of his writings were, however, allowed to remain in the obscurity of manuscript among the Bannatyne and Maitland collections, till the beginning of the last century, when some of his productions appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*. It was not till 1834 that a complete edition of his works, accompanied by a life and valuable notes by David Laing, was published. Had any accident befallen the Bannatyne and Maitland MS. prior to 1834 Dunbar would not, as now, have been known as "the darling of the Scottish muses."

"In the poetry of Dunbar," says Dr. Irving, "we recognize the emanations of a mind adequate to splendid and varied exertion; a mind capable of soaring into the higher regions of fiction, or of descending into the humble walks of the familiar and ludicrous. His imagination, though highly prolific, was sufficiently chastened by the interposition of judgment. In his allegorical poems we discover originality, and even sublimity of invention; while those of a satirical kind present us with striking images of real life and manners. As a descriptive poet he has secured superlative praise. In the mechanism of poetry he evinces a won-

derful degree of skill; he has employed a great variety of metres; and his versification, where opposed to that of his most eminent contemporaries, will appear highly ornamental and poetical." That Celt-aborrhing critic, John Pinkerton, said, "His moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force only inferior to those of Horace;" and Sir Walter Scott, after

many enthusiastic encomiums on his various powers, has finely remarked, "The genius of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance. . . . Dunbar is unrivalled by any poet that Scotland ever produced, and he has the honour, though not the earliest, of being regarded as the father of Scottish poetry."

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.¹

Quhen Merch wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begin their houris
Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois amrony to heir it was delyt:

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Me thoct Aurora, with hir cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage pail and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomerig,
Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thought fresche May befor my bed up stude,
In weid depaynt of mony divers hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht attair of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phoebus bemys;
Quhyll all the house illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
Yit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, sall I up ryse at morrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I sing;
Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair sorrow;
Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring:

So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady sobirly did smyle,
And said, Upryse, and do thy observance;
Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
For to diseryve the Rois of most plesance.
Go sé the birdis how thay sing and dance,
Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho, this quene,
And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;
And than me thoct, full hestely besene,
In serk and mantill [after hir] I went
In to this garth, most dulce and redolent,
Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis sueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis puttin up his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world take confort, fer and neir,
To luke upon his fresche and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull soun of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin voeis cry
To luvaris so, Away thow dully nicht,
And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
Hail May, hail Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif an inhibitioun thair
To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld,
Nocht to perturb the wattr nor the air,
And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
Befoir hir hienes suld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,

¹ Of this poem, in which Dunbar emblemized the junction and amity of the two portions of Britain, Dr. Irving remarks, the author "displays boldness of invention and beauty of arrangement, and in several of its detached parts the utmost strength and even delicacy of colouring;" and Dr. Langthorne finely says:—

"In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose."—ED.

And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As they had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone scho send the suiyft Ro
To bring in beistis of all conditioun;
The restless Suallow commandit scho also
To feche all foull of small and greit renown;
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as onny arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane é,
Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befor the
quene;

And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
Was callit thair, and he, most faire to sene,
With a full hardy countenance and kene,
Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne,
With visage bawld and corage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
Rycht strong of corporis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;
On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
With flour-de-lycis sirculit lustely.

This lady liftit up his cluvis cleir,
And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to sé;
Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,
And the chief protector in woddis and schawis;
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis
Of greit beistis that bene of moir piscence;
Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
All kynd of beistis in to thair degré,
Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy,
And till his feit fell with humilité;
And all thay maid him homege and fewté;
And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,
And as steill dertis sherpit sho his pennis,
And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,
As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis;
And mak a law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;
And lat no fowl of ravyne do efferay,
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris,
Upon the awfull Thrissil she beheld,
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;
Considering him so able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

And sen thou art a king, thou be discreit;
Herb without vertew thou hald nocht of sic
pryce
As herb of vertew, and of odour suseit;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness:

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
As the fresche Rois, of coulour reid and quhyt:
For gife thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty;
Considerding that no flour is so perfyte,
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
So full of blisful angeilk bewty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignité.

Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage,
Fro the stok ryell rysing fresche and ying,
Bot ony spot or macull doing spring:
Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
For oure the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht,
This cumly quene did on hir heid incloss
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;
Quhairfor me thoct the flouris did rejois,
Crying, attonis, Hail be thou richest Rois!
Hail hairbis Empryce, hail freschest Quene of
Flouris,
To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir;
The mavyis sang, Hail Rois most riche and richt,
That dois up flureiss under Phebus speir;
Hail plant of yowth, hail princes dochtir deir,
Hail blosome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall:

The merle scho sang, Hail Rois of most delyt,
Hail of all flouris quene and soverane:
The lark scho sang, Hail Rois both reid and quhyt,
Most pleasand flour, of mighty coulouris twane:
The nychtingaill sang, Hail Naturis suffragane,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,
In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

The commoun voce up raise of birdis small,
Apon this wyis, O blissit be the hour
That thou wes chosin to be our principall;

Welcome to be our Princés of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;
 Chryst thé conserf frome all adversité.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnyt me about
 To sé this court; bot all wer went away:
 Then up I lenyt, halfingis in affray,
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
 Off lusty May upone the nynt morrow.

EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

Off Lentren in the first mornynge,
 Airly as did the day up spring,
 Thus sang ane bird with voce upplane,
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

O man! haif mynd that thow mon pass;
 Remembir that thow art bot ass,
 And sall in ass return agane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,
 Devoring fruct and flowring grane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
 Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene;
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Evermair unto this warldis joy,
 As nerrest air succedis noy;
 Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,
 His very air succedis pane;

Heir helth returnis in seikness;
 And mirth returnis in haviness;
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in wrechitness,
 And trewth returnis in dowbilness,
 With fenyet wirdis to mak men fane;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into vyce,
 And honour into avaryce;
 With cuvatyce is consciens slane;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
 Wirk for the joy that lestis evir;
 For uther joy is all bot vane:
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

BORN 1474 — DIED 1522.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, whom the Scottish antiquary John Pinkerton pronounced the fifth of the seven classic poets of Scotland whose works would "be reprinted to the end of the English language"—the others being Barbour, James I., Blind Harry, Dunbar, Sir David Lyndsay, and Drummond—was one of the distinguished luminaries that marked the restoration of letters in his native land at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He was the third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, surnamed, from a well-known incident in Scottish history, "Bell-the-Cat," but generally the Great Earl of Angus. Gavin was born, it is believed, at Brechin late in the year 1474, or early in 1475.

Of his early life little is known, but it is probable that, being designed for the church, he received as liberal an education as Scotland could then furnish. If it be true that his father gave

"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gavin, ne'er could pen a line,"

then his progress was perhaps due, in a great measure, to his natural talent for acquiring knowledge. All that is known with certainty on the subject is that his education was completed at the University of Paris, and that having made a continental tour he returned to his native land, and was appointed rector of Hawick in 1496, being when installed but

twenty-two years of age. In 1509 Douglas was made provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and five years later the queen-mother, then Regent of Scotland, who had married his nephew, the young Earl of Angus, appointed him abbot of Aberbrothock; and soon after conferred upon him the archbishopric of St. Andrews, in a letter to the pope extolling him for his eminent virtue and great learning, and earnestly soliciting him to confirm her nomination. His holiness did not, however, grant the queen's request, but issued a bull designating Forman, bishop of Moray, for the vacant dignity; while at the same time the chapter, who approved of neither Douglas nor Forman, made choice of John Hepburn, prior of St. Andrews.

To console Douglas for his disappointment the queen in 1515 made him Bishop of Dunkeld; but the Duke of Albany, who in this year was declared regent, to prevent him from obtaining that see, accused him of contravening the laws of the realm in obtaining bulls from Rome, in consequence of which he was imprisoned for a year in the Castle of Edinburgh. On the reconciliation of the queen and the duke, Douglas obtained his liberty, and was consecrated at Glasgow by Archbishop Beaton. In 1517 he accompanied the Duke of Albany to France, but soon returned to Scotland, and repaired to his diocese, where he applied himself diligently to the duties of his episcopal office. In 1521 he was compelled by the disputes between the Earls of Arran and Angus to take refuge in England, where he was kindly received by Henry VIII., and where he formed the acquaintance of Erasmus, who speaks of his regal mien, and of Polydore Virgil, a learned Italian who was then writing a history of England. The bishop is believed to have supplied the latter with information concerning the early period of the Scottish nation. We are informed by Holingshed that during his residence in London Douglas received a pension from the English monarch, who, with all his faults, was a liberal patron of literature. Bishop Douglas died in London of the plague in September, 1522, and was interred in the chapel-royal of the Savoy.

In this ancient little church, on the banks of the Thames, there was discovered in 1873, after a long disappearance, the old brass plate

which indicated his burial-place. The inscription describes him as "Gavanus Dowglas, Natiōe Scotus, Dunkellensis Præsul, patria sui exul. Anno Christus 1522." The words *patria sui exul* are suggestive of the similar epitaph of Dante, between whom and Douglas there is at least the resemblance that each of them shed a lustre by his genius on a stormy and anarchic period of his country's history, and died in exile.

Hume says that the bishop "left behind great admiration of all his virtues and love of his person in the hearts of all good men; for, besides the nobility of his birth, the dignity and comeliness of his personage, he was learned, temperate, and of singular moderation of mind, and, in those turbulent times, had always carried himself among the factions of the nobility equally, and with a mind to make peace, and not to stir up parties, which qualities were very rare in a clergyman of those days." Douglas, who is also highly eulogized by George Buchanan, is also remembered as the author of one of the best historical Scottish witticisms. When the Hamiltons, in April, 1520, were planning their attack on the Douglases in the High Street of Edinburgh, which, after it came off, was known among skirmishes as "Clear-the-causeway," from the sweep which was made of the assailants, Gavin, as a man of peace, remonstrated with one of their chief abettors, James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow. The archbishop laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is going to happen." But, lo! as he was speaking, the armour which he had donned beneath his episcopal rochet began to rattle. "Ha! my lord," said the witty Gavin, "I perceive that your conscience is not sound, as appears from its *clatters*"—a rejoinder the double force of which can be appreciated only by a Scotchman.

As a man of letters Douglas stands distinguished as the first poetical translator of the classics in Britain. Besides the translation of Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*, he translated the *Æneid* of Virgil, with the additional thirteenth book of Mapheus Vigius, into Scottish verse. This he undertook at the request of Henry, first lord Sinclair, in 1512, and completed it in the short space of eighteen months. It was first printed in London under the following

title:—"The XIII Bukes of Eneados of the Famous Poet Virgill. Translated out of Latine Verses into Scottish Meter by the Reverend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and Unkil to the Erle of Angus. Every Buke hauing hys perticular Prologe." Douglas' *Virgil* possesses one excellence to which no succeeding translation has any pretension. The prologues of his own composition which he has prefixed to the different books are such as almost to place him on a level with the poet he had so ably translated. It has been said, "They yield to no descriptive poems in any language;" and Warton remarks, "The second book of Virgil's *Æneid* is introduced with metrical prologues which are often highly poetical, and show that Douglas' proper walk was original poetry." These original prologues, it has been supposed, suggested to Scott the idea of the introduction to the several cantos of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion."

Douglas is also the author of two allegorical poems, the one entitled "The Palace of Honour" and the other "King Hart." The first named was addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., and was written prior to 1501. "It is a poem," says Warton, "adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning." "King Hart" is believed to have been written in the latter part of his life, and contains what Dr. Irving styles "a most ingenious adumbration of the progress of human life." It was first printed in Pinkerton's collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, published in 1786. It is perhaps worthy of mention that the well-known *Pilgrim's Progress* bears a strong resemblance to Douglas' "Palace of Honour," although it is hardly possible that Bunyan could have met with the poem. The works of Bishop Douglas were first published, with a memoir, notes, glossary, &c.,

by Rev. Mr. Scott, in 1787; the latest and most complete edition appeared in 1874, in four vols., bearing the following title:—"The Poetical Works of Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. With Memoir, Notes, and Glossary, by J. Small, Librarian of the University of Edinburgh."

In the only attempt made by Dr. James Beattie, in a poetical epistle, to use the Mearns or Aberdeen dialect after the manner of Robert Burns, he mentions the name of Douglas in his happy summary of the early Scottish poets:—

"I here might gi'e a skreed o' names,
Dawties of Heliconian dames,
The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
That pawky priest.
And wha can match the first King James,
For saing or jest;
Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
Dunbar, Scot, Hawthornden, and mae
Than I can tell; for o' my fae
I maun brak aff;
'Twould tak' a live-long summer day
To name the half.

Another poetical allusion to the amiable and virtuous prelate occurs in one of George Dyer's poems:—

"Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,
But thou, as once the Muse's favourite haunt,
Shall live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain,
While time devours the castle's crumbling wall,
And roofless abbeys pine, low-tottering to their fall."

Horne Tooke remarks that the language of Gavin Douglas, though written more than a century after Chaucer, must yet be esteemed more ancient; even as the present English speech in Scotland is in many respects more ancient than that spoken so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. So Casubon says of his time. The Scottish language is purer than the English of the present day, where by "purer" he means nearer to the Anglo-Saxon.

KING HART.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

(EXTRACT FROM CANTO FIRST.)

King Hart, into his cumlie castell strang,
Closit about with craft and meikill ure,
So seimlie wes he set his folk amang,
That he no dout had of misaventure:

So prouddie wes he polist, plaine, and pure,
With youtheid and his lustie levis grene;
So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.

For wes he never yit with schouris schot,
 Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne;
 In all his lusty lecam nocht ane spot;
 Na never had experience into payne.
 But alway into lyking mocht to layne;
 Onlie to love, and verrie gentlines,
 He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
 And woun under the wyng of wantownes.

Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward;
 For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.
Nature had lymmit folk, for thair reward,
 This gudlie king to governe and to gy;
 For so thai kest thair tyme to occupy.
 In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit;
 All lustis for to love, and underly,
 So prevelie thai preis him and him preitchit.

First [war thair] *Strenth*, [and *Rage*,] and *Wantounes*,

Grein Lust, *Disport*, *Jelosy*, and *Invy*;
Freschnes, *New Gate*, *Waist-gude*, and *Wilfulnes*,
Delyvernes, *Fulhardenes* thairby:
Gentrice, *Fredome*, *Petrie* privie espy,
Want-wit, *Vaingloir*, *Prodigalitie*,
Unrest, *Nicht-walk*, and felon *Gluttony*;
Unricht, *Dyme-sicht*, with *Slicht*, and *Subtiltie*.

Thir war the inwarde ythand servitouris,
 Quhilk governours war to this nobil king;

And kepit him inclynit to thair curis.
 So wes thair nocht in erde that evir nicht bring
 Ane of thir folk awa fra his dwelling.
 Thus to thair terme thai serve for thair rewarde:
 Dansing, disporting, singing, revelling,
 With *Bissines* all blyth to pleis the lairde.

This folk, with all the femell thai nicht fang,
 Quhilk numerit ane milyon and weil mo,
 That wer upbred as servitours of lang,
 And with this king wald woun, in weil and wo.
 For favour, nor for feid, wald found him fro;
 Unto the tyme thair dait be run and past:
 That gold nor gude nicht gar thame fro him go;
 No greif, nor grane, suld grayth thame so agast.

APOSTROPHE TO HONOUR.

O, hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest!
 Gem verteuous, maist precious, gudliest,
 For hie renoun thou art guerdoun conding,
 Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
 But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
 Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
 And pouerall to meikall auail sone bring.
 I thé require sen thow but peir art best,
 That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

BORN 1475 — DIED 1552.

Whether ALEXANDER BARCLAY, an elegant poet of the sixteenth century, was born on Scottish or English soil has long been a *questio vexata*, affording the literary antiquary a suitable field for the display of his characteristic amenity. Bishop Bale, Dr. Bulleyn, Hollingshed, and Ritson claim him as a Scotchman; while Warton, Wood, and other writers are equally certain that he was born south of the Tweed. The year of Barclay's birth is believed, on very obscure evidence, to have been 1475. From his writings it is conjectured that about 1495 he was pursuing his studies at Oriel College, Oxford, where, or at Cambridge, he received the degree of D. D. Going afterwards to the Continent, he there added to his classical attainments a knowledge of the Dutch, French, German, and Italian languages. On his return to

England he entered the church, and became chaplain to Bishop Cornish, who in 1508 appointed him one of the priests or prebendaries of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire. Subsequently he became a Benedictine monk of Ely, and afterwards a Franciscan monk at Canterbury. While in this situation he published an English translation of the *Mirroure of Good Manners*, a treatise compiled in Latin by Dominyke Manecyn for the use of the "juvent of England." After the Reformation Barclay accepted a ministerial charge in the Protestant Church as vicar of Much-Badew, in Essex. In 1546 he was vicar of Woking, in Somersetshire; and in April, 1552, he became rector of All-Hallows, Lombard Street, London. He possessed this living but six weeks, and died in the month of June at Croydon, in Surrey, where he was buried.

Of his personal character diametrically different accounts have been given. Bale, a Protestant, treats Barclay's memory with indignity, and charges him with having lived a scandalous life; while Pitts, a Roman Catholic, assures us that the poet directed his studies to the service of religion, and employed his time in composition, in his religious duties, and in reading the lives of the saints.

Barclay was the author of a large number of works, original and translated, and he is entitled to grateful commemoration as having done more for the improvement of English literature than any of his contemporaries. His principal poetical production, entitled "The Shyp of Fooles," is an extremely curious and once widely popular satire, which, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fools of all kinds, held the mirror up to the prevailing vices and follies of every rank and profession at that important and suggestive period of history immediately preceding the Reformation. Barclay's metrical version in the balade or octave stanza, adapted from a German poem by Sebastian Brandt, called "Navis Stultifera," printed by Pynson in 1509, contains large additions satirizing the follies and vices of his own countrymen. Of this work Warton writes: "All ancient satirical writings, even those of an inferior cast, have their merit, and deserve attention, as they transmit pictures of familiar manners and preserve popular customs. In this light at least Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' which is a general satire on the times, will be found entertaining. Nor must it be denied that his language is more

cultivated than that of many of his contemporaries, and that he has contributed his share to the improvement of the English phraseology. His author, Sebastian Brandt, appears to have been a man of universal erudition, and his work for the most part is a tissue of citations from the ancient poets and historians." A beautiful edition of this work, with a glossary and biographical notices by T. J. Jamieson, keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, was published in 1874. Copies of the Pynson edition are very rare, and are valued at upwards of one hundred pounds.

Among Barclay's other works are his "Eclogues," translations freely made from Mantuanus and Eneas Silvius, and which are the earliest specimens of pastoral poetry in the English language; "The Castle of Labour," an allegorical poem; and a translation of Sallust's *History of the Jugurthine War*, published five years after the poet's death. It is one of the earliest specimens of English translation from the classics, and on the title-page may be read, "translated into Englishe by Syr Alexder Barklaye, prieste: nowe perused and corrected by Thomas Paynell." Of the "Eclogues," Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says, "They are, like Petrarch's and Mantuan's, of the moral and satirical kind, and contain but few touches of rural description and bucolic imagery." Barclay's abilities, it may be added, gained him very great distinction as a writer even during his lifetime. He was admired for his wit and eloquence, and for a fluency of style not common in that age.

OF THEM THAT GIVE JUDGMENT ON OTHERS.

Who that reputyth hym selfe iust and fawtles,
Of maners gode, and of luyngge commendable,
And iugeth other (parchaunce that ar gyltles)
To be of a condicion reprouable,
Hymselfe nat notyngge, thoughe that he were culpable,
He is a fole, and onys shall haue a fall,
Syns he wyll other iuge, hym selfe yet worst of all.

Many fallyth in great peryll and damage,
And greuous deth by the vyce of folysshnes,
Perseuerantly bydyngge in theyr outrage,
Theyr soule infect with synne and viciousnes;

And though that deth hym alway to them
addres,
Yet hope they in longe lyfe and prosperyte,
And neuer asswageth theyr blynde iniquyte.

The tyme passeth as water in a ryuere,
No mortall man can it reuoke agayne;
Dethe with his dartis vnwarely doth apere,
It is the ende of euery man certayne,
The last of all ferys and ende of worldly payne:
But thoughe we knowe that we all must haue an
ende,
We slepe in synne disdaynyngge vs to amende.

Some thynke them gode, iust and excellent,
 Myghty stronge and worthy of permynence:
 Charitable, chast, constant and innocent,
 Nat doutynge deth nor other inconuenience:
 But yet ar they wrappyd sore in synne and
 offence,
 And in a vayne hope, continue in suche wyse
 That all the worlde (saue them selfe) they dispyse.

They take on them the workes of God omnipotent,
 To iuge the secrete of mannys mynde and
 thought;
 And where no sygne is sene playne and euydent
 They iuge a man, saynge his lyfe is nought.
 And if deth one hath vnto his last ende brought,
 (As mad) they mende nat theyr mys gouernaunce,
 Nat thynkyng that they ensue must the same
 daunce.

OF ELEVATED PRIDE AND BOASTING.

That lawde is vyle the whiche doth procede
 From mannys owne mouth vttered in wordes
 vayne;
 Of suche foly no wyse man taketh hede,
 But by discrecion doth hym selfe refrayne;
 But pompe and pryde whiche doth all men
 disdayne
 Engendreth folys: whiche thynkyng to exell
 All other in erth, at last fall downe to hell.

Beside our folys rehersed here before
 In dyuers barges almost innumerable,
 Yet stately pryde makyth the nombre more,
 Whiche is a vyce so moche abhominable,
 That it surmountyth without any fable
 All other vyces in furour and vylenes,
 And of all synne is it rote and maystres.

The noblest hertis by this vyce ar adloyed,
 It is confounder mekenes and vertue;
 So by the same is many one destroyed
 In soule and body whiche them to it subdue.
 Wherefore let the wyse his statelynes eschewe,
 For it hath be sene, is sene, and euer shall,
 That first or last foule pryde wyll haue a fall.

The first inuentour of this vnhappy vyce,
 As doth the scripture playne expres and tell,
 Was Lucyfer, whiche to hym dyd attyee
 A crused nombre both stately and cruell,
 In mynde intyndynge his Maker to excell;
 Or els if he coude come to his intent
 For to be egall with God omnytpotent.

Thus of all synnes pryde was the first of all,
 Bygon by Lucifer; but God omnytpotent

Percyuyng his foly made hym and his to fall
 From heuen to hell, to paynes violent
 In horryble shape: before so excellent
 Shynynge in heuen before the aungels all,
 Thus had his folysshe pryde a greuous fall.

OF EVIL COUNSELLORS, JUDGES, AND LAWYERS.

He that office hath and hyghe autorite,
 To rule a royalm, as iuge or counsellour,
 Which seyng Justice, playne ryght and equitye,
 Them falsly blyndeth by fauour or rigour,
 Condemnyng wretches gyltles; and to a trans-
 gressour
 Formede shewing fauour: suche is as wyse a
 man
 As he that wolde seeth a quicke sowe in a pan.

Right many labours now, with hyghe diligence,
 For to be lawyers the comons to counsayle,
 Therby to be in honour had and in reuerence;
 But only they labour for theyr pryuate auayle:
 The purs of the clyent shal fynde hym ap-
 parayle.
 And yet knowes he neyther lawe, good counsel
 nor justice,
 But speketh at auenture, as men throwe the dyce.

Suche in the senate ar taken oft to counsayle
 With statis of this and many a other region,
 Whiche of theyr maners vnstable ar and frayle,
 Nought of lawe ciuyl knowinge nor canon,
 But wander in derknes, clerenes they haue
 none.

O noble Rome, thou gat nat thy honours
 Nor general empyre by suche counsellours.

Whan noble Rome all the worlde dyd gouerne
 Theyr councellers were olde men iust and
 prudent,
 Whiche egally dyd euery thyng descerne,
 Wherby theyr empyre became so excellent.
 But nowe a dayes he shall haue his intent
 That hath most golde, and so it is befall
 That aungels worke wouders in Westmynstre hall.

They cursyd coyne makyth the wronge seme
 right;
 The cause of hym that lyueth in pouertye
 Hath no defence, tucion, strength nor myght:
 Suche is the olde custome of this faculte
 That colours oft cloke iustice and equitye:
 None can the mater fele nor vnderstonde
 Without the aungell be weyghty in his honde.

DAVID LINDSAY.

BORN 1490 — DIED 1555.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, so called from a family estate of that name near Cupar-Fife, a celebrated poet, moralist, and reformer, was born, it is believed, in 1490, at his father's seat. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, which he entered in 1505. Here he remained for four years. In 1512 he became an attendant of the infant prince, afterwards James V., his duty being to take the personal charge of him during his hours of recreation. He held this position for twelve years, exercising an important and beneficial influence in the formation of his character, when he was dismissed on a pension by the four guardians to whose care the young king was committed in 1524. Lindsay now devoted his time to the congenial pursuit of literature, and in 1528 produced his "Dream," in which he exposes, with truth and great boldness, the disorders in church and state, which had arisen from the licentious lives of the Romish clergy and the usurpations of the nobles. In the following year he wrote and presented to the king his "Complaynt," in which he reminds his majesty of his faithful services in the days of his youth. It is pleasant to record that, more fortunate than one of his poetical predecessors, Lindsay was in 1530 appointed by James Lyon king-at-arms, and at the same time had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him.

In the "Complaynt of the King's Papingo," Sir David's next production, the royal parrot is made to ridicule, in a most happy vein of humour, the vices of the Popish clergy. In 1531 the poet was sent with two other ambassadors to Antwerp to renew an ancient treaty of commerce with the Netherlands, and on his return he married a lady of the Douglas family. In 1535 he produced before the king a drama entitled "A Satyre of the Three Estatis." The same year he was sent with Sir John Campbell to Germany in quest of a queen for the young king; but none of the portraits of German beauty which they brought

back pleasing him, Lindsay was the following year sent on a similar mission to France. In 1536 he wrote his "Answer to the Kingis Flyting," and his "Complaynt of Basche the King's Hound;" and in 1538 "The Supplication against Syde Taillis," a part of women's dress. On the death of Magdalene of France, two months after her marriage with James, Lindsay composed his "Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalene;" and on the arrival in Scotland of Mary of Guise, James' second consort, Sir David superintended a variety of public pageants and spectacles for the welcoming of her majesty.

In 1541 the poet produced "Kittie's Confession," written in ridicule of auricular confession. The year following he lost his prince and pupil, who died of a broken heart, and during the succeeding regency the Romish clergy obtained an act to have Lindsay's satirical poems against them and the corruptions of their church publicly burned. In 1544 and the two succeeding years he represented the town of Cupar-Fife in Parliament. In 1546 there was printed in London Lindsay's "Tragical Death of David Beatoun, Bishoppe of St. Andrews, in Scotland; whereunto is ioyned the Martyredom of Maister George Wyscharte, for whose sake the afore said Bishoppe was not long after slayne." His pithy motto about the foulness of the deed, combined with its desirableness, has been often quoted:—

"As for the cardinal, I grant
He was the man we well might want;
God will forgive it soon.
But of a truth the sooth to say,
Although the loun be well away,
The fact was foully done."

In 1548 he was sent on a mission to Denmark, and two years later published the most pleasing of all his productions, "The History and Testament of Squire Meldrum;" and in 1553 appeared his last and most important work, "The Monarchie." He is supposed to have spent the remaining years of his life at the

Mount, his paternal estate. The exact date of his death is not known, but it occurred between January and April, 1555. As a poet Lindsay does not rank with Dunbar and Douglas. Warton, who was the first in modern times to revive the recollection of Lindsay as a poet, does not venture farther than to discover in some of his poems "many nervous, terse, and polished lines." The lord Lyon king-at-arms was, however, one of the trio of great Scottish singers of the sixteenth century, and his place and power as a poet has been described with much exactness in "Marmion":—

"In the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome."

All of Lindsay's poems are in his "ain braif tongue," for the use of which, amidst all the rage for Latin writing, he takes occasion in the first book of "The Monarchie," to give an abundance of very excellent reasons. Neither Aristotle nor Plato, he says, wrote in Dutch; neither Virgil "the prince of poetry," nor Cicero "the flower of oratory," wrote in Arabic; but each in his own mother tongue. Lindsay's satirical powers and broad humour long rendered him an especial favourite with the common people of Scotland, with whom many of his moral sayings passed into proverbs. So much was this the case, that in days past when they heard a proposition stated of a doubtful character, they would observe "There is na sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay." The century which saw his death saw no fewer than fifteen editions of his works, in whole or part, issued from the presses of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, London, and Paris; and successive editions appearing during the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, kept his

name and fame more prominently before his countrymen than was the case with any of the early poets. Perhaps the most valuable and accurate of the numerous editions of Lindsay was that published in 1806 by Chalmers, till the appearance in 1871 of David Laing's carefully revised edition, and that of the Early English Text Society.

Of the bold herald-poet so beautifully introduced in "Marmion"—

"Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy muse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-arms!"—

Hallam, in his *Literary History of Europe*, writes: "In the earlier part of this period (1520–50) we can find very little English poetry. Sir David Lindsay, an accomplished gentleman and scholar of Scotland, excels his contemporary Skelton in such qualities, if not in fertility of genius. Though inferior to Dunbar in richness of imagination and in elegance of language, he shows a more reflecting and philosophical mind; and certainly his satire upon James V. and his court is more piquant than the other's panegyric upon the thistle. But in the ordinary style of his versification he seems not to rise much above the prosaic and tedious rhymers of the fifteenth century. His descriptions are as circumstantial without selection as theirs; and his language, partaking of a ruder dialect, is still more removed from our own. . . . Lindsay's poetry is said to have contributed to the Reformation in Scotland,—in which, however, he is but like many poets of his own and preceding times. The clergy were an inexhaustible theme of bitter reproof." Pinkerton, who estimated his satirical poetry more highly, remarks, "Lindsay had prepared the ground, and John Knox only sowed the seed."

THE COMPLAYNT.

(EXTRACT.)

Schir, I beseik thy excellence,
Heir my complaynt with patience;
My dolent hart dois me constraine
Of my infortune to complaine;

Albeit I stand in greit dountance,
Quhome I sall wyte of my mischance,
Quhiddir Saturnus crueltie,
Regnand in my nativitie,

Be bad aspect quhilk wirkis vengeance,
 Or utheris hevinly influence;
 Or gif I be predestinate,
 In court to be infortunate,
 Quhilk hes sa lang in service bene,
 Continually with King and Quene,
 And enterit to thy Majestie,
 The day of thy nativitie:
 Quhairthrow my freindis bene eschamit,
 And be my fais I am defamit,
 Seand that I am nocht regardit,
 Nor with my brether of court rewairdit;
 Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
 That seikis nocht sum recompence.
 Quhen divers men dois me demand,
 Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peice of land,
 As weill as uther men hes gotten?
 Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
 With sic extreme discomforting,
 That I can mak na answering.
 I wald sum wise man did me teiche,
 Quhiddir that I suld flatter or fleiche:
 I will nocht flyt—that I conclude,
 For crabbing of thy Celsitude:
 And to flatter, I am defamit;
 Lack I rewaird, than am I schamit:
 But I hope thow sall do as weill,
 As did the fater of fameill,
 Of quhome Christ makis mentioun,
 Quhilk for ane certane pensoun,
 Feit men to wirk in his vineyard:
 Bot quha come last gat first rewaird,
 Quhairthrow the first men war displeisit,
 But he thame prudently appeisit:
 For thouch the last men first war servit,
 Yit gat the first quhat they deservit.
 Sa am I sure thy Majestie
 Sall anis reward me or I die,
 And rub the roust off my ingine,
 Quhilk bin for langour like to tyne:
 Althoch I beir nocht like ane baird,
 Lang service yairnis ay rewaird.
 I can nocht wyte thine excellence,
 That I sa lang want recompense;
 Had I solystit like the lave,
 My rewaird had nocht bin to crave;
 But now I may weill understand,
 A dumb man yit wan never land;
 And in the court men gettis na thing
 Withoutin opportune asking.
 Allace! my sleuth and schamefulness
 Debarrit me fra all grediness;
 Gredy men that are diligent,
 Richt oft obtenis thair intent,
 And failyeis nocht to conques landis,
 And namely at yong princes handis.
 But I tuke never no uther cure
 In special, but for thy pleasure:

And now I am na mair despaird,
 Bot I sall get princely rewaird.
 The quhilk to me sall be maire gloir,
 Nor thame thow did rewaird befor.
 Men quhilk dois ask ocht at ane king,
 Suld ask his grace ane nobil thing,
 To his excellence honourabill,
 And to the asker profitabill:
 Thocht I be in my asking liddir,
 I pray thy grace for to consider,
 Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
 And hes gevin mony rich rewairdis
 To thame quhilk was full far to seik,
 Quhen I lay nichtlie be thy cheik.

I tak the Quenis grace, thy mother,
 My lord chancellor, and mony uther,
 Thy nureis, and thy auld maistress,
 I tak thame all to beir witness;
 Old Willie Dillie wer he on lyve,
 My life full weill he culd descryve,
 How as ane chapman beiris his pack,
 I bure thy grace upon my back:
 And sum times strydingis on my nek,
 Dansand with mony bend and bek.
 The first syllabis that thow did mute
 Was *Pa Da Lyn* upon the lute.
 Than playit I twenty springis perqueir,
 Quhilk was greit plesure for to heir.
 Fra play thow let me never rest;
 But *Gynkertoun* thow luifit ay best.
 And ay quhen thow came from the scule,
 Then I behuifit to play the fule:
 As I at lenth into my DREME,
 My sindrie service did expreme.
 Thoch it bene better, as sayis the wise,
 "Hap at the court nor gude service;"
 I wait thow luifit me better than,
 Nor now sum wife dois hir gude-man;
 Than men till uther did record
 That Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord.
 Thow hes maid lordis, schir, by St. Geil,
 Of sum that hes nocht servit sa weill.

To yow, my lordis, that standis by,
 I sall yow schaw the causis quhy;
 Gif ye list tary, I sall tell
 How my infortune thus befell.
 I prayit daylie on my kné,
 My young maister that I micht sé,
 Of eild in his estait royall,
 Havand power imperiall;
 Than traistit I without demand,
 To be promovit to sum land;
 Bot myne asking I got our sone,
 Because ane clipse fell in the none,
 The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,
 Than did my purpose ryn arreir,

The quhilk war langsum till declair.
 And als myne hart is wounder fair,
 Quhen I have in remembrance,
 The suddan change to my mischance.
 The king was not twelf yeiris of age,
 Quhan new rewlaris came in thair rage,
 For commoun-weil makand na cair,
 Bot for thair profite singulair.

Imprudently, like witles fules,
 Thay tuke the young prince from the sculis,
 Quhere he, under obedience,
 Was learnand vertew and science,
 And hastilie pat in his hand
 The governance of all Scotland:
 As quha wald, in ane stormie blast,
 Quhen marinaris been all agast,
 Throw danger of the seis rage,
 Wald tak ane child of tender age,
 Quhilk never had bin on the sey,
 And gar his bidding all obey,
 Geving him hail the governall,
 To ship, marchand, and marinall,
 For dreid of rockis and foir land,
 To put the ruthir in his hand:
 Without Goddis grace is na refuge,
 Gif thare be danger ye may judge.
 I give thame to ———
 Quhilk first devisit that counsell;
 I will nocht say that it was tressoun,
 But I dar sweir it was na ressoun.
 I pray God lat me never see ring
 Into this realme sa young ane king.

SUPPLICATION IN CONTEMPTION OF SIDE TAILS.

Sovereign, I mean of their side tails,
 Whilk through the dust and dubs trails,
 Three quarters lang behind their heels,
 Express agane all commonweals:
 Though bishops in their pontificals
 Have men for to bear up their tails,
 For dignity of their office;
 Richt so ane queen or ane emprice,
 Howbeit they use sic gravity,
 Comformand to their majesty,
 Though their robe-royals be upborne,
 I think it is ane very scorn,
 That every lady of the land
 Should have her tail so side trailand;
 Howbeit they been of high estate,
 The queen they should not counterfeit.
 Wherever they go it may be seen
 How kirk and causay they soop clean.

The images into the kirk
 May think of their side tails great irk;
 For when the weather been maist fair,
 The dust flies highest into the air,
 And all their faces does begary;
 Gif they could speak, they wald them wary. . .
 But I have maist into despite
 Poor claggocks clad in Raploch white,
 Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
 Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
 Kittok that cleckit was yestreen,
 The morn, will counterfeit the queen: . . .
 In barn nor byre she will not bide,
 Without her kirtle tail be side.
 In burghs, wanton burgess wives
 Wha may have sidest tails strives,
 Weel bordered with velvet fine,
 But followand them it is ane pyne:
 In summer, when the streit is dryis,
 They raise the dust aboon the skies;
 Nane may gae near them at their ease
 Without they cover mouth and neese. . . .
 I think maist pane after ane rain,
 To see them tuckit up again;
 Then when they step furth through the street
 Their fauldings flaps about their feet; . . .
 They waste mair claith, within few years,
 Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. . . .

Of tails I will no more indite.
 For dread some duddron me despite.
 Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
 That of side tails can come nae gude,
 Sider nor may their ankles hide,
 The remanent proceeds of pride,
 And pride proceeds of the devil:
 Thus always they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen,
 They hide their face all bot the een;
 When gentlemen bid them gude day
 Without reverence they slide away. . . .
 Without their faults be soon amended,
 My flyting, sir, shall never be ended.
 But wad your grace my counsel tak,
 Ane proclamation ye should mak,
 Baith through the land and burrowstouns,
 To shaw their face, and cut their gowns. . . .
 Women will say, this is nae bourds,
 To write sic vile and filthy words;
 But wald they clenge their filthy tails,
 Whilk over the mires and middings trails,
 Then should my writing clengit be,
 None other mends they get of me.
 Quoth Lindsay, in contempt of the side tails,
 That duddrons and duntibours through the
 dubs trails.

THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

(FROM THE MONARCHIE.)

Their great fortress then did they found,
And cast till they gat sure ground,
All fell to work both man and child,
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimron, that curious champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon.
Nathing they spared their labouris,
Like busy bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June;
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,
With strang ingenious masonry,
Upward their wark did fortify; . . .
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rase like ane heich montane.
Those fulish people did intend
That till the heaven it should ascend:
Sae great ane strength was never seen
Into the world with men's een.
The wallis of that wark they made,
Twa and fifty fathom braid:
Ane fathom then, as some men says,
Micht been twa fathom in our days;
Ane man was then of mair stature
Nor twa be now, of this be sure.

The translator of Orosius
Untill his chronicle writes thus,

That when the sun is at the hicht
At noon, when it doth shine maist bricht,
The shadow of that hideous strength
Sax mile and mair it is of length:
Thus may ye judge into your thoct,
Gif Babylon be heich, or nocht.

Then the great God omnipotent,
To whom all things been present, . . .
He sceand the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How thir proud people did pretend
Up through the heavens till ascend, . . .
Sic languages on them he laid
That nane wist what ane other said:
Where was but ane language afore,
God sent them languages three score;
Afore that time all spak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Grew,
Some Dutch, some language Saracen,
And some began to speak Latin.
The maister men gan to ga wild
Cryand for trees, they brocht them tyld.
Some said, Bring mortar here at ance,
Then brocht they to them stocks and stanes;
And Nimrod, their great champion,
Ran ragand like ane wild lion,
Menacing them with words rude,
But never ane word they understood. . .
——— for final conclusion,
Constrained were they for till depart,
Ilk company in ane sundry airt. . .

RICHARD MAITLAND.

BORN 1496 — DIED 1586.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, a poet, lawyer, and statesman, was born in 1496. He was the son of William Maitland of Lethington, and Martha, daughter of George, lord Seaton. Having received the usual university education at the College of St. Andrews, he went to France to study law. On his return to Scotland he was employed in various public offices by James V., and afterwards by the Regent Arran and Mary of Guise. In the year 1551 he was appointed Lord of Session, and soon after he was knighted. In his sixty-fourth year he had the misfortune to lose his sight, but his blindness did not incapacitate him for

business. In 1562 he was made lord privy-seal and a member of the privy-council. He continued a Lord of Session during the reign of Queen Mary and the minority of her son James VI. In July, 1584, his great age compelled him to resign his seat on the bench, previous to which time he had relinquished the office of lord privy-seal to his second son John, afterwards Lord Thirlstane, Lord High-chancellor of Scotland. Sir Richard died March 20, 1586, at the age of ninety, leaving seven sons, the eldest of whom, Sir William, historically known as Secretary Lethington, was accounted the ablest statesman of his age;

and one who in his day played many parts, being "anything by fits, but nothing long."

With the single exception of a passage in Knox's *History*, which imputes to him having accepted bribes to aid Cardinal Beaton in effecting his escape from imprisonment, a charge which is not generally credited, Maitland is uniformly spoken of by contemporary writers with great respect. Many of his manuscript decisions are preserved in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh. His collections of *Early Scottish Poetry*, in two vols., a folio and a quarto, were, with other MSS., presented by the Duke of Lauderdale to Samuel Pepys, the

founder of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, where they are still preserved. A selection from these may be seen in Pinkerton's valuable collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*. Sir Richard's own poems were for the first time printed in 1830, in a handsome quarto volume, for the Maitland Club, which derives its name from him. His *History and Chronicle of the Hous and Surename of Seytoun* was printed for the Maitland Club in 1829. His principal poetical pieces are the "Satyres," "Ballet of the Creatioun of the World," "The Blind Baron's Comfort," and a supplication "Agains Oppressioun of the Comouns."

THE CREATION AND PARADISE LOST.

God by his word his wark began,
To form this eard and hevin for man,
The sie and watter deip;
The sun, the mune and stars sae bricht,
The day devydit from the nicht,
Thair courses just to keip;
The beists that on the grund do muve,
And fishes in the sie;
Fowls in the air to flie abuve,
Of ilk kind formed he:
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the air,
Sae heichly, sae lichtly
In muving heir and thair.

Thir warks of gret magnificence,
Prefytit by his providence,
According to his will:
Nixt he made man; to gife him glore,
Did with his image him decore,
Gaife paradise him till;
Into that garden hevinly wrocht,
With pleasures mony a one,
The beists of every kynd wer brocht,
Thair names he suld expone;
These kenning and nameing,
As them he list to call,
For eising and pleising
Of man, subdued them all.

In heavenly joy man sae possest,
To be alane God thoct not best,
Made Eve to be his maik:
Bad them increass and multiplie,
And of the fruit frae every tree
Thair pleasure they suld take,

Except the tree of gude and ill
That in the midst dois stand,
Forbad that they suld cum thertill,
Or twitch it with thair hand;
Lest loking and plucking,
Baith they and all thair seid,
Seveirly, awsteirly,
Suld die without remeid.

Now Adam and his lusty wife
In paradyce leidand thair lyfe,
With pleasures infneit;
Wanting nae thing suld do them ease,
The beists obeying them to pleise,
As they could wish in spreit:
Behald the serpent sullenlie
Envyand man's estate,
With wicket craft and subtiltie
Eve temptit with desait;
Nocht feiring, but speiring,
Quhy scho tuke not her till,
In using and chusing
The fruit of gude and ill?

Commandit us, scho said, the Lord,
Noways therto we suld accord,
Undir eternall pain;
But grantit us full libertie
To eit the fruit of every tree.
Except that tree in plain.
No, no, nocht sae, the serpent said,
Thou art desaiet therin;
Eit ye therof, ye sall be made
In knowledge lyke to him.
In seiming and deiming
Of every thing arielt.

As dewlie, as trewly,
As ye wer gods of nicht.

Eve thus with these fals words allurit,
Eit of the fruit, and syne procurit
Adam the same to play:
Behald, said scho, how precious,
Sae dilicate and delicious,
Besyde knowlege for ay;
Adam puft up in worldly glore,
Ambition and high pryde,
Eit of the fruit; allace therfore,
And sae they baith did slyde;
Neglecting, forgetting,
The eternall Gods command,
Quha scourged and purged
Them quyt out of that land.

Quhen they had eiten of that fruit,
Of joy then war they destitute,
And saw thair bodys bare;
Annon they past with all their speid,
Of leives to mak themselves a weid,
To cleith them, was thair care;
During the tyme of innocence,
Nae sin or schame they knew,
Frae tyme they gat experience,
Unto ane buss they drew,
Abyding and hyding,
As God suld not them see,
Quha spyed, and cryed,
Adam, *quhy hyds thou thee?*

I being naikit, Lord, throu feir,
For schame I durst not to compeir,
And sae I did refuse.
*Had thou not eiten of the tree,
That knowlege had not bein in thee,
Nor yit nae sic eccuse.*
The helper, Lord, thou gaife to me,
Has cawsit me to transgress.
*Sayd scho, the serpent subtiltie
Persuaded me nae less,
Intreiting, be eiting,
That we suld be perfyite,
Me fylit, begylit;
In him lyes all the wyte.*

Jehove, that evir juged richt,
Bringing his justice to the licht,
The serpent first did juge;
Because the woman thou begylt,
For evir thou sall be exyit,
Said he, without refuge;
Betwixt her seid and thy offspring
Nae peace nor rest sall be,
And hir seid sall thy heid doun thring,
For all thy subtiltie;

Abhorred, deformed,
Thou on thy breist sall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy lyfe the beists amang.

The woman nixt, for her offence,
Did of the Lord resave sentence,
Her sorrow suld encrease,—
With woe and pain her childrene beir,
Subdewt to man, under his feir,
No libertie possess:
For Adams falt he cursd the erth,
That barrane it suld be,
Without labour suld yeild nae birth
Of corns, nor herb, nor tree;
Bot working and irking
For evir suld remain,
And being in doing
In erth returnd again.

O cruel serpent venomous,
Dispytful and seditious,
The grund of all our care!
Thou fals-bound slave unto the devill,
Thou first inventar of this evill,
Of bliss quhilk made us bare;
O devilish slave! did thou believe,
Or hou had thou sic grace,
Therby for evir thou might live
Abye into that place:
Thy grudging gat scrudging,
And sae God lute the se,
Desavers no cravers
Of his reward suld be.

O dainty dame, with eirs bent
That harkent to that fals serpent!
Thy bains we may sair ban;
Without excuse thou art to blame,
Thou justly has obtaint that name,
The very *wo of man*:
With teirs we may bewail and greit
That wicket tyme and tyde,
Quhen Adam was obligit to sleip,
And thou tane off his syde.
No sleiping bot weiping
Thy seid hes fund sensyne;
Thy eiting and sweating
Is turn'd to wo and pyn.

Adam, thy part quha can excuse,
With knowlege thou that did abuse
Thyne awn felicitie.
The serpent his inventing fals,
The womans sune consenting als,
Was nocht sae wicketly.
God did prefer thee to this day,
And them subdewt to thee,

Sae all that they culd mein or say,
 Suld not have moved thee
 To brecking, abjecting
 That hie command of lyfe
 Quhilk gydid, provydit
 The ay to live bot stryff.

Behald the state that man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw sin,
 And lost the same for ay;
 Yet God his promise dois perform,
 Sent his Son of the Virgin born,
 Our ransome deir to pay.
 To that great God let us give glore,
 To us has bein sae gude,
 Quha be his grace did us restore,
 Quherof we were denude;
 Not careing nor sparing
 His body to be rent,
 Redeiming, relieving
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

SATIRE ON THE TOWN LADIES.

Some wifs of the borowstoun
 Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
 In warld they wait not what to weir;
 On claithis they ware mony a croun;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And of fine silk their furrit klokis,
 With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis;
 Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
 To weir all thing that sin provokis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilicoats maun weel be hewit,
 Broudréd richt braid, with pasments sewit.
 I trow wha wald the matter speir,
 That their gudeman had cause to rue it,
 That evir their wifs wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
 Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
 With gartens of ane new maneir,
 To gar their courtliness be knawin;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
 To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
 And sometimes baith they will upbeir,
 To shaw their hose of black or brown;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis—
 With velvet hats heigh on their heidis,
 Cordit with gold like ane younkeir.
 Braidit about with golden threidis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muilis—
 In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
 The sermon when they sit to heir,
 But carries cusheons like vain fulis;
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
 In spice and drugis in ane day,
 Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.
 Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
 When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
 On your wifs to mak sic cost,
 Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.
 She that may not want wine and roast,
 Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blude,
 Nae difference but ane velvet hude!
 Their camrock curchies are as deir,
 Their other claithis are as gude,
 And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifs though I speak plain,
 Some landwart ladies are as vain,
 As by their clathing may appeir,
 Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
 On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

FLORENCE WILSON.

BORN 1500 — DIED 1547.

FLORENCE WILSON, commonly known by his Latinized name of Florentius Volusenus, was born on the banks of the Lossie, in the vicinity of Elgin, about the year 1500. He received

the rudiments of his education in his native place, and prosecuted his academical studies in the University of King's College, Aberdeen. Repairing afterwards to England, his talents

recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Wolsey, who appointed him preceptor to his nephew, and he accompanied the youth to Paris, where he was sent for his education. On Wolsey's death in 1530 Wilson lost his pupil; but he soon after found another friend in the person of the learned Cardinal du Bellai. Intending to proceed to Rome with this prelate, he travelled with him as far as Avignon, where he was seized with an illness which caused him to be left behind, and prevented his continuing his journey. On his recovery he applied to the celebrated Cardinal Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras, a churchman styled by Erasmus "*ecceimium hujus ætatis decus.*"

In a letter to his nephew Sadolet thus describes the interview which took place. "I had," he writes, "by chance gone into my library when it was already night, and was turning over some books very diligently, when my chamberlain announced that there was some one wished to see me. I inquire, Who is he? A person in a gown, was the answer. I ordered him to be admitted; he comes in. I ask what he may want, that he should come to me at such an hour; for I was anxious to get quit of the man speedily, and return to my studies. Then he, having entered on his introductory matter in very humble terms, spoke with such propriety, correctness, and modesty as to produce in me a desire to question him more particularly, and to become more intimately acquainted with him. Therefore, shutting my book, I turned towards him, and asked from what country he came, what studies he had pursued, and what had brought him into these parts. He replied that he was a Scotchman. You come, then, said I, from the remotest region of the earth; where have you studied? (This question I asked because his discourse betokened genius and an elegant Latinity.) In my own country first, he answered, and afterwards at Paris. What do you seek here? I asked. I came hither, he replied, moved by a strong desire to see you, and from having heard at Avignon that you were in want of some one to undertake the charge of instructing your youth."

The influence of the cardinal procured the desired situation, and Wilson was appointed teacher of the Greek and Latin languages in

the public school of Carpentras, a town in the department of the Vaucluse. How long he retained this situation is not known, but it was long enough to compose his celebrated work *De Animi Tranquillitate Dialogus, Florentio Voluseno Scoto Auctore*, which was published at Lyons in 1543. In this dialogue, which displays throughout a vast compass of learning and an intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, there are interspersed several Latin poems of his own composition, which in elegance are little inferior to the productions of his contemporary and friend Buchanan. On the Continent the work was reprinted at Leyden and at the Hague, and at Edinburgh in 1571. A third edition was published in the latter city by Ruddiman in 1707, and a fourth in 1751, with a preface by Dr. John Ward. Warton remarks of this work, "It is addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., is adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning." Wilson continued to reside on the Continent, visiting many parts of Italy and France, until the year 1546, when he felt a strong desire to see Scotland, and accordingly set out on his return home, but was taken ill on the road, and died at Vienne in Dauphiny in 1547.

Wilson maintained a high character for genius and learning in the age in which he lived, and his countryman George Buchanan paid a tribute to him in an epigram which he composed upon his death:

"Hic Musis, Volusene, jaces carissime ripam
Ad Rhodani, terra quam procul a patria!
Hoc meruit virtus tua, tellus quæ foret altrix
Virtutum, ut cineres conderet illa tuos."

Besides his treatise *De Tranquillitate Animi*, which has ever been much admired for the beauty of the philosophy as well as the elegance of the Latinity, Wilson wrote a volume of Latin poems, said to have been printed in London in 1612. In the *Bannatyne Miscellany* there are published two of his letters, the one in English, the other in Latin—the former addressed to Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell, earl of Essex. The following ode was translated from the Latin by Robert Blair, the gifted author of "The Grave:"—

Why do I, O most gracious God!
 So heavily complain?
 And at thy providence most just,
 Why do I thus repine?

Since by reflecting I perceive,
 And certainly do know,
 That I, my wretched self alone,
 Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain
 From darkness light to bring;
 And life and solid joys expect
 Under death's awful reign?

As bitter wormwood never doth
 Delicious honey yield,
 Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd
 From thistles in the field;

So who, in this uncertain life,
 Deceitful joys pursue,
 They fruits do seek upon such trees
 On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,
 Of person, and of face;
 That splendour of rich ornament,
 Which stately buildings grace;

That train of noble ancestors,
 Which gives illustrious birth,
 Wealth, luxury; then add to these
 All the delights on earth:

Yea, whatsoever object doth
 Invite our wandering sight,
 And whatso'er our touch doth feel
 With pleasure and delight,—

They all, like despicable dust
 And atoms fly away;
 And are mere dreams of the short night
 Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure;
 And what of joy to come
 Impatiently we want, when got,
 Is quickly past and gone:

And when 'tis past, like other things,
 It nothing will be thought;
 Should then that dream which nothing is
 So anxiously be sought?

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!
 Prepare thy nets to bind;
 Which thing no man but he that's mad
 Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,
 Which no man yet could find;
 It flies the more, the more that thou
 To follow art inclined.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will
 Thou freely shouldst forsake;
 And wisely choose those better things
 Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have
 Who earth's whole wealth ingrost,
 If, after this short span of life,
 His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he
 His course of life doth steer,
 Who, by his pious endeavours
 Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,
 When he shall hence remove,
 Secures a passage for himself
 Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have
 Of real happiness?
 And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,
 Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares;
 To things within thy power
 Confine thy wish; and make thy will
 Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress,
 The bounds by reason placed,
 In noise and trouble thou shalt live,
 Both wretched and disgraced.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,
 Thy heart see thou apply
 To know Christ, and him crucified;
 This is the only way.

How happy is that man who doth
 This blessed peace attain!
 He all the joys on earth, besides,
 Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,
 The care of worldly men,
 But strives to do that which is good,
 And Heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we
 So ardently affect;
 Shuns them as crosses, and as things
 Which contemplation check.

What we for greatest blessings take,
 He wholly doth disdain;
 And counts all things but loss and dung,
 That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,
 He calmly can endure;
 He knows none truly can rejoice,
 Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone
 His wondering thoughts employs,
 Where in his death he hidden sees
 Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,
 And oil draw from hard stones;
 A gift to few, and seldom given
 By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,
 And his years sweetly pass,
 Who holds that treasure in his breast
 Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things
 Who hath this pearl of price,
 Which we should buy at any rate,
 And all things else despise?

Woe's me! how much do other men
 In seas of trouble live,
 Whose ruin oft and endless cares
 Ev'n things they wish do give!

'Tis he alone in earnest can
 Wish for his dying day,
 All mankind's terror; yea, with tears
 Expostulate its stay.

O! would to God my soul just now
 Were raised to such a frame,
 As freely to part hence, which soon
 Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life
 Is swiftly hasting on,
 The way that leads to which is through
 The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,
 Think on these impious wounds
 Which thou didst cause, through which to thee
 Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives
 Thyself to soft delight,
 With what assurance canst thou crave
 What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,
 At least let him not see
 Thee much unlike himself, with whom
 Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun
 We truly may call bright;
 And what is most like to the snow,
 Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste
 With honey may compare,
 And these are swift which can contend
 With the light-flying air;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,
 More perfect thou'rt indeed;
 For, of all true perfection, he
 Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,
 When sore afflictions grieve,
 This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,
 They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,
 Whose virtue doth them bear
 Above the vulgar; for what's great,
 Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work
 Will never be advised;
 And that all things are vanity,
 Till death hath us surprised:

Then to reflect we first begin,
 And our past lives abhor,
 And all these empty joys which we
 So much admired before.

Then under terrors we would fly
 To Christ, the only rock
 Of life; whom in prosperity
 We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have
 Drives us to implore his grace;
 So great his mercy, that in vain
 We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought without delay
 Examine our estate;
 And saving interest get in Christ,—
 Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek
 Our passions to oppose,
 Or get tranquillity of mind,
 We time and labour lose.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

BORN 1502—DIED —.

ALEXANDER SCOT, the prevailing amatory character of whose poems caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete the resemblance to the Teian bard, was a subject of James V., and also flourished during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whom he addressed "Ane New Yere Gift," when she came from France in 1562. Little is known of his personal history beyond what can be conjectured from his writings. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1502. In his address to Mary, which begins:

"Welcome, illustrate lady, and our queen!"

he designates himself her "simple servant Sanders Scot," and shows that he was a warm friend to the Reformed religion, which he recommends in strong terms to her majesty's protection. The poet concluded his address, which is in twenty-eight stanzas, with an alliterative verse, highly characteristic:

"Fresh, fulgent, flourist, fragrant flower, formose,
Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,
Cherry maist chaste, chief carbuncle and chose,
Smaill sweet smaragd, smelling bot smit or smot;
Noblest nature, nourice to nurture not,
This dull indyte, dulce, double, daisy dear,
Sent by thy simple servant Sanders Scot,
Greeting great God to grant thy grace guid year!"

The poet appears to have been totally neglected by the court, and in a beautiful little fable, entitled "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast," he feelingly laments his hard fate

in being obliged to sing without reward or notice; and we find the name of Scot selected by Alexander Montgomery to point a reflection on neglected merit, in one of his sonnets addressed to Robert Hudson:

"Ye knaw, ill guyding genders mony geas,
And specially in poets: for example,
Ye can pen out twa cuple an' ye please,
Yourself and I, *Auld Scot* and Robert Semple."

In Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, and in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald, will be found many pleasing specimens of Scot's poetry. The Bannatyne MS. contains others which have never been printed; but, considering how often that valuable collection has been examined by competent judges, we may conclude that nothing has been neglected whose oblivious repose is worth disturbing. Allan Cunningham says: "Gay and light, and elegant beyond most poets of his time, Alexander Scot sang with much more sweetness than strength, and was more anxious after the smoothness of his numbers than the natural beauty of his sentiments. He flows smooth, but he seldom flows deep; he is refined and delicate, but has little vigour and no passion. Yet his verses are exceedingly pleasing; they are melodious, with meaning in their melody, and possess in no small degree that easy and gliding-away grace of expression of which the old minstrel vaunted—

"Forbye how sweet my numbers flow,
And slide away like water."

THE FLOWER OF WOMANHEID.

Thou well of virtue, flower of womanheid,
And patron unto patiens;
Lady of lawty baith in word and deid,
Rycht sobir, sweit, full meik of eloquens,
Baith gude and fair; to your magnificens
I me commend, as I haif done before,
My sempill heart for now and evermore.

For evermore I sall you service mak:
Sen of befoir into my mynd I made,
Sen first I knew your ladyship, bot lak
All bewtie, youth and womanheid ye had,
Withouten rest my heart couth not evade.
Thus am I yours, and ay sensyne haif bene,
Commandit thereto by your twa fair ene.

Your twa fair ene maks me aft syis to sing,
 Your twa fair ene maks me to sich also,
 Your twa fair ene maks me grit comforting,
 Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my woe,
 Your twa fair ene will not ane heart let go,
 But links him fast that gets a sicht of them:
 Of every virtue bricht, ye bear the name.

Ye bear the name of gentilness of blude,
 Ye bear the name that mony for ye deis,
 Ye bear the name ye are baith fair and gude,
 Ye bear the name of every sweit can pleis,
 Ye bear the name fortune and you agreis,
 Ye bear the name of lands of lenth and
 breid;
 The well of vertew and flower of womanheid!

RONDEL OF LOVE.

Lo what it is to luvē,
 Learn ye that list to pruve,
 By me, I say, that no ways may
 The grund of greif remuve,
 But still decay, both nicht and day;
 Lo what it is to luvē.

Luvē is ane fervent fire,
 Kendillit without desire.
 Short plesour, lang displesour;
 Repentance is the hire;
 Ane pure tressour, without messour;
 Luvē is ane fervent fire.

To luvē and to be wise,
 To rege with gude adwise;
 Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
 Incertain is the dice;
 There is no man, I say, that can
 Both luvē and to be wise.

Flee alwayis from the snare,
 Learn at me to beware;
 It is ane pain and dowble train
 Of endless woe and care;
 For to refrain that denger plain,
 Flee alwayis from the snare.

TO HIS HEART.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
 And hald thee with thy sovereign,
 For I had lever want ane heart,
 Nor have the heart that does me pain;

Therefore go with thy luvē remain,
 And let me live thus unmolest;
 See that thou come not back again,
 But bide with her thou luvē best.

Sen she that I have servit lang
 Is to depart so suddenly,
 Address thee now, for thou sall gang
 And beir thy lady company.
 Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
 For why? thou art with her possest.
 Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,
 And bide with her thou luvē best.

Though this belappit body here
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,
 My faithful heart is free inteir,
 And mind to serve my lady at all.
 Wald God that I were perigall
 Under that redolent rose to rest!
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
 Abide with her thou luvē best.

Sen in your garth the lily whyte
 May not remain among the lave,
 Adieu the flower of hail delyte;
 Adieu the succour that may me save;
 Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,
 And lamp of ladies lustiest!
 My faithful heart she sall it have,
 To bide with her it luvē best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
 Her absence, sen she must depart,
 And specially ye luvērs true,
 That wounded be with luvē dart.
 For ye sall want you of ane heart
 As well as I, therefore at last
 Do go with mine, with mind inward,
 And bide with her thou luvē best.

LOVE ANE LEVELLER.

Love preysis, bot comparison,
 Both gentle, simple, general:
 And of free will gives wareson,
 As fortune chances to befall;
 For love makes noble ladies thrall
 To baser men of birth and blude;
 So love gaurs sober women small
 Get maistrice o'er great men of gude.

Firm love, for favour, fear, or feid,
 Of rich nor poor to speak should spare;
 For love to greatness has no heed,
 Nor lightless lowliness ane air,
 But puts all persons in compare:
 This proverb plainly for to preve,

That men and women, less and mair,
Are come from Adam and from Eve.

So though my liking were a lady,
And I no lord, yet be'ertheless,
Hae served my service find be ready
As doze to dozeless dought him dress;
For as proud princely love express
Is to have set canities;
So service comes of simpleness,
And lowest love of low degree.

So loves, lair no leid should lack,
A lord to love a simple lass;
A lady, aye for love to take
And proper page her time to pass—
For want as bright were burnished brass
As silver wrought in rich device,
And as gods drinking out of glass
As gold—though gold give greater price.

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.

The prince of all the feather'd kind,
That with spred wings out fleis the wind,
And tours far out of humane sight
To view the schynand orb of licht:
This ryall bird, the braif and great,
And armit strang for stern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various syze
That swiftly swim in christal skyis;
Thither the valiant tersals doup,
And heir rapacious corbies croup,
With greidy gleds and slie gormahs,
And dinsome pyis and clatterin daws;
Proud peacocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair pens that solemn day,
Bowd first submissive to my lord,
Then take thair places at his borde.

Mein tyme quhyle feisting on a fawn,
And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,
A tunefull robin trig and yung,
Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.
He sang the eagles ryall lyne,
His persing ee and richt divyne,
To sway out-owre the fetherit thrang,
Quha dreid his martial bill and fang;
His flight sublime, and cild renewit,
His mynd with clemencie endewit;

In safter notes he sang his love,
Mair hie his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness hard
The chaunting lital silvan bard,
Cadd up a buzart, quha was than
His favourite and chamberlane.
Swift to my treasury, quod he,
And to yon canty robin gie
As meikle of our currant gear
As may mentain him throw the yeir;
We can weil spairt, and its his due.
He bad, and firth the Judas flew,
Straight to the bench quhair robin sang,
And with a wickit heand tung,
Said, Ah! ye sing sae dull and ruch,
Ye haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch,
His majestic has a nyse geir,
And nae mair of your stuff can beir;
Poke up your pypes, be nae mair sene
At court, I warn ye as a frein.

He spak, quhyle robinis swelling breist
And drouping wings his greif exprest;
The teirs ran happing down his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt he could nocht speik,
No for the tinsell of rewaird,
But that his notis met nae regaird;
Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair princelie bountie is suppress,
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
Quha cannot heir (because they want it)
That ocht suld be to merit grantit.

LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

To love unlov'd it is a pain;
For she that is my sovereign,
Some wanton man so high has set her,
That I can get no love again,
But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet may
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
And oft-times in my armis plet her—
I do now mourn both night and day,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right timely passand to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her—
And now I live in pain and wo,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Whattane ane glaikit fool am I
 To slay myself with melancholy,
 Sen weill I ken I may not get her?
 Or what should be the cause, and why,
 To break my heart, and nought the better?

My heart, sen thou may not her please,
 Adieu ! as good love comes as gais;
 Go choose another, and forget her !
 God give him douleur and disease,
 That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BORN 1506 — DIED 1582.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, the best Latin poet of his time, and known as the Scottish Virgil, was born at Killearn, Stirlingshire, in February, 1506. He was educated at the University of Paris, and at the College of St. Andrews, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, October 3, 1525. While employed as tutor to the Earl of Murray he gave great offence to the clergy by a satirical poem, and was obliged to take refuge on the Continent, from which he did not return to Scotland until 1560. While living abroad he was for a time tutor to the celebrated Montaigne, who records the fact in his Essays; and for a year and a half he was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, then transferred to a monastery, where he employed his leisure in writing a considerable portion of his inimitable Latin version of the Psalms. Though he had embraced the Protestant religion, and was well known as a reformer, his reception at the court of Queen Mary was favourable; he became her classical tutor, was employed to regulate the universities, and became Principal of St. Leonard's College, in the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Johnson greatly admired Buchanan's beautiful verses addressed to Mary, and said, "All the modern languages cannot furnish so melodious a line as—

"Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas."

The queen bestowed on Buchanan a pension of 500 pounds Scots. Although a layman he was in June, 1567, on account of his great abilities and extraordinary learning, elected moderator of the General Assembly of Scotland.

It is uncertain at what precise date his admirable version of the Psalms was first printed,

but a second edition appeared in 1586. The work was inscribed in an elegant dedication to Queen Mary, who in 1564, after the death of Quentin Kennedy, had conferred upon him the temporalities of Crossraguel Abbey. The murder of Darnley and Mary's marriage to Bothwell induced Buchanan to join the party of the Earl of Murray, whom he accompanied to the conference at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. Whilst in London he addressed some highly complimentary verses to the English queen, who had no dislike to praise, especially from the learned, and she settled upon the poet a pension of £100. At the desire of the earl he was prevailed upon to write his famous *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*, which was published in 1571, a year after the regent's assassination by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The year previous (1570) he was appointed by the estates of the realm one of the preceptors to the young king, who was then in his fourth year; and to Buchanan James VI. was indebted for all his classical learning. The poet proved his independence by a liberal application of the rod, the fame whereof has come down to our own day; and he said of the Scottish Solomon that he "made him a pedant because he could make nothing else of him." When seated on the English throne the king used to say of a person in high place about him, that he ever "trembled at his approach; it minded him so of his pedagogue." James regarded Buchanan's *History of Scotland* as an infamous invective, and admonished his son in his *Basilicon Doron* to punish such of his future subjects as should be guilty of possessing copies of the work.

In the seventy-fourth year of his age



JOHN BUNYAN

Author of the Pilgrim's Progress

1628-1688

Buchanan composed a brief sketch of his own life, and about the same time published his famous treatise *De Jure Regni*, advocating strongly the rights of the people. The last twelve years of his life he employed in composing in Latin his well-known history of Scotland, published in Edinburgh in 1582, under the title of *Rerum Scotticarum Historia*. He died, unmarried, on the morning of Friday, Sept. 28, 1582, and was honourably interred by the city of Edinburgh in the Greyfriars' Churchyard; and, says Dr. Irving in his life of the poet, "his ungrateful country never afforded his grave the common tribute of a monumental stone." Since those lines were written the poet of whom Scotland is justly proud has been indebted to a simple Scottish artisan for erecting a tablet to point out to the pilgrim to his grave the last resting-place of not only the first Latin poet of his country, but of his age. An edition of Buchanan's works was published by Ruddiman at Edinburgh, in two folio vols. in 1714, and another at Leyden in 4to in 1725.

He was equally distinguished as a poet, historian, and jurist, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet. Even Dr. Johnson admitted his great literary achievements in his happy reply to Buchanan's countryman, who said, "Ah! Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," he replied, "I should not have said had he been an Englishman what I will say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced." Certainly the most applauded of Buchanan's poetical works is the translation of the Psalms, particularly Ps. civ., which has been rendered into Latin by nine Scottish poets. Mackenzie remarks that his "version of the Psalms will be esteemed and admired as long as the world endures, or men have any relish for poetry;" and Bishop Burnet said, "Buchanan in his immortal poems shows so well how he could imitate all the Roman poets in their several ways of writing, that he who compares them will be often led to prefer the copy to the original."

The character and works of Buchanan, who

ON NEÆRA.¹

My wreck of mind and all my woes,
And all my ills, that day arose,
When on the fair Neæra's eyes
Like stars that shine
At first, with hapless fond surprise,
I gazed with mine.

When my glance met her searching glance.
A shivering o'er my body burst,
As light leaves in the green woods dance
When western breezes stir them first:
My heart forth from my breast to go,
And mix with hers already wanting,
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,
With eager fondness leaping, panting.

Just as a boy, whose nourice woos him,
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,
Heeds not caresses from another,
But turns his eyes still to his mother,

When she may once regard him, watches,
And forth his little fond arms stretches.
Just as a bird within the nest
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,
Its weak wings on its tender breast
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing
To live at peace, from all ensnaring,
That thou mightst never mischief catch,
Plac'dst you, unhappy eyes, to watch
With vigilance that knew no rest,
Beside the gateways of the breast.

But you, induc'd by dalliance deep,
Or guile, or overcome by sleep,
Or else have of your own accord
Consented to betray your lord;
Both heart and soul then fled and left
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep; use is there none
To think by weeping to atone;
Since heart and spirit from me fled,
You move not by the tears you shed;

¹ This and the succeeding poem were translated from the Latin of Buchanan by Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd.—Ed.

But go to her, entreat, obtain;
 If you do not entreat, and gain,
 Then will I ever make you gaze
 Upon her, till in dark amaze
 You sightless in your sockets roll,
 Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,
 As I have been deprived of heart and soul.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

All hail to thee, thou First of May,
 Sacred to wonted sport and play,
 To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,
 And mirth that lasts the whole day long!
 Hail! of the seasons honour bright,
 Annual return of sweet delight;
 Flower of reviving summer's reign,
 That hastes to time's old age again!
 When spring's mild air at Nature's birth
 First breath'd upon the new-form'd earth;
 Or when the fabled age of gold,
 Without fix'd law, spontaneous roll'd;
 Such zephyrs, in continual gales,
 Pass'd temperate along the vales,
 And soften'd and refresh'd the soil,
 Not broken yet by human toil;
 Such fruitful warmths perpetual rest
 On the fair islands of the blest—
 Those places where fell disease's moan
 And frail old age are both unknown.
 Such winds with gentle whispers spread
 Among the dwellings of the dead,
 And shake the cypresses that grow
 Where Lethe murmurs soft and slow.
 Perhaps when God at last in ire
 Shall purify the world with fire,
 And to mankind restore again
 Times happy, void of sin and pain,
 The beings of this earth beneath
 Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.
 Hail! glory of the fleeting year!
 Hail! day the fairest, happiest here!
 Memorial of the time gone by,
 And emblem of futurity!

FRANCISCANUS.¹

(EXTRACTS.)

Oft musing on the ills of human life,
 Its buoyant hopes, wild fears, and idle strife,

¹ These extracts, published anonymously, are believed to have been translated from Buchanan's bitter and powerful satire against the Franciscan friars by the Rev. Dr. Candlish.—Ed.

And joys—of hue how changeful! tho' serene,
 That flit ere you can tell where they have been—
 (Even as the bark, when ocean's surges sweep,
 Raised by the waning winds, along the deep
 Is headlong by the howling tempest driven,
 While the staid pilot, to whose charge is given
 Her guidance, skilfully the helm applies,
 And in the tempest's face she fairly forward flies),
 I have resolved, my earthly wandering past,
 In rest's safe haven to secure at last
 Whate'er of fleeting life, by Fate's decree
 Ere end my pilgrimage, remains to me,—
 To give to Heaven the remnant of my days—
 And wash away in penitence and praise,
 Far from this wild world's revelry uncouth,
 The sins and follies of my heedless youth.
 O, blest and hallowed day! with cincture bound,
 My shaven head the gray hood veiling round,
 St. Francis, under thine auspicious name,
 I will prescribe unto this fleshly frame
 A life ethereal, that shall upward rise,
 My heavenward soul commercing with the skies.
 This is my goal—to this my actions tend—
 My resting-place—original and end.

If 'tis thine aim to reach the goal of life
 Thro' virtue's path, and, leaving childish strife,
 To free thy darken'd mind from error's force
 To trace the laws of virtue to their source,
 And raise to heavenly things thy purged sight,
 I view thy noble purpose with delight;
 But if a shadowy good doth cross thy way,
 And lure thee, phantom-like—but to betray—
 Oh! while 'tis time, restrain thy mad career,
 And a true friend's yet timely warning hear;
 Nor let old error with bewilder'd eye,
 Nor let the blind and senseless rabble's cry
 More move thee than stern reason's simple sway,
 That points to truth the undiscovered way.
 But deem not that high Heaven I dare defy,
 Or raise again vain war against the sky.
 For from my earliest youth I have rever'd
 The priests and holy fathers, who appeared
 By virtue's and religion's holy flame
 Worthy a bright eternity of fame.
 But seldom underneath the dusky cowl,
 That shades the shaven head and monkish scowl,
 I picture a St. Paul: the priestly stole
 Oft covers the remorseless tyrant's soul,
 The glutton's and the adulterer's grovelling lust,
 Like soulless brute, each wallowing in the dust,
 And the smooth hypocrite's still smiling brow,
 That tells not of the villany below.

Still deathful is the drug-envenom'd draught,
 Tho' golden be the bowl from which 'tis quaff'd:
 The ass, in Tyrian purple tho' array'd,
 Is as much ass, as ass-like when he bray'd;
 Still fierce will be the lioness—the fox
 Still crafty—and still mild the mighty ox—

The vulture still will whet the thirsty beak—
 The twittering swallow still will chirp and squeak:
 Thus tho' the vesture shine like drifted snow,
 The heart's dark passions lurk unchang'd below.
 Nor when the viper lays aside his skin,
 Less baleful does the venom work within;
 The tiger frets against his cage's side,
 As wild as when he roam'd in chainless pride.
 Thus neither crossing mountains nor the main,
 Nor flying human haunts and follies vain,

Nor the black robe nor white, nor cowl-clad head,
 Nor munching ever black and mouldy bread,
 Will lull the darkly-working soul to rest,
 And calm the tumults of the troubl'd breast.
 For always, in whatever spot you be,
 Even to the confines of the Frozen Sea,
 Or near the sun, beneath a scorching clime,
 Still, still will follow the fierce lust of crime—
 Deceit and the dark working of the mind,
 Where'er you roam, will not be left behind.

JAMES THE FIFTH.

BORN 1512—DIED 1542.

JAMES THE FIFTH was born at the palace of Linlithgow in the month of April, 1512. When the fatal field of Flodden numbered among its victims the chivalrous James IV., his successor, the infant prince, was not a year and a half old. Among those who had charge of his education was the celebrated Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and John Bellenden, the translator of Boethius' *History*. The works of both authors abound with passages referring to the share which they had in the formation of the young sovereign's character. It would seem that to the poet the task had chiefly fallen of attending the prince in his hours of amusement. In his "Complaint" he says—

"And ay quhen thou came from the schule,
 Then I behuift to play the fule."

It is to the happy influence of Sir David Lindsay that we may ascribe a large share of that regard for justice, that taste for literature and art, and that love of poetry, music, and romance for which the young Scottish king became distinguished.

In his twelfth year the nobles, tired of the state of misrule into which Scotland had been brought, and of the dissensions among themselves, requested James to assume the government. His power, however, was merely nominal, as four guardians were appointed, by whom the whole authority of the state was exercised in his name. The Earl of Angus, one of these, soon obtained the ascendancy over his colleagues, and he held the young

king in such restraint as induced him to make his escape from the palace of Falkland when in his seventeenth year, and take refuge in Stirling Castle, the residence of his mother. By the most vigorous measures the king now proceeded to repress disorders and punish crime throughout the kingdom. Attended by a numerous retinue, under the pretence of enjoying the pleasures of hunting, he visited various districts, executing thieves and marauders, and caused the laws to be obeyed on every foot of Scottish soil. The most memorable of his victims was the noted borderer Johnnie Armstrong, who was summarily hanged with his twenty-four followers, "quhilk," says Pit-scottie, "monie Scottisman heavilie lamented, for he was ane doubtit man and als guid ane chieftain as evir was upon the borderis aither of Scotland or England."

In 1535 James proceeded to France upon a matrimonial expedition, and married Magdalene, eldest daughter of the French king, who died of consumption within forty days of her arrival in Scotland. He afterwards espoused Mary of Guise. A rupture with Henry VIII. led to the battle of Solway Moss, one of the most inglorious engagements in Scottish annals. The command of the army having been conferred on Oliver Sinclair, a favourite of the king, the high-spirited and discontented nobles indignantly refused to obey such a leader, and were in consequence easily defeated by an inferior force. When the tidings of this disaster reached James he was frantic with

grief and mortification. Hastening to Edinburgh, he shut himself up for a week, and then passed over to Falkland, where he took to his bed. Meantime the queen had given birth to a daughter, afterwards the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On being informed of this event he said, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," deeming it another misfortune that it was not a male heir. A little before his death, which occurred previous to the 13th of December, 1542, when he was but thirty-one years of age, he was heard muttering the words "Solway Moss," the scene of that disaster which hurried him to an early grave. The love of justice endeared the lamented monarch to the people, who conferred on him the title of "King of the Poor." Other princes have been called great and bold and mighty, but it was the far nobler pride of James to be styled THE KING OF THE POOR.

Of the elegant and useful arts, and of all branches of what was called profane learning, he was a liberal patron and active promoter. "He furnished the countrie," says Pitcottie, "with all kyndis of craftsmen, sik as Frenchmen, Spainyardis, and Dutchmen, quhilk ever wes the finest of thair profession that culd be had; quhilk brought the countrie to great policie." Lindsay, Buchanan, Bellenden, Maitland, Montgomery, and many others of

inferior fame, were among the men of letters who contributed to shed a lustre on his reign, and who, in an age when there was no reading public, could live on the patronage of the court alone. To gratify a strong passion for adventures of a romantic character James would often roam through the country in disguise under the soubriquet of "The Gudeman of Ballangeich." He is believed to be the author of the well-known and popular ballads of "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jollie Beggar," both founded on his own adventures. Sir Walter Scott said of the last-mentioned, that it was the best comic ballad in any language. George Chalmers and some other authorities have attributed other productions to the pen of the commons' king, but it is thought without sufficient evidence. The two songs attributed to James V. are both productions of great merit—remarkable for their roguish humour and freedom of expression, albeit they are rather broad for the last half of the nineteenth century:

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

Yet no change of manners or evolutions of time will much affect poetry which is founded in nature; and this makes the lyrics of James as fresh and lively and intelligible as they were more than three hundred years ago, when they were composed by the young king.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,

Will you lodge a silly poor man?

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;

My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free

As first when I saw this countrie,

How blythe and merry wad I be!

And I wad never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain,

But little did her auld minny ken

What thir slee twa thegither were say'ng,

When wooing they were sac thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black

As e'er the croun of my daddy's hat,

'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa' wi' me thou shoud' gang.

And O, quo' she, an I were as white

As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,

I'd cleed me braw and lady-like,

And awa' wi' thee I woud' gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;

They rose a wee before the cock,

And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,

And at her leisure pat on her claise;

Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,

To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane!
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
 But nought was stown that could be mist;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';
 Sic a poor man she'd never throw,
 After the gaberlunzie man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee;
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jollie beggar,
 And a begging he was boun,

And he took up his quarters
 Into a landart town:
 He wadna lie into the barn,
 Nor wad he in the byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door,
 Or else afore the fire.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night;
 We'll go no more a roving,
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,
 And in ahint the ha' door
 'Twas there the beggar lay.
 Up gat the gudeman's daughter,
 All for to bar the door,
 And there she saw the beggarman
 Standing in the floor.
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Though maids be e'er so loving,
 And the moon shine e'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,
 Fast to the bed he ran—
 O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, sir,
 Ye'll waken our gudeman.
 The beggar was a cunning loon,
 And ne'er a word he spak—
 But lang afore the cock had crawn
 Thus he began to crack:
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Save when the moon is moving,
 And the stars are shining bright.

Have ye ony dogs about this toun,
 Maiden, tell me true?
 And what wad ye do wi' them,
 My hinney and my dow?
 They'll rive a' my meal-powks,
 And do me mickle wrang.
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor man?
 And we'll go no more a roving,
 A roving in the night,
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving
 By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks,
 And flang them o'er the wa',
 The deil gae wi the meal-powks,
 My maiden fame and a';
 I took ye for some gentleman,
 At least the laird o' Brodie—
 O dool for the doing o't,
 Are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
Although the moon is moving,
And stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,
And gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk
To pay the nurse's fee:
He took a wee horn frae his side,
And blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,

Nor sit a sweet maid loving
By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'.
The beggar was a clever loon,
And he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters
As I got yesternight!
And we'll ay gang a roving,
A roving in the night,
For then the maids are loving,
And stars are shining bright.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1540 — DIED 1614. (?)

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, known as a poet in 1568, is supposed to have been a younger son of Montgomery of Hazlehead Castle, in Ayrshire. Of his personal history there are no authentic memorials. In his poem entitled "The Navigatioun," he calls himself "ane German born." Dempster describes him as "*Eques Montanus vulgo vocatus*;" but is certain that he was never knighted. In the titles to his works he is styled Captain, and it has been conjectured that he was an officer in the body-guard of the Regent Morton. Melville in his *Diary* mentions him about 1577 as "Captain Montgomery, a good honest man, and the regent's domestic." His poetical talents secured him the friendship of James VI., from whom he received a pension. In the king's "Reulis and Cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottish Poesie," published in 1584, his majesty quotes some of Montgomery's poems as examples of the different styles of verse. His best known production is his allegorical poem of "The Cherrie and the Slae," on which Allan Ramsay formed the model of his "Vision," and to one particular passage in which he was indebted for his description of the Genius of Caledonia. It was first published in 1595, and reprinted two years later by Robert Waldegrave, "according to a copie corrected by the author himselfe." Another

of his compositions is styled "The Flyting between Montgomerie and Polwart," which is written after the manner of the "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie." He is also the author of "The Minde's Melodie," consisting of paraphrases of the Psalms, and a great variety of sonnets. Among the books presented by Drummond of Hawthornden to the University of Edinburgh is a manuscript collection of the poems of Montgomery, consisting of odes, sonnets, psalms, and epitaphs. His death occurred between 1597 and 1615, in which latter year an edition of his "Cherrie and Slae" was printed by Andrew Hart. Editions of his poetical works were published in 1751 and 1754; and in 1822 a complete edition, with a biographical preface by Dr. Irving, was issued in Edinburgh, under the superintendence of David Laing.

An eminent critic says of Montgomery, that he "deserves more notice than he has obtained; he was long spoken of, but seldom read; and I am willing to believe that the fortunate abuse of Pinkerton contributed to his fame, by arming in his behalf all the lovers of old Scottish song. The cast of his genius is lyrical; there is a sweetness and a liquid motion about even his most elaborate productions, and one cannot easily avoid chanting many passages on perusal. His thoughts are ready, his images

at hand, and his illustrations natural and apt. His language is ever flowing, felicitous, and abundant. His faults are the faults of the times. Printing had opened the treasures of ancient lore; and all our compositions were speckled and spotted with classical allusions. He embalms conceits in a stream of melody, and seeks to consecrate anew the faded splendour of the heathen mythology. Such dis-

play of scholarship was less affected then than it would be now. To glance, as the stream of story flows along, at old glory and at ancient things, is very well when happily managed and not dwelt upon; but Venus can only come into courtships now to be laughed at, and the most reasonable god in all the mythology will abate rather than increase the interest of any living poet's song."

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

(EXTRACT.)

About an bank with balmy bewis,
 Quhair nyctingales thair notis renewis,
 With gallant goldspinks gay;
 The mavis, merle, and progne proud,
 The lintquhyt, lark, and laverock loud,
 Salutit mirthful May.
 Quhen Philomel had sweetly sung,
 To progne scho deplord,
 How Tereus cut out hir tung,
 And falsly hir deflourd;
 Quilk story so sorie
 To schaw hir self scho semit,
 To heir hir so neir hir,
 I doubtit if I dreimtit.

The cushat crouds, the corbie crys,
 The coukow couks, the prattling pyes,
 To geck hir they begin:
 The jargoun or the jangling jayes,
 The craiking craws, and keckling kays,
 They deavt me with thair din.
 The painted pawn with Argos eyis
 Can on his mayock call;
 The turtle wails on witherit treis,
 And eccho answers all,
 Repeting with greiting,
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying
 His schadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
 To mak thair morning mange.
 The con, the cuning, and the cat,
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stif mustachis strange.
 The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
 The fulmart and false fox;
 The beardit buck clam up the brae,
 With birssy bairs and brocks;

Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 The hunter's subtle snairs,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft, and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weit,
 But quyit, calm, and clear,
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowris,
 Quhairon Apollo's paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a teir;
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers shynd,
 Embroydering bewties bed,
 Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
 In Mayis collouris cled,
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,
 Of balmy liquor sweet,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

Methocht an heavenlie heartsum thing,
 Quhair dew lyke diamonds did hing,
 Owre twinkling all the treis,
 To study on the flurist twists,
 Admiring nature's alchymists,
 Laborious bussie beis,
 Quhairof sum sweetest honie socht,
 To stay thair lyves frae sterve,
 And sum the waxie veschells wrocht,
 Thair purchase to preserve;
 So heiping, for keiping
 It in thair hyes they hyde,
 Precisely and wysely,
 For winter they provyde.

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning;
 The jolly cock's crowing;
 The eastern sky's glowing;
 Stars fade one by one;

The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one:
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming,
And plumed helmets on;
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing.
And, snorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing
Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

WHILE WITH HER WHITE HANDS.

While with her white and nimble hands
My mistress gathering blossoms stands
Amid the flowery mead;
Of lilies white, and violets,
A garland properly she plaits
To set upon her head:

Thou sun, now shining bright above,
If ever thou the fire of love
Hast felt, as poets feign:
If it be true, as true it seems,
In courtesy withdraw thy beams,
Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness wilt not burn
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,
And close her sparkling eyes;—
A brightness far surpassing thine,
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyne
Thy credit in the skies.

VAIN LOVERS.

None love, but fools, unloved again,
Who tyne their time and come no speed.
Make this a maxim to remain,
That love bears none but fools at feid;
And they get aye a good goosehead,
In recompense of all their pain.
So of necessitie men succeed:
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I wot a wise man will beware,
And will not venture but advice;
Great fools, for me, I think they are
Who seek warm water under ice:
Yet some more wilful are than wise,
That for their love's sake would be slain;
Buy no repentance at that price—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Though some we see in every age,
Like glaikit fools, gang giddy gates,
Where reason finds no place for rage,
They love them best who them but hates:
Synne of their follies wyte the fates,
As destiny did them disdain,
Which are but idle vain conceits,—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Some by a proverb fain would prove,
Who scarcely ever saw the schools,
That love with reason is no love,
Nor constance where occasion cools:
There they confess like frantic fools,
That wilfully they will be vain;
But reason, what are men but mules?
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Go ding a dog and he will bite,
But fawn on him who gives him food,
And can, as cause requires, acquit,
As ill with ill, and good with good.
Then love none but where thou art lov'd,
And where thou finds them feign'd, refrain:
Take this my counsel, I conclude—
None love, but fools, unloved again.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BORN 1542 — DIED 1587.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, the daughter of James V. and Mary of Lorraine, was born at Linlithgow Palace, December 8th, 1542. While she was still a child she was demanded in marriage by Henry VIII. of England for his son Edward VI. When the Earl of Huntly was solicited for his assistance in this measure, he said like a man, that he did not mislike the match so much, as the way of wooing. The wishes of this boisterous potentate were not gratified, and a war arose in consequence, during which the young princess was sent to France at the age of six years. She was kindly received by Henry II., who resolved to educate her in all the accomplishments suitable to her elevated rank. She profited by her attention and her talents from the education which a munificent king bestowed upon her, as the intended wife of the dauphin, heir-apparent of his crown. By the death of the French king, and her marriage with Francis II., whom she also lost soon after, she became an unprotected widow at the age of eighteen. France had now no charms for her; while she received invitations from all parties to return to her native country and her divided people. She arrived at Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, on the 19th of August, 1561.

Before her departure from France Mary wrote verses with great facility in the language of that country, which may be said to have been her mother-tongue. She never attained to a good knowledge of English, not even of that form of it spoken in her native land. Her poems on the death of the dauphin, and on her leaving France, have "very considerable merit in the ideas, the imaginations, and the very genius of elegiac poetry," says her vindicator Whitaker, who has translated them into English. She was not only a poetess, but the cause of poetry in others. Many a *vaudeville* was written on her departure for Scotland, and one of her subjects, Alexander Scot, known as the Scottish Anacreon because he sung so much of love, sent "Ane New Year Gift" in

the form of a poetical address, in twenty-eight stanzas. It begins—

"Welcome, illustre lady, and our queen!"

and in one verse the poet makes pointed allusion to certain prophecies which assigned a brilliant future to the young queen:—

"If saws be sooth to shaw thy celsitude,

What bairn should brook all Britain by the sea,

The prophecy expressly does conclude

The French wife of the Bruce's blood should be:

Thou art by line from him the ninth degree,

And was King Francis' perty maik and peer;

So by descent the same should spring of thee,

By grace of God against this good new year."

After many vicissitudes of fortune, and struggles with her turbulent and semi-savage nobles, Mary was at last forced to flee from her own kingdom to that of a rival and enemy, for refuge from the hands of those who were capable of almost any deed of violence. But as well might the beautiful and unfortunate queen claim protection from her kinswoman as the hunted deer seek refuge in a tiger's den. For nineteen years she was confined a prisoner in various castles, and at length ended her sad and chequered career on the block. She was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age. "The admirable and saintly fortitude with which she suffered," it has been well remarked, "formed a striking contrast to the despair and agony which not long afterwards darkened the death-bed of the English queen." Her remains now rest in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument is erected to her memory. Mary's sad story may be epitomized in the lines—

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand

The downward slope to death."

While the conduct and character of Queen Mary have been the subject of endless controversy with historians, her great beauty, her learning, and her many accomplishments are universally acknowledged. She wrote with elegance and force in the Latin, French, and Italian languages. Among her compositions

are "Poems on Various Occasions;" "Royal Advice to her Son;" a copy of verses in French, sent with a diamond ring to Queen Elizabeth; and her "Last Prayer," written originally in Latin. A meritorious poem of five stanzas has been attributed to her second husband, Lord Darnley, the father of James VI. In 1873 an edition of Queen Mary's poems in French was published, with an in-

troduction by Julian Sharman. The volume contained eight poems.¹ It is doubtful whether at any time the queen applied herself to the study or composition of English poetry. A distich in that language, scrawled on a window at Fotheringay, is the only fragment:—

"From the top of all my trust,
Mishap has laid me in the dust."

ON THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

While in a tone of deepest woe
My sweetly mournful warblings flow,
I wildly cast my eyes around,
Feel my dread loss, my bosom wound,
And see, in sigh succeeding sigh,
The finest moments of my life to fly.

Did Destiny's hard hand before,
Of miseries such a store,
Of such a train of sorrows shed
Upon a happy woman's head?
Who sees her very heart and eye
Or in the bier or in the coffin lie;—

Who, in the morning of my day,
And midst my flowers of youth most gay,
Feel all my wretchedness at heart,
That heaviest sorrows can impart;
And can in nothing find relief
But in the fond indulgence of my grief.

What once of joy could lend a strain,
Is now converted into pain;
The day, that shines with feeblest light,
Is now to me a darksome night;
Nor is there aught of highest joys
That now my soul will condescend to prize.

Full at my heart and in my eye
A portrait and an image lie
That figure out my dress of woe,
And my pale face reflected show
The semblance of the violet's blue,
Unhappy love's own genuine hue.

To ease my sorely troubled mind,
I keep to no one spot confin'd,
But think it good to shift my place,
In hopes my sadness to efface;
For now is worst, now best again,
The most sequestrate solitary scene.

Whether I shelter in the grove,
Or in the open meadow rove;
Whether the morn is dawning day,
Or evening shoots its level ray,
My heart's incessant feelings prove
My heavy mourning for my absent love.

If at a time towards the skies
I cast my sorrow-dropping eyes,
I see his eyes sweet glancing play
Amongst the clouds in every ray;
Then in the clouds dark water view
His hearse display'd in sorrow's sable hue.

If to repose my limbs apply,
And slumbering on my couch I lie,
I hear his voice to me rejoin,
I feel his body touching mine;
Engaged at work, to rest applied,
I have him still for ever at my side.

No other object meets my sight,
However fair it seems, or bright,
To which my heart will e'er consent
To yield itself in fond content;
And robbed of the perfection be
Of this impassioned mournful sympathy.

But here, my song, do thou refrain
From thy most melancholy strain,
Of which shall this the burden prove:
"My honest heart full lively love,
Howe'er I am by death disjoin'd,
Shall never, never diminution find."

SONNET.

Que suis-je, hélas! et de quoi sert la vie!
J'en suis fors qu'un corps priué de cœur;
Un ombre vayne, un objet de malheur,
Qui n'a plu rien qui de mourir en vie.

¹ *The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots*, edited by Julian Sharman. One vol. 8vo (Pickering, London, 1873). 100 copies only printed.—Ed.

Plus ne me portez, O enemys, d'envie,
Qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur:
J'ai consommé d'excessive douleur,
Vostre ire en bref de voir assouvie,
Et vous ainsy qui m'avez tenu chere,
Souvenez-vous que sans-cœur et sans-santé,
Je ne saurois aucun bon œuvre faire.
Et que sus-bas étant assez punie,
J'ais ma part en la joie infinie.

TO RONSART.¹

Ronsart, si ton bon cœur, de gentille nature,
Te ment pour le respect d'un peu de nourriture
Qu'en tes plus jeunes ans tu as reçu d'un roi
De ton roi allié, et de sa même loi,
Le dirai non couart ni tache d'avarice,
Mais digne, à mon avis, du nom de brave prince.

Hélas! n'écrivez par ses faits ni ses grandeurs,
Mais qu'il a bien voulu empêcher de malheurs.

LAST PRAYER.

Oh! my God and my Lord,
I have trusted in thee;
Oh! Jesus, my love,
Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour
I languish for thee.
In sorrowing, weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore and implore thee
To liberate me!

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1560 — DIED 1609.

ALEXANDER HUME, a sacred poet, was the second son of Patrick, fifth baron of Polwarth, and is supposed to have been born in the year 1560. He studied at the University of St. Andrews, where he was graduated in 1574. After spending four years in France studying the law, he returned to his native country, and was admitted to practise as an advocate. His professional progress is thus related by himself in an "Epistle to Maister Gilbert Monterief, Mediciner to the King's Majestie, wherein is set down the Inexperience of the Author's Youth:"—

"Quhen that I had employ'd my youth and paine
Four years in France, and was return'd againe,
I lang'd to learn and curious was to knaw

The consuetudes, the custome, and the law,
Quhairby our native soil was guide aright,
And justice done to everie kind of wight.
To that effect, three years, or near that space,
I haunted maist our highest pleading place,
And senate, quhair causes reason'd war,
My breast was bruisit with leaning on the bar;
My buttons brist, I partly spitted blood,
My gown was trailld and trampid quhair I stood;
My ears war deif'd with maissars cryes and din,
Qukilk procuroris and parties callit in.
I dailie learnit, but could not pleisit be;
I saw sic things as pitie was to see,
Ane house overlaid with process sa misguidit,
That sum too late, sum never war decydit;
The pair abusit ane hundred divers wayes;
Postpon'd, deffer'd with shifts and mere delays.
Consumit in gudes, ourset with grief and paine;
Your advocate maun be refresht with gaine,
Or else he fails to speake or to invent
Ane gude defence or weightie argument.
Ye 'spill your cause,' ye 'trouble him too sair,'
Unless his hand anointed be with mair."

¹The following translation was made by D. G. Hamelt:

Ronsart, if thy good heart, of gentle kind,
Moves thee in regard of some little nurture
Which, in thy younger years, thou didst receive from a
king
Allied to thy king, and of his self same form of faith,
I will pronounce him no craven, nor stained with
avarice,
But worthy, to my thinking, of the name of a good prince.
Alas! write not his achievements nor his grandeur,
But that he strove to prevent many calamities.

Not meeting with success at the bar, Hume sought preferment at the court of James VI., but failing in this also, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed minister of Logie, in Fifeshire. He now devoted himself to writing religious songs and poems, with a view of correcting the popular taste, and displacing

the "godlie and spiritual sangis and ballatis" of that age, which were nothing more than pious travesties of the profane ballads and songs then most in vogue. In 1599 Hume published a volume entitled "Hymnes or Sacred Songs, where the right use of Pœtry may be Espied," dedicated to "the faithful and vertuous Lady Elizabeth Melvil," generally styled Lady Culros, who wrote "Ane Godlye Dream, compylit in Scottish Meter," printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and at Aberdeen in 1644, which was a great favourite with the Presbyterians. The Hymns were recently reprinted by the Bannatyne Club. The best of these sacred poems, entitled by the author "The Day Estivall," is altogether an extraordinary production for the age in which it was composed. It presents the picture of a summer day from the dawn to the twilight; painted with a fidelity to nature, a liveliness of colouring, and a tasteful selection of incidents which mark the hand of a master. Besides the

"Hymns or Sacred Songs," Mr. Hume wrote a poem on the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is called "The Triumph of the Lord after the Maner of Men," and describes a triumphal procession similar to those of the ancient Romans, in which the spoils of the conquered enemy are exhibited in succession. The following passage may suffice for a specimen:—

"Richt as the point of day beginnes to spring,
And larks aloft melodiously to sing,
Bring furthe all kynde of instrumentis of weir
To gang befor, and mak ane noyce cleir;
Gar trumpetis sounde the awful battellis blast,
On dreadful drummes gar stryke alarum faste;
Mak showting shalmes, and peircing phipheris shill
Cleene cleave the clouds, and pierce the hiest hill.
Caus nichtelie the wierlie nottis breike,
On Hieland pipes, Scottes and Hybernicke.
Let heir the skraichs of deadlie clarions,
And syne let off ane volie of cannons."

The poem has been highly praised by Dr. Leyden. The year 1609 is given as the date of Hume's death.

THE DAY ESTIVALL.

O perfit light! quhilk schaid away
The darknes from the light,
And set a ruler over the day,
Ane uther ower the night.

Thy glorie quhen the day forth flies,
Mair vively dois appeare,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes,
The shining sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth, anon,
Removes and drawis by;
Sine in the east quhen it is gone,
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk sunne perceaves the lytill larkis,
The lapwing and the snype,
And tunes thair fangs like nature's clarkis,
Ouer medow, muir, and strype.

But everie bauld nocturnal beast
Na langer may abide,
They hy away, baith maist and least,
Themselves in house to hide.

They dread the day, fra they it see,
And from the sight of men,
To seats and covers fast they flee,
As Lyons to their den.

Oure hemisphere is poleist clein,
And lightened more and more,
Quhill everie thing be clearlie sein
Quhilk semit dim before.

Except the glistering astres bright,
Quhilk all the night were cleare,
Offusked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent,
Sets up his shining head,
And ower the earth and firmament
Displays his beims abroad.

For joy the birds, with boulden throats,
Agains his visage shein,
Takes up their kindlie musike nots
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the cairfull husbandman,
His cornes and vines to see,
And everie tymous artisan
In buith work besilie.

The pastor quits the sloithfull sleepe,
And passes forth with speede,
His little camow-nosed sheepe,
And rowtting kie to feede.

The passenger from perrels sure
Gangs gladlie forth the way.
Breife everie living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The subtile motty rayens light
At rifts they are in wonne;
The glansing thains, and vitre bright,
Resplends agains the sunne.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the pound.

The mistie rock, the clouds of raine,
From tops of mountains skails;
Clear are the highest hills and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the sapphire pend
With sprains of skarlet hew,
And preciouslly from end to end
Damasked white and blew.

The ample heaven of fabrik sure
In cleannes dois surpass
The crystall and the silver pure,
As cleirest poleist glass.

The time sa tranquil is and still,
That na where sall ye find,
Saive on ane high and barren hill,
The aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmie leaf do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purpour sé,
Yea smoothen than the sand;
The wallis that woltring wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air,
That everie cry and call,
The hills and daills, and forest fair,
Againe repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
Ouer rocks can softlie rin;
The water clear, like crystal seams,
And makes a pleasand din.

The feilds and earthly superface
With verdure grene is spredd,
And naturallie, but artifice,
In partie colours cledd.

The flurishes and fragrant floures,
Throw Phebus' fostring heit,
Refresht with dew and silver shoures,
Casts up an odor sweet.

The clogged bussie humming beis,
That never thinks to drowne,
On flowers and flourishes of treis
Collects their liquor browne.

The sunne, maist like a speidie post,
With ardent course ascends,
The beauty of the heavenly host,
Up to our zenith tends.

Nocht guided by a Phaeton,
Nor trayned in a chayre,
Bot by the hie and holie On,
Quhilk dois all where empire.

The burning beims down from his face
Sa fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seeks a place
To save them fra the heat.

The breathless flocks drawes to the shade
And frechure of their fald;
The startling nolt, as they were madde,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath some leafy treis
Amids the floures they lie;
The stabill ships upon the seis
Tends up their sails to drie.

The hart, the hind, and fallow-deare
Are tapisht at their rest;
The foules and birdes that made thé beare,
Prepares their prettie nest.

The rayons dures descending down,
All kindles in a gleid,
In cittie, nor in burroughs-towne,
May nane set furth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whunn,
And from ilk plaister wall,
The hot reflexing of the sunne
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timelie raiss,
All wearie, faint, and weake,
For heate down to their houses gaiss,
Noon-meate and sleip to take.

The callour wine in cave is sought,
Men's brotheing breists to cule;
The water cald and cleir is brought,
And sallets steipit in ule.

Sum pluckes the honie plown and peare,
 The cherrie and the pesche;
 Sum likes the rime, and London beare,
 The bodie to refresche.

Forth of their skeppes sum raging beis
 Lyes out, and will not cast;
 Sum uther swarmes hyves on the treis
 In knots togidder fast.

The korbeis and the kekling kais
 May scarce the heat abide;
 Halks prunyeis on the sunnie brais,
 And wedders back and side.

With gilted eyes and open wings
 The cock his courage shawis;
 With claps of joy his breast he dings,
 And twentie times he crawis.

The dow, with whistling wings sa blew,
 The winds can fast collect;
 Her purpour pennes turnes merry hew,
 Againsts the sunne direct.

Now noon is went, gane is mid-day,
 The heat dois slake at last;
 The sunne descends down west away
 Fra three o'clock be past.

A little cule of breathing wind
 Now softly can arise,
 The warks throw heit that lay behind,
 Now men may enterprise.

Furth faires the flocks to seek their fude
 On everie hill and plaine,
 Quhilk labourer, as he thinks gude,
 Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the sunne we see
 Diminish in their strenth;
 The schad of everie towre and tree
 Extended is in lenth.

Great is the calm, for everie quhair
 The wind is settin doune;
 The reik thrawes right up in the air
 From everie towre and towne.

Their firdoning the bony birds
 In bauks they do begin;
 With pipes of reeds the jolie hirds
 Halds up the mirrie din.

The maveis and the philomeen,
 The stirling whissels loud,
 The cuschetts on the branches green,
 Full quietly they crowd.

The gloming comes, the day is spent,
 The sun goes out of sight,
 And painted is the occident
 With purpour sanguine bright.

The skarlet nor the golden threid,
 Who would their beautie try,
 Are naething like the color reid
 And beautie of the skie.

Our west horizon circular,
 Fra time the sunne be set,
 Is all with rubeis, as it wer,
 Or roses reid ouerfrett.

What plesour wer to walk and see,
 Endlang a river cleir,
 The perfect form of everie tree
 Within the deepe appeir!

The salmon out of cruives and creills,
 Uphailed into skoutts;
 The bels and circles on the weills,
 Throw louping of the trouts.

O! then, it wer a seemlie thing,
 While all is still and calme,
 The praise of God to play and sing,
 With cornet and with schalme.

Bot now the hirds, with mony shout,
 Calls uther be their name.
 Ga, Billie! turne our gude about,
 Now time is to ga hame.

With bellie fow, the beasts belyve
 Are turned fra the corne,
 Quhilk soberly they hameward dryve,
 With pipe and liltin horne.

Throw all the land great is the gild
 Of rustik folks that cry;
 Of bleiting sheep, fra they be fild,
 Of calves and rowtting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,
 And can till uther say,
 Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
 Quhilk sent this summer day.

RECANTATION.

Alace, how long have I delayed
 To leave the laits of youth!
 Alace, how oft have I essayed
 To daunt my lascive mouth,

And make my wayne polluted thought,
My pen and speech prophaine,
Extoll the Lord quhilk made of nocht
The heaven, the earth, and maine.

Scarce nature yet my face about
Her virile net had spun.
Quhen als oft as Phosbea tout
Was set againe the Sun:
Yea, als oft as the fierie flames
Arise and shine abroad,
I minded was, with songs and psalms,
To glorifie my God.

But ay the cankered, carnall kind,
Quhilk lurked me within,

Seduced my heart, withdrew my mind,
And made me selave to sin.
My senses and my saul I saw
Debait a deadlie strife,
Into my flesh I felt a law
Gainstand the law of life.

Even as the falcon high, and hait
Furth fleeing in the skye,
With wanton wing, hir game to gaif,
Disdains her caller's cry;
So led away with liberty,
And drowned in delight,
I wandred after vanitie—
My vice I give the wight.

JAMES THE SIXTH.

BORN 1566 — DIED 1625.

JAMES, the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, called by Sully "the wisest fool in Europe," was born in the castle of Edinburgh, June 19, 1566. He was the son of Queen Mary, by her husband Henry Lord Darnley. Both by his father and mother James was the great-grandson of Henry VII. of England. It is well known that a confederation of conspirators dethroned Mary about a year after the birth of her son. While this ill-fated princess was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle James was taken to Stirling, and there crowned King of Scotland at the age of thirteen months and ten days. When he was scarcely nineteen years he became an author, by publishing *The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie, with the Rowlis and Cauteles to be pursued and avoided*. These essays were printed at Edinburgh in 1585, by T. Vautroullier, and consist of a mixture of prose and poetry; the poems being chiefly a series of sonnets, while the prose consists of a code of laws for the construction of verse according to the ideas of that age. There is little in the king's style or his ideas to please the present age; yet compared with the efforts of contemporary authors these poems may be said to present a respectable appearance. This volume was reprinted in 1814, with a prefatory memoir

by R. P. Gillies. Copies of the original edition have been sold for more than £25. At Bindley's sale one brought £26, 5s.

In 1591 King James produced a second volume of verse entitled *Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*, in the preface to which he informs the reader, as an apology for inaccuracies, that "scarcelie but at stolen moments had he leisure to blenk upon any paper, and yet nocht that with free, unvexed spirit." He also appears about this time to have proceeded some length with his translation of the Psalms into Scottish verse. A few years later the king wrote a treatise of counsel for his son Prince Henry, under the title of *Basilicon Doron*, which, although containing some passages offensive to the clergy, is a work of good sense, and conveys, upon the whole, a respectable impression at once of the author's abilities and moral temperament. It was published in 1599, and gained him a great accession of esteem among the English, for whose favour, of course, he was anxiously solicitous. Camden says "that in this book is most elegantly portrayed and set forth the pattern of a most excellent, every way accomplished king." Bacon considered it as "excellently written;" and Hume remarks that "whoever will read the *Basilicon Doron*, particularly the last two books, will

confess James to have possessed no mean genius."

It was a time when puns and all sorts of literary quips and quirks were much in vogue. The king was not behindhand in following this peculiar and distressing fashion. James greeted his Scottish subjects on a certain solemn occasion with a string of punning rhymes on the names of their most learned professors, Adamson, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, and King.

"As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak;
So Adamson was president, and first man in this act. (!)
The theses Fair-lie did defend, which, though they lies contain,
Yet were fair lies, and he the sam right fairlie did maintein.
The field first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see
That not all sands are barren sands, but that some fertile bee.
Then Master Young most subtilie the theses did impugn,
And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, though Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speech think shame.
Last entered Master King the lists, and dispute like a king,
How reason reigning as a queene should anger under bring.
To their deserved praise have I then playd upon their names,
And will their collodge hence be cald the Collodge of King James."

The king also wrote some vivacious verses when fifty-six years old, on the courting expedition to Spain of his son Charles and the courtly Buckingham.

On March 28, 1603, Queen Elizabeth expired, having named James as her successor, and he was crowned King of Great Britain, July 25, by Archbishop Whitgift, with all the ancient solemnity of that imposing ceremony. James was the author of various works in addition to those already mentioned: *A Discourse on the Gunpowder Plot*, *Demonology*, *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, &c. Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments. James, although proud of his literary abilities, was certainly not strong in argument. He was dogmatic and pedantic, and his idea of his vocation appears to have been—

"To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school."

So fond was James of polemics that he founded Chelsea College expressly for controversial theology. His grandson, Charles II., however, converted it into an asylum for disabled soldiers. For the encouragement of learning the king also founded, in April, 1582, the University of Edinburgh; and he conferred a lasting benefit on all who read the English language by the Authorized Version of the Holy Bible, still in use, nearly three centuries after it was completed and published by his orders. His reign was also distinguished by the establishment of new colonies and the introduction of manufactures. Early in the spring of 1625 the king was seized with tertian fever, and died March 27th, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

A SHORT POEM OF TIME.

As I was panning in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawayis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the mornning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The east was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet, and smell
By dew that on the night before downe fell,

Which then was soukit by the Delphienns heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tyne:

And how they did themselves so farr begyle,
 To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
 Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
 Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr
 To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
 Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
 Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe
 So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
 Evin from the tyme, which is no wayis slaw
 To fle from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
 More wyse we were, if we the tyme had socht.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
 I wald we sould bestow it into that
 Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
 Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
 Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
 Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
 In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

THE CIIII. PSALME.

O Lord inspyre my spreit, and pen, to praise
 Thy name, whose greatness farr surpassis all:
 That syne, I may thy gloir and honour blaise,
 Which claithis the over: about the lyke a wall
 The light remainis. O thou, whose charge,
 and call
 Made heavens lyke courtenis for to spraid abreid,
 Who bowed the waters so, as serve they shall
 For cristal sylring ouer thy house to gleid.

Who walks upon the wings of restles winde,
 Who of the clouds his chariot made, even he
 Who, in his presence, still the spreits doeth find
 Ay ready to fulfill ilk just decree
 Of his, whose servant's fyre and flammis they be;
 Who set the earth on her fundations sure,
 So as her brangling none shall ever see:
 Who, at thy charge, the deip upon her bure.

So as the tops of mountains hie
 Be fluids were onis ouerflowed at thy command,
 Ay whill thy thundring voice some made them
 fleo
 Ower heiddeous hills and howes, till nocht but
 sand
 Was left behind, syne with thy mightie hand
 Thou limits made unto the roring deip.
 So shall she never droun againe the land,
 But brek her waves on rockis, her maich to keip.

Thir are thy workis, who made the strands to
 breid,
 Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
 Whairto wyld asses oft dois rinn with speid,
 With uther beasts, to drinke. Hard by we heir

The chirping birds among the leaves, with heir
 To sing, whil all the rocks aboute rebounde.
 A woundrous worke, that thou, O Father deir,
 Maks throchts so small yeild furth so great a
 sounde!

O thou who from thy palace oft letts fall
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine:
 Who with thy works maintains the earth and all:
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grass to gaine.
 The herbs for foode to man, grass dois remaine
 For food to horse and cattel of all kynde.
 Thou causeth them not pull at it in vaine,
 But be thair food, such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois rejoyse the hart of man with wyne,
 And who with oyle his facemaks cleir and bright,
 And who with foode his stomack strenghtnes syne,
 Who nourishes the very treis aright.
 The cedars evin of Liban tall and wight
 He planted hath, where birds do bigg their nest.
 He made the fir trees of a woundrous height,
 Where storks dois mak their dwelling-place, and
 rest.

Thou made the barren hills, wyld goats refuge,
 Thou made the rocks a residence and rest
 For Alpin ratts, where they do live and ludge.
 Thou maid the moone, her course, as thou
 thought best;
 Thou maid the sunne in tyme go to, that lest
 He still sould shyne, then night sould never come:
 But thou in ordour all things hes so drest,
 Some beasts for day, for night are also some.

For lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
 And from their denns to crave of God some
 pray:
 Then, in the morning, gone is all thair caire,
 And homeward to their caves rinnis fast, fra day
 Beginnnes to kythe, the sunne dois so them fray.
 Then man gois furth, fra tyme the sunne dois ryse,
 And whill the evening he remainis away
 At lesume labour, where his living lyas.

How large and mightie are thy workis, O Lord!
 And with what wisdom are they wrought, but
 fail.

The earth's great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
 Dois beare: heir of the seas (which divers skail
 Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: ilk sail
 Of divers ships upon the swelling waves
 Dois testifie, as dois the monstros whale
 Who frays all fishes with his ravening jawes.

All thir (O Lord), yea all this woundrous heape
 Of living things, in season craves thair fill
 Of foode from. Thou giving, Lord, they reape:
 Thy open hand with gude things fills them still
 When so thou list: but contrar, when thou will

Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled sair,
 Their breath by thee received, some dois them
 kill;
 Syne they returne into thair ashes bair.

But, notwithstanding, Father deare, in case
 Thou breath on them againe, then they revive.
 In short, thou dois, O Lord, renewe the face
 Of all the earth, and all that in it live.
 Therefore immortal praise we give:
 Let him rejoyse into his workis he maid,
 Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois
 greive,
 As earth does tremble, mountains reikis, afraid.

To Jehous I all my life shall sing,
 To sound his name I ever still shall cair:
 It shall be sweet my thinking on that king;
 In him I shall be glaid for ever mair.
 O let the wicked be into no whair

In earth. O let the sinful be destroyde,
 Blesse him my soule who name Jehous bair:
 O blesse him now with words that are enjoyde.

SONNET.

We find, by proof, that into every age
 "Phœbus" art some glistering star did shine,
 Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sang,
 Filled their countries with their works divine.
 So Homer was a sounding trumpet tone
 Amongst the Greeks, into his learned days;
 So Virgil was among the Romans syne
 A sprite sublim'd, a prince of their praise!
 So lofty Petrarch liv'd, renew'd did shine
 In tongue Italia, in a sugar'd syne,
 And to the circl'd skies his name did raise:
 For he, by poems that he did compose,
 Led in triumph love, chasteness, faith, and fame
 But thou triumphs o'er Petrarch's proper name!

ROBERT AYTON.

BORN 1570—DIED 1688.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, a younger son of Andrew Ayton, of Kinaldie, Fifeshire, was born there in the year 1570, and studied at St. Leonards College, St. Andrews, where he took his master's degree after the usual course of study, in 1588. Subsequently he resided for some time in France; whence in 1608 he addressed an elegant panegyric in Latin verse to King James, on his accession to the throne of England. On his appearance at court he was knighted, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber and private secretary to the queen, Anne of Denmark. At a later period Ayton was secretary to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. About 1609 he was sent by James as ambassador to the Emperor of Germany with the king's "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," which he had dedicated to all the crowned heads of Europe. During Ayton's residence abroad, as well as at the court of England, he lived in intimacy with, and secured the esteem of, the most eminent persons of his time. "He was acquainted," says Aubrey, "with all the wits of his time in England; he was a great

acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, whom Mr. Hobbes told me he made use of, together with Ben Jonson, for an Aristarchus, when he made his epistle dedicatory, for his translation of Thucydides." Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond of Hawthornden that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

Sir Robert Ayton died in London in March, 1688, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by his nephew. The inscription is in Latin, and his bust in bronze; in his looks there is as much of the gentleman as the genius. His monument is near that of Henry V. The brass head of the humble poet is still safe and unmutated; while the silver head of the hero of Agincourt fell a victim to the value of its material: it was melted down by Cromwell's parliament to assist in paying the army!

The courtier poet's song to his forsaken mistress is one of the sweetest and happiest of our early compositions. It was on this song that Burns bestowed a Scottish dress, and for

once he failed to improve upon the original. It did not admit of emendation. The happy poems of Ayton, for the first time published in the *Miscellany* of the Bannatyne Club, are few in number, but of great merit, and remind us of the happy productions of Herrick. John A. Brown remarks "that the Robert Ayton was one of the best poets of his time" and adds the more important testimony that "Mr. John Dryden has seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses." Ayton was also the writer of verses in Greek and French, as well as in English and Latin. Several of his Latin poems are preserved in the work entitled *Delitio Poetarum Bithuniarum*, which was printed at Amstelredam the year previous to his death.

It is sad to think that the poet who could charm us with such songs in his native tongue should have poured the stream of his fancy into the dark region of Latin verse, and laboured, like Buchanan, to make the world feel

his genius in a language which only a few can understand. A critic says, "I cannot understand how a man can hope to write felicitously out of his mother tongue; by what spell is he to be possessed with all the proverbial turnings and windings of language, all those meltings of word into word, those gradations of meaning direct and implied, which give a deeper sense than they seem to bear, and add to the richness and the strength of composition. The language may be learned and words may be moved out in heroic or lyric quantities by the aid of a discreet ear; but even verses will want the original flavour of native poetry—the leaf will come without the fragrance, and the blossom without the fruit." A privately-printed edition of Ayton's poems, with a *memoir* prepared from original sources of information by the Rev. Charles Rogers, M.L.D., was issued in 1871.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifths feel their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere intral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;

I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

THE ANSWER.

Thou that loved once, now loves no more,
For fear to show more love than brain;
With heresy unhatch'd before,
Apostasy thou dost maintain.
Can he have either brain or love
That doth inconstancy approve?
A choice well made no change admits—
All changes argue after-wits.

Say that she had not been the same,
Should thou therefore another be?
What thou in her as vice did blame,
Can thou take virtue's name in thee?
No; thou in this her captive was,
And made thee ready by her glass;
Example led revenge astray,
When true love should have kept the way.

True love has no reflecting end,
The object good sets it at rest,

And noble breasts will freely lend
 Without expecting interest.
 'Tis merchants' love, 'tis trade for gain,
 To barter love for love again:
 'Tis usury, yea, worse than this,
 For self-idolatry it is.

Then let her choice be what it will,
 Let constancy be thy revenge;
 If thou retribute good for ill,
 Both grief and shame shall check her change;
 Thus may'st thou laugh when thou shalt see
 Remorse reclaim her home to thee;
 And where thou begg'st of her before,
 She now sits begging at thy door.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.¹

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee;
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind
 That kisses everything it meets.
 And since thou canst with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile!
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

SONG.

What means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time must truth approve?
 This distance may consist with state—
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
 That may such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last unjust;
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
 There needs not half this art;
 And if you mean to have me gone,
 You overact your part.

If kindness cross your wished content,
 Dismiss me with a frown:
 I'll give you all the love that's spent,
 The rest shall be my own.

EARL OF ANCRUM.

BORN 1578—DIED 1654.

SIR ROBERT KERR, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, was born in 1578, and succeeded to the family estate of Ferniehurst in 1590, when his

¹ Altered by Burns into the song—

"I do confess that thou art fair;"
 and from another of Ayton's, beginning—

"Should old acquaintance be forgot
 And never thought upon,"

he took the idea of a song especially dear to all Scotchmen.—Ed.

father was assassinated by a kinsman, Robert Kerr younger of Cessford. He was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber who attended James VI. on his accession to the throne of England. In 1619 he became involved, either through family connection or friendship, in a violent quarrel which arose between the Maxwells and Johnstones respecting the wardenship of the western marches, and received a challenge from Charles Maxwell to meet him in single combat. Although his adversary was

a perfect giant, and he himself had scarcely recovered from a long illness, he promptly accepted the challenge, consulting his honour rather than his safety. It required all his skill to sustain the onset of his huge antagonist, a bold and impetuous man, but he at length ran him through the body. Having now closed, they both fell, Maxwell being uppermost; but in a few minutes he breathed his last, leaving Kerr covered with his blood. The friends of the deceased are said to have acquitted Sir Robert of all blame; yet so strict were the laws established by the king for the prevention and punishment of duels, that he was obliged to escape to Holland, where he remained for about a year. There is a letter from William Drummond, the poet, to Sir Robert on the subject of his duel, with which our readers cannot fail to be interested. Philosophically and with much kindness he thus reprehends his rashness and temerity:—"It was too much hazarded on a point of honour. Why should true valour have answered fierce barbarity; nobleness, arrogance; religion, impiety; innocence, malice,—the disparagement being so vast? And had ye then to venture to the hazard of a combat, the exemplar of virtue and the Muses' sanctuary? The lives of twenty such as his who has fallen in honour's balance would not counterpoise your own. Ye are too good for these times, in which, as in a time of plague, men must once be sick, and that deadly, ere they can be assured of any safety. Would I could persuade you in your sweet walks at home to take the prospect of court shipwrecks."

During his exile he employed himself in the collection of pictures which he afterwards presented to Prince Charles. At the end of a year,

through the intercession of friends, he was restored to his place at court. In 1624 he addressed the following letter to his friend Drummond:—"Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of, and so do my verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every thought I think that way hastens to be at you. It is true I get leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but indeed to declare that my employment and ingine concur to make them, like Jacob's days, few and evil." "The best is, I care as little for them as their fame; yet if you do not dislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your doom. In this sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life, whose character, however I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it, and indeed fainer practise it." The poem thus diffidently introduced has had a more fortunate career than was contemplated by its author. It is the beautiful sonnet which follows this notice, and is unfortunately the only specimen of his poetical powers extant. On the accession of Prince Charles in 1625 he was promoted to be a lord of the bedchamber, and in 1633 was raised to the peerage by the titles of the Earl of Ancrum and Lord Kerr of Nesbit. Unlike many persons who owed everything to King Charles, the earl continued his steady adherent during all his trials and troubles, and on his death again took refuge in Holland, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1654, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* there is a portrait of the Earl of Ancrum, assigning him a thoughtful and strongly-marked countenance.

PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.¹

Sweet solitary life! lovely dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self
doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,

¹ This beautiful and sweetly plaintive sonnet, and the interesting letter which accompanied it (to Drummond of Hawthornden), must be considered as ornamental to this or to any other publication. — Thomas Park's *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*.

Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth
of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease, that charms our
sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience.

EARL OF STIRLING.

BORN 1580 — DIED 1640.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an eminent statesman and poet, was born on the estate of Menstrie, near Stirling, in 1580. His original station in life was that of a small landed proprietor or laird. While still young he accompanied the Earl of Argyll abroad as his tutor and travelling companion. Previous to this period, when only fifteen years of age, he was smitten with the charms of a country beauty, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and on his return to Scotland his passion had suffered no abatement. His first poems were addressed to his mistress, and though he actually penned a hundred songs and sonnets in her praise the lassie was not to be moved. She gave her hand to another; and as Alexander poetically tells us, "the lady, so unrelenting to him, matched her morning to one in the evening of his age." In his next attachment he was more fortunate, and after a brief courtship married the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine. In 1604 his first volume of poems was published in London under the title of "Aurora, containing the first Fancies of the Author's Youth." Shortly after James VI. ascended the throne of England Alexander followed him, and, it appears, soon obtained the place of gentleman of the privy chamber to Prince Henry, to whom he had addressed a poem or paraenesis. In 1607 he published some dramatic poems, entitled *Monarchick Tragedies*, dedicated to the king, with which was republished his first tragedy, founded on the history of Darius.

In act iii. scene 3, several lines of the monarch's soliloquy bear a strong resemblance to the passage in the "Tempest" beginning "The cloud-capped towers." As Shakspeare's play was in all probability written subsequently to "Darius," he would appear to have borrowed the idea from Lord Stirling, whose passage begins—

"Let greatnesse of her glassie sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token."

On this subject Hunter writes—"Can there be any truth in the assertion that Shakspeare ever was in Scotland? I cannot believe this, and yet there are many curious arguments to be assigned to show that he was. Could he have gone to visit William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, with whom he assuredly was acquainted, and whose works he did not scruple to imitate, and even adopt, in some instances?"¹

In 1613 Alexander was appointed gentleman-usher to Prince Charles. In 1614 he received the honour of knighthood from James, who used to call him his "philosophic poet," and was made master of requests. The same year he published a sacred poem entitled "Doomsday, or the Great Day of Judgment," his largest and perhaps most meritorious production, which has been several times republished. It is divided into twelve parts, or hours, as the author calls them, each hour containing upwards of one hundred stanzas. Prefixed were some complimentary verses by his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, which thus conclude:—

"Thy phoenix muse still wing'd with wonder flies
Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings,
Though string'd with starres, heavens, Orpheus' harpe
enrolle,
More worthy thine to blaze about the Pole."

Drummond on another occasion described Alexander as "that most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our north," and Drayton coupled them in highly eulogistic verse:—

"So Scotland sent us hither for our own
That man whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine; that most ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right
I want extremely. Yet in speaking thus
I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,

¹ Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents. Edinburgh, 1873, three vols.—Ed.

And not his numbers; which were brave and high,
 So like his mind was his clear poesy.
 And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe,
 For his much love, and proud was I to know
 His poesy. For which two worthy men
 I Menstrie still shall love, and Hawthornden."

In 1621 King James made a grant to Sir William of Nova Scotia, with a view to his colonizing it. This scheme had also the sanction of Charles I., who appointed him lieutenant of the new colony, and founded the order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia, the money to be derived from whom, for the title and land in the province, was to be expended in the formation of the settlement; but the project miscarried, and Sir William sold the colony to the French "for a matter of five or six thousand pounds English money." In 1626 he was made secretary of state for Scotland; in 1630 he was created Viscount Canada; and in 1633, at the coronation of King Charles at Holyrood, Earl of Stirling. He died in 1640, and the title has been dormant since the death of the fifth earl in 1739. Among the various claimants for the extinct title was Major-general Alexander of the United States army, who served with distinction during the Revolutionary War, and was generally known

as Lord Stirling. Three years previous to his death the earl collected his poems, which were published in 1637 in one folio volume, entitled *Recreations with the Muses*. He also published at Oxford King James VI.'s version of the Psalms, which had been revised by him. Besides the works mentioned, he is believed to have written a supplement to complete the third part of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia." A new edition of Stirling's works was undertaken in 1720 by A. Johnston, but never completed. The editor in his preface states that he had submitted the whole of them to Mr. Addison for his opinion of them, and that that very competent judge was pleased to say he had read them over with the greatest satisfaction, and found reason to be convinced that the beauties of our ancient English poets were too slightly passed over by the modern writers, "who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault with, than endeavour to excel them." A complete edition of his works was published in 1870 at Glasgow in three handsome octavo volumes, entitled "*The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, &c.*," now first collected and edited, with Memoir and Notes."

SONG.

O would to God a way were found,
 That by some secret sympathie unknowne
 My faire my fancie's depth might sound,
 And know my state as clearly as her owne.
 Then blest, most blest, were I,
 No doubt beneath the skie
 I were the happiest wight:
 For if my state they knew,
 It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
 And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
 Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
 For very feare doth trembling stand,
 And quakes to speake, although his cause be
 just:
 So set before her face,
 Though bent to pleade for grace,
 I wot not how I faile:
 Yet minding to say much,
 That string I never touch,
 But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest rivers make least din,
 The silent soule doth most abound in care;
 Then might my brest be read within,
 A thousand volumes would be written there.
 Might silence show my mind,
 Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
 Or lookes my woes relate:
 Then any pregnant wit,
 That well remarked it,
 Would soon discern my state.

No favour yet my fair affords,
 But looking haughtie, though with humble
 eyes,
 Doth quite confound my staggering words;
 And as not spying that thing which she spies,
 A mirror makes of me,
 Where she herself may see:
 And what she brings to passe,
 I trembling too for feare,
 Move neither eye nor eare,
 As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
 Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
 Strange tyrants in my bosom raigne,
 A field of fancies fights within my head:
 Yet if the tongue were true,
 We boldly might pursue
 That diamantine hart;
 But when that it's restrain'd,
 As doom'd to be disdain'd,
 My sighs show how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
 By them betray'd in whom I did confide,
 Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gave backe,
 She justly may my childishnesse deride.
 Yet that which I conceal
 May serve for to reveale
 My fervencie in love.
 My passions were too great
 For words t'expresse my state,
 As to my paines I prove.

Oft those that do deserve disdain
 For forging fancies get the best reward;
 Where I, who feele what they do faine,
 For too much love am had in no regard.
 Behold my prooffe, we see
 The gallant living free,
 His fancies doth extend;
 Where he that is oreme,
 Rein'd with respects stands dumbe,
 Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulness when she beholds,
 Or rather my affection out of bounds,
 Although my face my state unfolds,
 And in my hue discovers hidden wounds:
 Yet jeasting at my wo,
 She doubts if it be so,
 As she could not conceive it.
 This grieves me most of all,
 She triumphs in my fall,
 Not seeming to perceive it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
 To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule;
 And since my tounge betrayes my hart,
 And cannot tell the anguish of my soule;
 Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
 And not recompt the crosses
 That do my joyes orethrow:
 At least to senselesse things,
 Mounts, vales, woods, fouds, and springs,
 I shall them onely show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
 True models of my heart,
 The world may see that in you shines
 The power of passion more than art.

A SPEECH OF COELIA.

(FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CRÆSUS.)

Fierce tyrant, Death, who in thy wrath didst take
 One half of me, and left one half behind,
 Take this to thee, or give the other back,
 Be wholly cruel, or be no way kind!

But whilst I live, believe, thou canst not die—
 O! e'en in spite of death, yet still my choice!
 Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
 I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,
 To ease my mind each thing some help affords:
 Thy fancied form doth oft such faith acquire,
 That in all sounds I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,
 I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
 Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground!
 And where thou slept, O, sacred seems that
 place!

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
 My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with
 tears,
 These shall record what life by me is led
 Since first sad news breath'd death into mine
 ear.

Though for more pain yet spar'd a space by death,
 Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave;
 For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with
 thy breath,
 Can kindle now no more but in thy grave!

SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
 And by those golden locks, whose lock none
 slips,
 And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
 And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
 I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
 Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
 Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
 Which in this darkened age have clearly shined;
 I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
 And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
 That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
 And such as modesty might well approve.
 Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
 Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BORN 1585 — DIED 1649.

From the Drummonds of Carnock, afterwards Dukes of Perth, were descended the Drummonds of Hawthornden, a branch rendered as famous by the poet, as the other has been by statesmen and warriors. William Drummond, son of Sir John Drummond, was born at Hawthornden, December 13, 1585. He was educated at the recently founded University of Edinburgh, and being designed by his father for the legal profession, was in the year 1606 sent, in accordance with the custom of that day, to France to prosecute the study of the law. He appears to have been a most diligent student, studying with great assiduity, taking notes of the lectures which he attended, and writing observations of his own upon them. That he was well fitted for this profession is not left to conjecture. The learned President Lockhart, on being shown these manuscripts, declared that if Drummond had followed the law "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer of his time." In 1610 his father, Sir John, died, and he returned to Scotland to take possession of an independent inheritance, as Laird of Hawthornden, at the same time deciding to look for happiness in rural life and literary pursuits.

A more lovely spot for a poet's retreat we never saw in or out of Scotland. "Classic Hawthornden," Sir Walter called it. Within a small space are combined all the elements of sublime and picturesque scenery, and in the immediate neighbourhood is Roslyn Castle, one of the most interesting of Gothic ruins. In this charming retreat Drummond gave himself up to the study of the poets of Greece and Rome, of modern Italy and France; and to the formation upon them of an English style of his own. His earliest publication of which we have any knowledge, is a volume of poems of the date of 1616, when he was in his thirty-first year. This volume, however, is stated in the title to be the *second* edition. His next work was produced after his recovery from a dangerous illness, and was entitled

"The Cypress Grove," a prose rhapsody on the vanity of human life, which has been pronounced equal to the splendid passages of Jeremy Taylor on this sublimest of all earthly topics. If tradition may be credited, it was composed in one of the caves in the lofty cliff on which the House of Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called "The Cypress Grove." About this time, and while in the same frame of mind, he wrote what he called "Flowers of Zion; or Spiritual Poems." The publication of these volumes brought Drummond great fame, and led to a familiar correspondence with several of the literary magnates of his day, among whom may be mentioned Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Dr. Arthur Johnston the Latin poet, and the Earls of Ancrum and Stirling. Drayton in an elegy on the English poets takes occasion to speak of Drummond with much distinction.

The most remarkable incident connected with the literary life of the Laird of Hawthornden, was the visit which the great dramatist "Rare Ben Jonson" paid to him in the spring of 1619. The Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by his distinguished guest, and chronicled some of his personal failings. Jonson alludes to all the contemporary poets and dramatists; but the most singular of all is his reference to Shakspeare, of whom he speaks with as little reverence as of any of the others. He said, "Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles." In describing Jonson Drummond says, "He was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinking nothing well done, but what either he

himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind or angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, *a general disease in many poets.* "In short," concludes Drummond, "he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."

It should be said to Ben's honour, that when he spared not the absent, neither did he overlook him who was present. Hawthornden's verses, he allowed, "were all good, especially his epitaph on Prince Henry; save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times; for a child," said he, "may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses, in running;—yet, that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of 'Forth Feasting' had been his own." Our poet has been most unjustly attacked for his remarks about Jonson, which was simply a rough memorandum for his own use, never intended for publication. Though it treats with unparalleled severity the character and foibles of the English dramatist, there is every proof that he has not done him any injustice. It is not kindly, nor can it be said to be hostily written. There is scarcely any writer that had any personal acquaintance with Jonson who does not confirm Drummond's sketch. Howell, in one of his letters, has a passage which may suffice to acquit our poet of any singularity in his opinions. "I was invited yesterday," he says, "to a solemn supper by B. J. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own name. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners."

It was about the time of the English poet's visit that Drummond formed an attachment for a young lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barnes, an ancient and honourable house. His affection was reciprocated, the marriage day was appointed, and preparations going forward for its solemnization, when she was taken ill with a fever of which she soon after died. His deep grief on this sad event he has expressed in many of those sonnets which have given him the title of the Scottish Petrarch; and it has been well said that he celebrated his dead mistress with more passion and sincerity than others use to praise their living ones. Finding his home, after this event, irksome to him, he sought consolation on the Continent, where he resided for eight years, spending his time chiefly in Paris and Rome. During his travels he collected a large library of the best ancient Greek and Latin authors, and the works of the most esteemed modern writers of France, Italy, and Spain. He afterwards presented the collection to the College of Edinburgh. The catalogue accompanying the gift, about 500 volumes, printed in the year 1627, is furnished with a Latin preface, from Drummond's pen, upon "the advantage and honour of libraries."

On his return to his native land, which Drummond found already breaking out into those political troubles which so unhappily closed the career of Charles I., he retired to the residence of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot, where he wrote his *History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland*. For purity of style and elegance of expression it is not surpassed by any Scottish work of his day. It was not published until after Drummond's death. In the year 1630 he married Elizabeth Logan, daughter to Sir Robert Logan, in whom he either found, or fancied he had found, a resemblance to his first love. By his marriage he had several children, the eldest of whom, a son, was knighted by Charles II. We know little of the private life of the poet after this period, but that he lived a retired life at his beautiful house of Hawthornden, which he repaired, as we learn from an inscription bearing date 1638 still to be seen upon the building. Drummond died December 4, 1649, wanting only nine days to the completion of his sixty-fourth year. His body

was interred in Lasswade church, in the neighbourhood of Hawthornden. Besides his history he wrote several political tracts, all strongly in favour of royalty.

It is as a poet, however, that Drummond is now known and remembered. His poems, though occasionally tinged with the conceits of the Italian school, possess a harmony and sweetness unsurpassed by the productions of any of his English or Scottish contemporaries. His sonnets are particularly distinguished for tenderness and delicacy. William Hazlitt remarks, "Drummond's sonnets, I think, come as near as almost any others to the perfection of this kind of writing, which should embody a sentiment, and every shade of a sentiment, as it varies with time, and place, and humour, with the extravagance or lightness of a momentary impression." It is generally conceded that Drummond is second only to Shakspeare as a sonnet writer; and Henry Hallam, Thomas Campbell, and Robert Southey have concurred, with some variations in degree of praise, in assigning him a high place among British poets who appeared before Milton.

Drummond seems throughout his life, if we except the early collections, to have entertained little concern for the preservation of his poems. Many of them were only printed, during his lifetime, upon loose sheets; and it was not till 1656 that Sir John Scot caused them to be collected and published in one volume. An edition of this collection was republished in London in 1659, with the following highly encomiastic title:—"The most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that great Court Wit, Mr. William Drummond; whose labours both in Prose and

Verse, being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages, whiles there are men to read them, or art and judgment to approve them." Some of his poems remained in MS. till incorporated in the folio edition of his works issued in 1711. The most popular of those detached productions printed in the poet's lifetime was entitled "*Polemo-Middinia, or the Battle of the Dunghill.*" This was a satire upon some of the author's contemporaries; and contains much humour in a style of composition which had not before been attempted in Scotland. It long retained its popularity in Edinburgh, where it was almost yearly reprinted; and it was published at Oxford in 1691, with Latin notes and a preface by Bishop Gibson. The latest edition of Drummond's works appeared in London in 1833, with a life by Peter Cunningham, a son of "honest Allan." In 1873 another memoir of the poet appeared, from the pen of Professor David Masson.

The first poem which appears among our selections from Drummond was designed as a compliment to King James VI., on his visit to Scotland in 1617. Of the many effusions which that event called forth this only has maintained its popularity, and indeed, as a performance professedly panegyric, it is no ordinary praise to say that it has done so. "It attracted," as Lord Woodhouselee has remarked, "the envy as well as the praise of Ben Jonson, is superior in harmony of numbers to any of the compositions of the contemporary poets of England, and in its subject one of the most elegant panegyrics ever addressed by a poet to a prince."

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

(EXTRACT.)

What blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal
 deeps?
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, these
 meteors bright,

This golden people, glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star draweth us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t'amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.

So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does
roll:

So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother Earth now deck'd with flowers be
seen;
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows
green:

Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was
born.

May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist
repair,

Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and
pray

Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's
snows:

Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains
crown'd,

Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renown'd;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing
Clyde,

Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curl'd streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their
names;

To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests.
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear prince.

SONG.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's
bed,

That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, decree
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious
light.

This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray,)
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensafroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are decked in every
hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Jerusalem, that place divine,
 The vision of sweet peace is named;
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine—
 Her walls of living stones are framed;
 While angels guard her on each side,
 Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,
 Her wedding chamber now descends,
 Prepared in marriage to be given
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
 Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed,
 And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
 The way to hidden glory show;
 And thither, by the blessed might
 Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
 All those who are on earth distressed
 Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat
 Before they thoroughly polished are;
 Then each is in his proper seat
 Established by the Builder's care—
 In this fair frame to stand for ever,
 ' So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
 Glory and power given be;
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
 Who reign in equal dignity—
 Whose boundless power we still adore,
 And sing their praise for evermore!

SONNETS.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends—
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light--
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
 Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;
 If one whose grief even reach of thought tran-
 scends,

Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
 May thee importune who like case pretends,
 And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
 Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
 And long, long sing!) for what thou thus com-
 plains,

Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
 Enamor'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,
 With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I
 love."

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
 And lively see how my best days are spent;
 What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
 What coming ill, which I can not prevent:
 My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
 And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
 But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
 All the best reasons reason could invent.
 Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
 The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
 That only death shall be my last relief:
 Yet when I think upon that face divine,
 Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
 Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
 Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;
 Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
 Which men divine unto the world set forth;
 States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;
 Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
 Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
 Nothing is constant but in constant change,
 What's done still is undone, and when undone
 Into some other fashion doth it range;
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:
 Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
 Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April showers,
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
 A pleasure passing e'er in thought made ours,
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
 Thou solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal love.
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
 throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers
 unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
 How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!

The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their romage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds ap-
prove,

Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling
flowers—

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—

For as to his brave spirit and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose;
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Ind
You saw where earth's perfections were confined.

Of mortal glory O soon darkened ray!
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And, with that sun from whence it came com-
bined,

Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;
Let widowed Music only roar and groan;
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the
spheres,
For dwelling-place on earth for thee is none!
Death hath thy temple razed, love's empire
foiled,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness
spoiled.

I know that all beneath the moon decays;
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love ajarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

BORN 1587—DIED 1641.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, M.D., next after Buchanan the best Latin poet of Scotland, was born in the year 1587 at Caskieben, the seat of his ancestors, near Inverury, in Aberdeenshire. He is supposed to have been a student at Marischal College, Aberdeen, as he was

afterwards elected rector of that university. With the purpose of studying medicine he resided for some time at Padua, Italy, where, in 1610, the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. He subsequently travelled in Germany, Denmark, and Holland, and then set

tled in France, where he acquired considerable eminence as a Latin poet. He is said by Sir Thomas Urquhart to have been laureated a poet in Paris at the early age of twenty-three. He remained for twenty years in France, a period during which he was twice married to ladies whose names are unknown, but who bore him thirteen children to transmit his name to posterity. On his return to Scotland in 1632 he was appointed physician to the king, it is supposed through the recommendation of Archbishop Laud. The same year he published at Aberdeen his *Parerga* and *Epigrammata*; and in 1633 he printed at London a specimen of his new Latin version of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to Laud. A complete translation of the whole, under the title of *Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasum Poetica*, was published at Aberdeen and London in 1637, with translations of the Te Deum, Creed, Decalogue, &c., subjoined. Besides these he translated the Song of Solomon into Latin elegiac verse, published in 1633. He also wrote *Musæ Aulicæ*, or commendatory verses on some of the most distinguished literary men of his time; and edited *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, in which he introduced many of his own pieces. Dr. Johnson was pleased to say of this work that "it would do honour to any country."

Critics have been divided as to the comparative merits of Buchanan's and Johnston's translations of the Psalms. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was the subject of a controversy in which Lauder, and an English gentleman named Benson, stood forward as the zealous advocates of Johnston; while Mr. Love and Ruddiman ably and successfully defended Buchanan. Hallam remarks, "Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe,

been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall far short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or in correctness of Latinity." Three editions of Johnston's Psalms were printed at Benson's expense, with an elegant life of the translator prefixed. One of these, in quarto, with a fine portrait of Johnston by Vertue, after Jamesone, and copiously illustrated with notes, was published in 1741. Johnston, sometimes called the Scottish Ovid, died in 1641 at Oxford, whither he had gone to visit a married daughter who resided there. Dr. William Johnston, professor of mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a brother of the poet, was a man of considerable celebrity. Wodrow says "He was ane learned and experienced physician. He wrote on the mathematics. His skill in the Latin was truly Ciceronian."

Robert Chambers, in writing of our author, says, "This poet, whose chief characteristic was the elegance with which he expressed his own simple feelings as a poet, in the language appropriate to the customs and feelings of a past nation, has left in his *Epigrammata* an address to his native spot; and although Caskieben is a piece of very ordinary Scottish scenery, it is surprising how much he has made of it by the mere force of his own early associations. With the minuteness of an enthusiast, he does not omit the circumstance that the hill of Benachie, a conical elevation about eight miles distant, casts its shadow over Caskieben at the periods of the equinox." We give a translation of this epigram, which unites a specimen of Johnston's happiest original effort with circumstances personally connected with his history.

CASKIEBEN.

Here, traveller, a vale behold
As fair as Tempe, famed of old,
Beneath the northern sky!
Here Urie, with her silver waves,
Her banks, in verdure smiling, laves,
And winding wimples by.

Here Benachie high towering spreads
Around on all his evening shades,
When twilight gray comes on:
With sparkling gems the river glows;
As precious stones the mountain shows
As in the East are known.

Here nature spreads a bosom sweet,
 And native dyes beneath the feet
 Bedeck the joyous ground:
 Sport in the liquid air the birds,
 And fishes in the stream; the herds
 In meadows wanton round.

Here ample barn-yards still are stored
 With relics of last autumn's hoard,
 And firstlings of this year;
 There waving fields of yellow corn,
 And ruddy apples, that adorn
 The bending boughs, appear.

Beside the stream a castle proud
 Rises amid the passing cloud,
 And rules a wide domain,
 (Unequal to its lord's desert:)
 A village near, with lowlier art,
 Is built upon the plain.

Here was I born; o'er all the land
 Around the Johnstons bear command,
 Of high and ancient line:
 Mantua acquired a noted name
 As Virgil's birth-place; I my fame
 Inherit shall from mine.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

BORN 1600 — DIED 1649.

CHARLES I., King of Great Britain, was born at Dunfermline Palace, which was the dotarial or jointure house of his mother the queen, on Nov. 19, 1600, the very day that the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were dismembered at the cross of Edinburgh for their share in the celebrated conspiracy. King James remarked with surprise that the principal incidents of his own domestic and personal history had taken place on that particular day of the month; he had been born, he said, on the 19th of June; he first saw his wife on the 19th of May; and his two former children, as well as this one, had been born on the 19th of different months. Charles was only two and a half years old when his father was called to London to fill the throne of Elizabeth. The young prince was left in Scotland in charge of the Earl of Dunfermline, but joined his father in July, 1603, in company with the rest of the royal family. His elder brother, Henry, dying in 1612, Charles was four years later formally created Prince of Wales. He succeeded to the throne in 1625, and on June 22 was married to Henrietta Marie, daughter of the illustrious Henry IV. of France. We cannot follow the unfortunate Stuart through his kingly career—the political troubles and civil wars, closing with the triumph of Cromwell and the execution of Charles, June 30, 1649, in front of his own palace of Whitehall.

In literature Charles is entitled to mention chiefly as the reputed author of a work published after his death entitled *Eikon Basilike*, which contained a series of reflections, proceeding from himself, respecting various situations in which he was placed towards the close of his life. This in a short space of time went through forty-eight editions, exciting a keen interest in the fate of the king, and high admiration of his mental gifts. He was also the author of some stanzas, not devoid of merit, which entitle him to a place among the minor poets of his native land. We are indebted to Bishop Burnet for their preservation. He gives them in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, saying, "A very worthy gentleman who had the honour of waiting on him there (at Carisbrooke Castle), and was much trusted by him, copied them out from the original, who voucheth them to be a true copy." The literary works attributed to King Charles were, after his death, collected and published under the title of *Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ*. They consist chiefly of letters and a few state papers, and of the "Eikon Basilike," but his claim to the authorship of the latter has been much disputed; Dr. Wordsworth is certain that the king wrote it, Sir James Mackintosh is equally positive that he did not; and the question appears to be no nearer settlement than that of the authorship

of Junius, or the true character of the king's grandmother Mary Stuart. Charles was, however, certainly among the most elegant English

writers of his time, and a friend to the fine arts, which he greatly encouraged in the early part of his reign.

MAJESTY IN MISERY.¹

Great Monarch of the World! from whose arm
springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe, my sufferings.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous loyalty),
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
Thy holy union, and the royal globe;
Yet I am levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour! with thy words I woo
Thee *to forgive*, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st *do not know what they do*.

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet though we perish, bless this church and state!

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

Close thine eyes, and sleep secure;
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure:
He that guards thee, he that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest:
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sings.
Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep
secure—
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure!

FRANCIS SEMPILL.

BORN 1605 — DIED 1680.(?)

The SEMPILLS or SEMPLS of Beltrees, among the earliest and most successful cultivators of Scottish song, were small landowners or lairds in Renfrewshire. Sir James Sempill wrote

"The Packman and the Priest," a satire in which the absurdities of Popery are exposed. He was a favourite with James VI., by whom he was knighted. Robert, the son and suc-

¹The entire poem consists of twenty-four verses of very unequal merit. Archbishop Trench says: "I have dealt somewhat boldly with this poem, of its twenty-

four triplets omitting all but ten, these ten seeming to me to constitute a fine poem, which the twenty-four fail to do." We prefer the eleven as given above.—Ed.

cessor of Sir James, had the merit of first using a form of stanza in the well-known "Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan," which Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns adopted and rendered popular. The "Sempill Ballades," a series of historical political and satirical Scottish poems attributed to him, have been recently republished in Edinburgh. Francis, the son of Robert, and the last of the rhyming lairds, was born at Beltrees early in the seventeenth century, probably about the year 1605. He was a warm adherent of the Stuarts, and wrote several panegyrics on James II. while Duke of York and Albany, and on the birth of his children. He was also the author of a piece of considerable merit, entitled "The Banishment of Poverty;" but it is as the reputed author of several admirable songs that he is chiefly indebted for the honourable place accorded to him among the song-writers of Scotland. Of his personal history nothing is known, not even the date of his death, which is believed to have occurred about the year 1680.

Allan Cunningham says: "Tradition of late has provided authors for some of our favourite songs; and since authentic history declines to chronicle those who furnish matter for present and future mirth, I can see no harm in accepting the aid of traditionary remembrance. On such authority, aided by the less doubtful testimony of family papers, Francis Sempill of Beltrees has obtained the reputation of writing three popular songs, 'The Blythesome Bridal,' 'Maggie Lauder,' and 'She rose and loot me in.' I have heard the tradition, but I have not seen the family manuscripts; and though I am not obliged to believe what I cannot with certainty contradict, yet I have no right to discredit what honest men have seriously asserted; the story has been for years before the world, and if any be sceptical they are also silent. Sempill is of itself a worthy name. I am glad tradition has taken its part; besides, we owe much poetic pleasure to the ancestors of Francis, who wrote, like their descendant, with great ease and freedom; and why should not the mantle descend?" There are few more famous Scottish songs than "Fy, let us a' to the Bridal" and "Maggie Lauder," the humour

and broad glee of the latter being equalled by the admirable *naïveté* and grace of the former. Speaking of one of these songs the critic whom we have quoted remarks: "The freedom with which some of the characters are drawn has gone far to exclude the song ('The Blythesome Bridal') from company which calls itself polished. I quarrel not with matters of taste—but taste is a whimsical thing. Ladies of all ranks will gaze by the dozen and hour on the unattired grace and proportion of the old statues, and feel them o'er like the wondering miller in Ramsay's exquisite tale, lest glamour had beguiled their een; but the colour will come to their cheeks, and the fans to their faces, at some over-warm words in our old minstrels; whatever is classical is pure."

"Maggie Lauder" was a favourite song in the American camp during revolutionary days, and was often sung to the commander-in-chief by stout old Putnam. An old chronicler says: "This afternoon the provincial congress of New York gave an elegant entertainment to General Washington and his suite, the general and staff officers, and the commanding officer of the different regiments in or near the city. Many patriotic toasts were offered and drank with the greatest pleasure and decency. After the toasts little Phil of the Guard was brought in to sing H——'s new campaign song, and was joined by all the under officers, who seemed much animated by the accompanying of Clute's drum-sticks and Aaron's fife. Our good General Putnam got sick and went to his quarters before dinner was over, and we missed him a marvel, as there is not a chap in the camp who can lead him in the 'Maggie Lauder' song." The hero of this beautiful song was Robert Simpsonne, *alias* "Rob the Ranter," who was also celebrated by Robert Sempill as "Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan." A grandson of the poet Francis deserves to be incidentally mentioned as a remarkable instance of longevity. He died in 1789 at the age of 103. He was the first in the nomination of justices of the peace for Scotland in 1708, being the year after the union, and was at the date of his decease undoubtedly the oldest judicial functionary of that or any other rank in the British Empire.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang kail and porridge,
 And bannocks of barley-meal;
 And there will be good saut herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katy's goodman;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Laurie, the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plooky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a——,
 Who after was hangit for stealing—
 Great mercy it happen'd na warse!
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And danced the daft dance in Mons Meg.

And there will be Judan MacIaurie,
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-luggit sharney-fac'd Laurie,
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
 And there will be happer-hipp'd Nancy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'
 On sybows and rifarts and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,

Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew;

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,
 With swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flukes that were taken alive.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glittering stars appeared no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes;
 When to her father's gate I came,
 Where I had often been,
 And begged my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,
 She trembling stood ashamed—
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And every touch inflamed.
 With look and accents all divine
 She did my warmth reprove,—
 The more she spoke, the more she looked,
 The warmer waxed my love.

O then beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy!
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest a man was I:
 And she all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me often come again,
 And kindly vowed that every night
 She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon soon I returned again
 When stars were streaming free,

Oh, slowly, slowly came she down,
 And stood and gazed on me:
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin—
 And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour
 She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart:
 We wedded, and I thought me blest
 Such loveliness to win;
 And now she thanks the happy hour
 She rose and loot me in.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder!
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her:
 Right scornfully thus answered she,
 Begone, you hallan-shaker;
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie! quoth he; now by my bags,
 I'm fidgin fain to see thee!

Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 Men call me Rab the Ranter:
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,
 And is your drone in order?
 If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—
 Live you upon the Border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rab the Ranter—
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawlie could she frisk it:
 Weel done! quoth he. Play up, quo' she.
 Weel bobbed! quoth Rab the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer!

Weel haeyou played your part! quoth Meg;
 Your cheeks are like the crimson—
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid an wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

BORN 1612 — DIED 1650.

Among the great soldiers of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose—a hero whom Cardinal de Retz deemed worthy of the pages of Plutarch, being inspired by all the ideas and sentiments which animated the classic personages whom that writer has commemorated—is certainly entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland. It may be truly said that he possessed an elegant genius: spoke eloquently, and wrote with a graceful and perspicuous turn of expression. James Graham, THE GREAT MARQUIS, was born in the month of September, 1612, it is believed at the family estate of Auld Mon-

trose. He was the only son of John, fourth earl, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. The future hero succeeded to his paternal estates and honours soon after Charles I. ascended the throne. During his minority he was under the guardianship of Lord Napier, who had married his sister, and who continued through life one of his warmest friends and supporters. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, where he won reputation as a classical scholar and a poet. Montrose married Madeline Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had two sons. On the death of his wife he went abroad,

and spent three years on the Continent, returning to Scotland in 1633, with the reputation of being the most accomplished nobleman of his time.

It were foreign to our purpose to follow the brilliant career of the chivalric soldier, or to describe the noble magnanimity and Christian spirit displayed by the Highland hero in the hour of defeat and disaster. In the year 1650 he was captured by the Parliamentary forces, and conducted to Edinburgh. There he was received as a condemned traitor, and subjected to the most barbarous indignities. The night before his execution he wrote the well-known and beautiful lines:—

"Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,—
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air.—
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."¹

Montrose was executed at the Scottish capital, May 21, 1650, and in accordance with the barbarous sentence the legs and arms were cut off, and sent as trophies to the four principal cities of Scotland, while his head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. The Great Marquis met his sad fate, and the many insults and indignities heaped upon him before his execution, with a calm and Christian spirit, with such dignity and fortitude as to excite even the admiration

and sympathy of his enemies. On the Restoration the remains of the greatest of the Grahams were carefully collected, and interred with imposing solemnities within the precincts of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, and the sentence of forfeiture which parliament had passed was reversed by Charles II., thus restoring Lord Graham to his father's dignities and possessions. One of Scotland's sweetest singers has celebrated in the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* the death of the faithful royalist and gallant knight, and also that of his renowned grandson "Bonny Dundee;" and his biographer Mark Napier concludes his memoir of the Great Marquis with these lines:—

"From yon grim tower, where long, in ghastly state,
His head proclaim'd how holiness can hate;
From gory pinnacles, where blench'd and riven,
Ten years his sever'd limbs insulted Heaven;
From the vile hole, by malice dug, beneath
The felon's gibbet, on the blasted heath,
Redeem'd to hallow'd ground, too long denied,
Here let the martyr's mangled bones abide.

His country blush'd, and clos'd the cloister'd tomb,
But rais'd no record of the hero's doom;
Blush'd, but forbore to mark a nation's shame
With sculptur'd memories of the murder'd Graham;
The warrior's couch, 'mid pious pageants spread,
But left the stone unletter'd at his head:
Vain the dark aisle! the silent tablet vain!
Still to his country cleaves the curse of Cain,—
Still cries his blood, from out the very dust
Of Scotland's sinful soil,—*'Remember me they must.'*
But, though the shame must Scotland bear through
time,

Ye bastard priesthood, answer for the crime!
Preachers, not pastors, redolent of blood,
Who cried, 'Sweet Jesu,' in your murderous mood,—
Self-seeking Christ-caressing—canting crew,
That from the Book of Life death-warrants drew,
Obscur'd the fount of truth, and left the trace
Of gory fingers on the page of grace:—
This was thy horrid handiwork, though still
Sublime he soar'd above your savage will,
Rous'd his great soul to glorify its flight,
And foil'd the adder of his foeman's spite:—
This was thy horrid handiwork, the while
He of the craven heart, the false Argyle,
Sent for our sins, his country's sorest rod,
Still doom'd his victims in the name of God!
Denounc'd true Christians as the Saviour's foe,
And gorg'd his ravens with the GREAT MONTROSE."

¹ There is a coincidence worthy of notice between these lines and those written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when about to submit himself like Montrose to a judicial murder:—

"Even such is time; who takes in trust
Our joys, our youth, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from that earth, that grave and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."—ED.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.¹

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world,—of THEE,—
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a Synod in mine heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne:
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have *each subject at my will*,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or if *committees* thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,
And *famous* by my sword:
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before,
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed
How thou thyself dispose;
Let not all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those:
I'll marble-wall thee round about,
Myself shall be the door,

And if thy heart chance to slide out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
The shrine which I adore,
For if such smoke about thee fume
I'll never love thee more.

I know thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
If that thou slight their love too long
Their siege at last will rise,
And leave thee conqueror, in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a *Commonwealth*,
I'll never love thee more.

And if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruine come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire:
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to save
Thy spirit, grown so poor,
But laugh and smile thee to thy grave,
And never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testify:
That every pilgrim, passing by,
May pity and deplore,
And, sighing, read the reason why
I cannot love thee more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon these pillars hung,

¹ Our version of this loyal ballad is taken from an old broadside sheet discovered by the late Dr. Irving. It is entitled "An excellent new ballad, to the tune of 'I'll never love thee more,'" and is much superior to the common version.—ED.

A single heart, a simple eye,
A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun will never end—
Love one and love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing goddess Fame
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it to thy shame,
How thou hast loved me;
And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou lov'dst too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more.

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
Delighting aye in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light,
I could love thee no more.

The misty mount, the smoking lake,
The rock's resounding echo,
The whistling winds, the woods that shake,
Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each oar,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,—
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
Her fellow's death regret,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

ON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.¹

Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief with thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands
supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds.

JOHN MACDONALD.

BORN 1620 (?) — DIED 1700.

JOHN MACDONALD, a Lochaber poet and politician, known among his Highland countrymen as *Iain Lom*, literally "bare John," so named from his acuteness and severity on some occasions. He was also called *Iain Mauntach*, from a slight impediment in his speech. Macdonald was of the Keppoch family, but the exact place and date of his birth is unknown. We do know that he lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and that he died upwards of threescore and ten, about the year 1700, so that his birth may be fixed between 1620 and 1625. Of his early life little is known. The first event that made him famous beyond

the limits of Lochaber was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch; the massacre was perpetrated by the young Highlander's cousins. A few years later the poet, whose talents had made him a man of importance in his native country, was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and Argyle together at Inverlochy. From the castle the bard had a fine view of the engagement, of which he gives a graphic description in his long poem "The Battle of Inverlochy."

¹ Written at Brussels, on hearing of the king's execution.—Ed.

"So true," says Mackenzie, "natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings."

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of the royal Gaelic bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt nor power intimidate from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse in numerous sarcastic and bitter compositions against William and Mary. But it was against the Campbells that he wrote his sharpest satires. The head of the clan felt the influence of his ridicule so much that he offered a reward for the poet's head. The bard presented himself to the marquis at Inverary, and demanded the

reward. Argyle received him courteously, showed him through the castle, and on entering an apartment hung round with the heads of black-cocks, asked, "Have you ever seen so many black-cocks together?" "Yes," said the bard. "Where?" demanded Argyle. "At Inverlochy," replied the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. "Ah! John," added Argyle, "will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?" "I am sorry," said Macdonald, "that I cannot swallow them."

Iain Lom was a prolific writer, and among his other compositions he kept a poetical journal of Dundee's route from Keppoch to Killiecrankie. Donald Campbell, in his *Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans*, tells us that "Mr. James Munro, than whom no man is better qualified, is preparing for publication the interesting poems of this eminent modern bard, with a memoir of the bard himself, which will, if possible, be still more interesting even than his poems."

THE DEATH OF GLENGARRY.

When in the morning I arose
Pleasure was not my aim.
Is there no end to Albin's woes,
To deaths 'mong men of fame?
The manly leader of the race
Who own the Garrian-glen,
Is off to his last resting-place,
Borne high by sorrowing men,—
The chieftain lofty, true, and bold,
Who never his allegiance sold.

Not safe were they who rashly met
Thy warriors, stern and true,
When the proud heather-badger set
In all their bonnets blue;
When thy brave banner waved on high,
And thou thyself wert seen,
With battle kindling in thine eye,
To draw thy broad-sword keen;—
Then, then 'twas time for Albin's foes
To fly their fierce, their deadly blows.

That praise, that early praise was thine,
And spread thy well-known fame afar;
Thou didst on all occasions shine,
The wisest leader in the war.

No serried red-coats daunted thee,
Although their well-aimed volleys rolled,
Upon thy ranks, from musketry
That oft in deadly slaughter told:
Thy just distinctions ever were—
The wise to lead, the bold to dare.

Thy lineage is, for blood and length,
In Albin's annals unexcelled,
And formed of chieftains famed for strength,
Who in the deadly charge compelled
Steeds fierce and fleet, that harnessed shone
Like meteors coursing through the sky;
While in their sells, as on a throne,
They towered in their war panoply;
And none of them has been constrained
To deeds that have that lineage stained.

Since some in battle have forgot
How their brave fathers plied their steel,
No refuge has our country got
From ruthless Fortune's crushing wheel,
Although Clannodonnill on that day,
As ever, clothed them with renown;
Our heroes have been *wede* away,
In fruitless battles one by one;

And now we've lost the worthiest lord
That in these battles drew his sword.

It was our country's destiny
To lose three pillars of the throne,—
Heroes who, in adversity,
For daring, proudly, greatly shone:
Sir Donald, our leader when combined;
Clanronald, captain of our men;
Alisdair, generous, good, and kind,
Chief of the Garry's far-famed glen;
Clanndonnill's ranks no more will see
Leaders illustrious as the three.

When other chiefs fled from their lands,
Our heroes, stern and unsubdued,
Rallied their bold, their kindred bands,
And for their king and country stood;
Aye stood prepared in arms to die,
When war should his fierce tocsin sound,
Or to achieve a victory
That should their treacherous foes con-
found;
Such were our chiefs, than maidens mild,
But, roused to war, than beacons wild.

ON CROWNING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Upon my elbow calmly leaning,
Within the lovely mountain-glen,
My mind indulged itself in dreaming
Of the strange deeds and lives of men.

And wherefore should my voice be silent,
While my heart bounds with pride and joy,
Nor tell the Whigs, the base and violent,
Their greedy, rampant reign is by?

Their reign who falsely tried and murdered
The true, the loyal, and the brave;
Who, with their sophistry, bewildered
The people whom they would enslave.

With staff in hand, the while I hasten
To welcome home my native king,
Why should I doubt that he will listen
To the leal counsel I may bring?

Counsel from clans and chiefs true-hearted,
Who suffered in their country's cause,
Which, through the royal bard imparted,
Should warn him to respect the laws;

But not the men whose conduct baneful
Has scattered ruin o'er the land,

And answered but with taunts disdainful
Those whom they robbed of wealth and land.

Remember, Charles Stuart, ever
The lesson taught thee by the past,
Forgetting truth and justice never,
If thou wouldst that thy reign may last.

Think, since the throne thou hast ascended,
Without the aid of spear or sword,
How thy own rights may be defended,
And eke thy people's rights restored.

No Machiavel has yet propounded
The means to make the throne secure,
Save when the people's rights are founded
On a just basis, broad and sure.

But leniency is not now wanted;
A wise severity were just:
Let those who are already sainted
E'en go where they have placed their trust.

Why should we grudge these men to heaven
That have their treasure hoarded there?
Since they have made their road so even,
Dismiss them while accounts are square!

Thou subjects hast of high condition,
Whose hearts are not more true than mine,
That will, with many a sage petition,
Crave boons, and laud thy right divine:

But right divine did not defend thee
When thou and Cromwell were at blows;
Then try what force wise rule may lend thee,
And make thy people friends—not foes.

No doubt thy nobles would defend thee,
At cost of all their lands and lives,
But, och! it would not do to 'tend thee,
And leave their children and their wives!

THE BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

(EXTRACT.)

Heard ye not! heard ye not! how that whirlwind,
The Gael,—
To Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to
Loch Eil,—
And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,
Like the billow came on,—and were broke like
its spray!
Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.

'Twas the Sabbath that rose, 'twas the feast of
St. Bride,
When the rush of the clans shook Ben-Nevis's
side;
I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height
Where dark Inverlochty o'ershadow'd the fight,
And I saw the Clan-Donnell resistless in might.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells
have come,
The flames of their foray enveloped my home;
Broad Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,
And my country is waste from the hill to the
shore,—
Be it so! By St. Mary, there's comfort in store!

Though the braes of Lochaber a desert be made,
And Glen Roy may be lost to the plough and the
spade,
Though the bones of my kindred, unhonour'd,
unurn'd
Mark the desolate path where the Campbells
have burn'd,—
Be it so! From that foray *they never return'd!*

Fallen race of Diarmed! disloyal,—untrue!
No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you!
But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,
And the Badenoch wolves hear the Camerons' cry—
"Come, feast ye! come feast, where the false-
hearted lie!"

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

BORN 1665 — DIED 1746.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE, the noble-minded daughter of Sir Patrick Home, afterwards created Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood, in Lanarkshire, was born at Redbraes Castle on Christmas Day, 1665, was married in 1692, and died at London in 1746, aged eighty-one. Her *Memoirs*, by her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, were published in 1822, and added to her claims on our regard as a lyric poetess claims of a deeper though less shining kind—those of a dutiful daughter and an affectionate wife. "Her lot was cast," says Cunningham, "in very stormy times, and her lively invention was employed in scenes of far deeper importance than in impressing humour and pathos on song. Her turn for domestic pleasure and home-bred mirth was only equalled by her sense of propriety and her regard for prudence; and she found her skill in song not only soothed her own cares, but was a solace amid times of sore trial to her friends, with whom her genius and her virtues were in high esteem. She left many unfinished songs; for domestic cares made the visitations of the muse seldom, and the stay short; but the song on which her fame in verse must depend is one able enough to maintain it. Those who look in 'Were nae my Heart licht I would dee' for fine and polished language, or for a very high

strain of sentiment, must be content to be disappointed. But it has other attractions of a more popular and equally durable kind: it is written in the fine free spirit of the rustic poetry of Scotland—the words are homely and the ideas are natural, yet they are such as the heart of poesy only would have suggested; and they who seek to add deeper interest to the story, or to endow it with more suitable ideas or more natural language, will owe their success as much to good fortune as to meditation. It is now an old favourite, though songs with more melodious verse, and a more embellished style, have followed thick and threefold: yet its careless and artless ease, and simple but graphic imagery, will continue to support its reputation against its more ostentatious associates. The description of a disappointed lover, depressed in spirit and fancy-touched, will keep possession of every heart, and be present to every eye, till some poet exceed it in truth and felicity:—

'And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e,
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.'

She was among the first of a band of ladies who have contributed largely to the lyric fame of Scotland; nor is she the only one of her

name who has given Scottish song the advantage of female genius. There is another who has breathed into it a far deeper pathos and a far richer spirit; need I say it is Joanna

Baillie?"—Our other selection, "O the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," was in part composed by Thomas Pringle, Lady Baillie having left it unfinished.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT.

There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men;
She biggit her bonnie bower doun i' yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and well-a-day!
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she,
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his
mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;
The wife took a dwam, and lay doun to dee,
She main'd and she graned out o' dolour and
pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' doun on yon green,
And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!

O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and
morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed
and horn;
While we're milking' they're liltin' sae jocund
and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think o' my
dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the
horn,
To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:
On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and
free—
But, alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for
thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green
braes
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-
blossomed slaes,
Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent
the saft gale,
And the cushat crouds luesomely doun in the
dale.
There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae
the thorn,
And blythe lilt the laverock aboon the green
corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign
clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant in bright sunny
June—
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;
But while others are joking and laughing sae
free,
There's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.
At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,
Fu' dowie, and wae, aft I daunder and mourn;
Amang the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youtheid were heartsome and
gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw
brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-
bells

By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's
green fells,
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the
laird,

To win honour and gowd (gif his life it be spared!)
Ah! little I care for wealth, favour, or fame,
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter
sould roar,
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;

Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles
to clink,

And a barley-meal scone were the best on our
bink;

Yet, he wi' his hirsle, and I wi' my wheel,
Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco
weel;

Till the lintwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleat-
ing fain,

Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-bughting
again.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1665 (?) — DIED 1751.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Gilbertfield, the friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, was the second son of Captain William Hamilton of Ladylands, Ayrshire, and was born about 1665. He entered the army early in life, but after considerable service abroad returned to Scotland, with no higher rank than that of lieutenant. His time was now spent in field sports; in the cultivation of the society of men of genius and culture; and the occasional production of some effusion, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the "Gentle Shepherd"—three of his epistles to whom are to be found in several editions of Ramsay's works—commenced in an admiration on the part of the afterwards celebrated poet of some pieces of Hamilton's which had come under his notice. Allan, in an epistle addressed to his friend, says:

"When I begoud first to con verse,
And cou'd your 'Ardry Whins' rehearse,
Where bony Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warn'd my breast;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since near ceast.

"May I be lickit wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little;
Ye're never ragget, shan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby;
And hit the spirit to a tittle
Of Standart Habby."

Towards the close of his life Hamilton resided at Letterick, in the county of Lanark,

where he died at an advanced age, May 24th, 1751. His principal productions are to be found in Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*. One of his compositions, which displays much simplicity and sweetness, records a very poetic circumstance in the ancient customs of Scotland:—

"wha will gar our shearers shear?
Wha will bind up the brags of weir?"

In the old days it was the custom for a piper to play behind the reapers while at work; and to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive we are most probably indebted for many of those sweet songs which have given Scottish airs so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors and composers of them remain as unknown as if they had never lived. In 1722 Hamilton published an abridgment, in modern Scottish, of Blind Harry's *Life of Sir William Wallace*, a book that became a great favourite among certain classes in Scotland, and inspired the boyhood of numerous poets with patriotic and martial ardour. A writer says, "The name of Hamilton of Gilbertfield has suffered in celebrity from its similarity to that of a greater poet; but, if not illustrated by works of such merit as those of Hamilton of Bangour, it is connected with productions of too much merit to justify a slight regard. A writer whose strains could inspire an Allan Ramsay with emulation could not have been of a class to be forgotten. Oblivion will be kind to him on this account alone, as Sir Walter Raleigh

beautifully tells us she has been to the adorer of Laura.

“Oblivion laid Petrarch on Laura's tomb.”

The readers of Burns will remember that in one of his finest epistles he alludes to Hamilton, in company with Ramsay and the unfortunate Fergusson, as occupying a position on the Parnassian heights to which he could never hope to climb:—

“My senses wad be in a creel
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield
The braes o' fame,
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel',
A deathless name.”

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
An' carried aye the gree awa'.
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And aye whatever Willie said,
It still was hauden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weaponschaw,
Upon the green none durst him brag,
The ne'er a ane among them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd?
He wan the love o' great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been,
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing baith my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Of the following admirable song, which has by some writers been attributed to William Walkinshaw, Allan Cunningham says, “No one ever conceived a more original lyric, or filled up the outlines of his conception with more lucky drollery, more lively flashes of native humour, or brighter touches of human character. Willie is indeed the first and last of his race; no one has imitated him, and he imitated none. He is a surpassing personage, an enthusiast in merriment, a prodigy in dancing; and his careless graces and natural gifts carry love and admiration into every female bosom.”

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straught he to the bride did fare,
Says, Weels me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,
Unless like Willie ye advance:
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

EPISTLES TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

GILBERTFIELD, *June 26, 1719.*

O fam'd and celebrated Allan!
Renowned Ramsay! canty callan!
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down Tantallan
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder
Wi' wit and skill;
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrescence

To petty poets, or sic messens,
 Tho' round thy stool
 They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
 At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
 Were yet alive in London town,
 Like kings contending for a crown,
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create
 Thee upo' sight the laureat
 Of this our age,
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that
 As thy first wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss,
 And send them a' right sneaking hame
 By Weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetic quarry
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,
 At Ed'nburgh we sall ha'e a bottle
 Of reaming claret,
 Gin that my half-pay siller shottle
 Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
 Droun ilk dull care and aching pain,
 Whilk aften does our spirits drain
 Of true content;
 Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain
 When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig, •
 Then enter in a lasting league,
 Free of ill aspect or intrigue;
 And, gin you please it,
 Like princes when met at the Hague
 We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
 With favour, tho' poor I ha'e done it.
 Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,
 Wha am most fully,
 While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
 Yours, WANTON WILLIE.

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
 To let you ken my hail design
 Of sic a long imperfect line
 Lies in this sentence—
 To cultivate my dull ingine
 By your acquaintance.

Your answer, therefore, I expect;
 And to your friend you may direct
 At Gilbertfield; do not neglect,
 When ye ha'e leisure,
 Which I'll embrace with great respect,
 And perfect pleasure.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24, 1719.

DEAR RAMSAY,

When I receiv'd thy kind epistle
 It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
 O sic a fike and sic a fistle
 I had about it!
 That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle
 Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
 How to the rimes they did content me!
 Tho', sir, sae high to compliment me
 Ye might deferr'd,
 For had ye but haff well a kent me,
 Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expression,
 They're safely now in my possession:
 O gin I were a winter session
 Near by thy lodging!
 I'd close attend thy new profession
 Without e'er budging.

In even doun earnest there's but few
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,
 In verse; for to gi'e thee thy due,
 And without fleetching,
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow,
 Than some's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better leart,
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an' the fouk o' Ed'nburgh heart
 They'll call me daft;
 I'm unco eerie, and dirt fear't
 I mak wrang waft.

Thy verses, nice as ever nicket,
 Made me as canty as a cricket;
 I ergh to reply, lest I stick it;
 Syne like a coof
 I look, or ane whose pouch is pickit
 As bare's my loof.

Heh winsom! how thy saft, sweet style
And bonny auld words gar me smile;
Thou's travell'd sûrely mony a mile
Wi' charge and cost,
To learn them thus keep rank and file
And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee, honest Allie,
(I use the freedom so to call thee,) I think them a' sae braw and walie
And in sic order,
I wad nae care to be thy valie,
Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Rosierucians wandert,
Or through some donsie desert dandert?
That with thy magic, town and landart,
For aught I see,
Maun a' come truckle to thy standart
Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
As if I charged thee with black art;
'Tis thy good genius, still alert,
That does inspire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart
To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny nacky tale
Braw to sit o'er a pint of ale:
For fifty guineas I'll find bail
Against a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a meal
For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby
As either thee or honest Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet plush,
And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,
Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir, my blythe diverting warks;
'Tis sma' presumption
To say they're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
To tie up a' their lang loose leather;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it;
For an' they winna hand their blether,
They's get a fiewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I,

Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them skellums;
I'm sure thou needs set little by
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleart and doited,
That when I raise in troth I stoited;
I thought I should turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cauld eard;

Which did oblige a little dumple
Upon my doup, close by my rumple:
But had ye seen how I did trumple,
Ye'd split your side,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of Clyde.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24, 1719.

Accept my third and last essay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donsie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,
Was ay right sonsie.

Wherefore I scarcee could sleep or slumber,
Till I made up that happy number:
The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber
In every part
And snoovt away like three-hand ombre,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
August the fourth, I grant receipt;
It was sae braw, gart me look blate,
'Maist tyne my senses,
And look just like poor country Kate,
In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;
He says, thou may ha'd up thy creest,
And craw fu' crouse,
The poets a' to thee's but jest,
Not worth a souse.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse,
For my good havins dis me roose
Sae very finely,
It were ill breeding to refuse
To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlithood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude;
Let's ne'er be fleet,
But tak' our bit when it is good,
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll tak' the flings, verse may grow scanter;
Syne wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie;
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare open mair,
'Till I tak' better wi' the lair,
My pen's sae blunted;
And a' for fear I fill the fair,
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me sae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet set me in a claret howff,
Wi' fouk that's chancy,
My muse may lend me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,
'And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

The powers aboon be still auspicious,
To thy achievements maist delicious;
Thy poems sweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To see I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miscellany.

A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
And thro' thy creed,
Be keeped frae the wirricow
After thou's dead.

LADY WARDLAW.

BORN 1670—DIED 1727.

"Neither history nor tradition," says Allan Cunningham, "has preserved any other proof of a genius of a very high order than is contained in the martial and pathetic ballad of "Hardyknute," which both tradition and history combine in ascribing to Lady Wardlaw, daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pitferren. From the curiosity of her compeers, or the vanity of her family, some other specimens of her poetic powers might have been expected; but whatever was looked for, nothing has come; and this is only equalled by her own modesty in seeking to confer on an earlier age the merit of a production which of itself establishes a very fair reputation." Elizabeth Halkett was born about the year 1670, and was married in 1696 to Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart., of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire. Her death is supposed to have taken place in the year 1727. Her admirable

imitation of the old heroic ballad style was published in 1719, at Edinburgh, by James Watson, who, between the years 1706 and 1710, issued a *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Songs, both Ancient and Modern*. This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy, who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand; and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. "Hardyknute" is certainly a martial and pathetic ballad, but irreconcilable with all chronology, as Scott acknowledged; "A chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs." Other ballads have been attributed to Lady Wardlaw's pen, but, we think, without sufficient evidence.

HARDYKNUTE.

Stately stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west;
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,
 With skerss seven yeirs of rest.

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae;
 And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
 He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a-hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chast and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirteen sons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout,
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;

Four yit remain, lang may they live,
 To stand by liege and land;
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir;
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred!
 Waefou to young and auld;
 Waefou, I trow, to kyth and kin,
 As stoury ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 With mony a hardy knight.

The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Your faes stand on the strand;
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands."

"Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"
 Our gude king raise and cryd;
 A trustier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 And haste and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his master's arm,
 "Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute
 And red your king frae harm."

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do.

He has tane a horn as grene as grass,
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,
 That trees in grene-wood schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie
 Had past that summer's morn,
 Quhen low down in a grassy dale
 They heard their fatheris horn.

"That horn," quod they, "neir sounds in
 peace,
 We haif other sport to byde;"
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,
 And sune were at his syde.

"Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace,
 To end my lengthened lyfe,
 My age micht weil excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of stryfe.

"But now that Norse dois proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to intrhall,
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute
 He feired to ficht or fall.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute sae leil,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turned to deidly pale.

"Brade Thomas, tak' ye but your lance,
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ye ficht wi' as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's ferss heir.

"Malcom, licht of foot as stag
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands thrie of men,
Well bred to sword and schield:

"Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettall cleir;"
If faes kend but the hand it bare
They sune had fled for feir.

"Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,"
And tuke her by the hand,
"Fairer to me in age you seim,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:

"My youngest son sall here remain,
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast your painted bowirs."

And first scho wet her comely cheiks,
And then hir bodice grene;
Her silken cords of twirtle twist
Weil plett with silver schene;

And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he cam' to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:—

"Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
By treachery's false gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked woman's smyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,
My ladyis kyndlie care you'd prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate:

"Hir self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your sicht.

"Arise, young knicht, and mount your steid,
Full lown's the schynand day;
Cheis frae my menyie quhom ye pleis,
To leid ye on the way."

With smyleless luke and visage wan,
The wounded knicht reply'd,
"Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

"To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping tree
Cauld death sall end my care."

With him nae pleiding nicht prevail;
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage seyd:

Of Pictish race, by mother's syde;
Quhen Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
Quhen he saift Pictish croun.

Now with his ferss and stalwart train
He reicht a rysing heicht,
Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,
Norse menyie lay in sicht:

"Yonder, my valiant sons, and ferss,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,
To try us with thair fate.

"Mak' orisons to him that saift
Our sauls upon the rude;
Syne braifly schaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude."

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill
In haste his march he made,
Quhyle playand pibrochs minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.

"Thyrese welcum, valyiant stoup of weir,
Thy nation's scheild and pryde,
Thy king nae reason has to feir,
Quhen thou art be his syde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn
For thrang scarce could they fle,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.

Lang did they rage and fecht full ferss,
With little skaith to man;
But bludy, bludy was the field
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that sindle brui'k'd
The war that lukit lyke play,
Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,
Sen bows seint but delay.

Quoth noble Rothsay, "Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore."
"Haste up, my merry men," cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense the feucht;
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonsie shaft;

As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst betwene his een.

"Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.

Another arrow weil he mark'd,
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He law as eard did fa'.

"Sair bleids my liege! sair, sair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew:

Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now quene Elgreid;
His dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, throuch quhilk
His steilly harnes shynd.)

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And feird at Britain's throne?

"Though Britons tremble at his name,
I sune sall mak' him wail,
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart couldna byde,
It lent him youthfou nicht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's king I hecht

"To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first strake eir he strak
He garr'd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawk's staird wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke."

Then gaif his head a blow sae fell,
It made him down to stoop,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair.

Norse ferliet too as sair as he,
To see his stately luke;
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance:

He spur'd his steid throw thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Quha stude unmuvit at his approach.
His furie to repell.

"That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trim'd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotland's geir;
But dreidfull seems the rusty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.

"Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne,
This poynt cut short their vaunt;"
Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey.

Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain,
He seimt in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen winner ay the same.

Nor yit his heart dame's dimpelit cheik
Coud meise saft luv to bruike;
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryse again:

Neir to return to native land;
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw their shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.

Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valyant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summer's day,
Fill'd kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyte Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name aye dreid;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal latest ages reid.

Full loud and chill blew westlin' wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute,
Wan neir his stately towir:

His towir that us'd with torch's bleise
To shyne sae far at nicht,
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid;
Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

"Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
Thair's nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wall.

"Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!"
Nae answer fits their dreid.
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,"
But by they past with speid.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes"—
There ceist his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir,
He wist not yit with dreid;
Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

JOHN CLERK.

BORN 1680 — DIED 1755.

SIR JOHN CLERK, second baronet or Penny-cuik, for nearly half a century one of the barons of the exchequer in Scotland, was born in 1680, and succeeded his father in his title and estates in 1722. He was one of the commissioners for the union, and was recognized as one of the most accomplished men of his time. For twenty years he carried on a correspondence with Roger Gale, the English antiquarian, which appears in Nichol's *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and contributed scientific papers to various learned societies. He

was joint author, in 1726, with Baron Scrope of the *Historical View of the Forms and Powers of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland*, which was printed at the expense of the barons of exchequer at Edinburgh in 1820, in a large quarto volume. To Sir John are ascribed some amatory lines sent with a flute to Susanna Kennedy, whom he courted unsuccessfully. On attempting to blow the instrument it would not sound, and on uncovering it, the young lady, afterwards Countess of Eglinton, found the following:—

" Harmonious pipe, how I envye thy bliss,
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss!
 And when her tender fingers round thee move
 In soft embrace, I listen and approve
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,
 You yield your music when she's pleased to blow;
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
 To court the charming Sylphia for me;
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch;
 Since I to her my liberty resign,
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine."

It was to this lady that Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his "Gentle Shepherd." The baronet was one of Ramsay's warmest friends, who "admired his genius and knew his

worth." During the poet's latter years much of his time was spent at Pennycuik House, and at his death its master erected at his beautiful family seat an obelisk to Ramsay's memory. Sir John by his second wife had seven sons and six daughters. One of the former was the author of the well-known work on *Naval Tactics*, and father of the eccentric Lord Eldin, one of Scotland's most eminent lawyers. Sir John died at Pennycuik, October 4, 1755. His extremely humorous and popular song of "The Miller" first appeared in the second volume of Yair's *Charmer*, published at Edinburgh four years before Sir John's death; and since that date it has been included in almost all collections of Scottish song. The first verse belongs to an older and an anonymous hand.

THE MILLER.

Merry may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 Has aye a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standin' in the byre;
 While lazy puss with mealy mou'
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor anything that's dainty;
 And noo and then a keekling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire,
 With nut-brown ale he liltis his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fu' happy:
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy?

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BORN 1686—DIED 1757.

ALLAN RAMSAY, the restorer of Scottish poetry, was born Oct. 15, 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire. He was descended

by the father's side from the Ramsays of Dalhousie, a genealogy of which he speaks in one of his pieces with conscious pride:—

"Dalhousie, of an auld descent—
My chief, my stoupe, and ornament!"

His father, John Ramsay, was superintendent of Lord Hopetoun's mines at Leadhills; and his mother, Alice Bowers, was the daughter of a gentleman of Derbyshire, who had been invited to Leadhills to assist by his skill in the introduction of some improvements in the art of mining. Allan, while yet an infant, lost his father, who died at the early age of twenty-five. His mother soon after married a Mr. Crichton, a small landholder in Lanarkshire. He was sent to the village school, where he acquired learning enough, as he tells us, to read Horace "faintly in the original." In the year 1700 he lost his mother, and his step-father was not long in discovering that he was old enough to take care of himself. He took Allan to Edinburgh, and apprenticed him to a wig-maker, an occupation which most of his biographers are very anxious to distinguish from a barber. The vocation of a "skull-thacker," as Ramsay humorously calls it, would appear not to have been so uncongenial as his biographers would have us believe, as it is certain that he did not abandon it when his apprenticeship ceased, but followed it for many years after. In the parish registers he is called a wig-maker down to 1716. Four years previous to this he married Christian Ross, a writer's daughter, with whom he lived most happily for a period of thirty years.

The earliest of his poems which can now be traced is an epistle addressed in 1712 "To the Most Happy Members of the Easy Club," a convivial society, of which in 1715 he was appointed poet-laureate; but it was soon after broken up by the Rebellion. In 1716 Ramsay published an edition of James I.'s poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with a second canto by himself, to which, two years after, he added a third. The wit, fancy, and perfect mastery of the Scottish language which his additions to the king's poem displayed, greatly extended his reputation as a poet. Abandoning his original occupation, he entered upon the more congenial business of bookselling. His first shop was "at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd," Edinburgh. Here he appears to have represented the threefold character of author, editor, and bookseller. His poems were printed on single sheets as

they were composed, in which shape they found a ready sale, the citizens being in the habit of sending their children with a penny for "Allan Ramsay's last piece." In 1720 he opened a subscription for a collection of his poems in a quarto volume, and the liberal manner in which it was immediately filled up by "all who were either eminent or fair in Scotland" affords a striking proof of the esteem in which the whilom wig-maker was now held. The volume, which cleared him 400 guineas, closed with an address by the author to his book after the manner of Horace, in which he thus boldly speaks of his hopes:—

"Gae spread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;
The wits unborn shall beauties find
That never entered in my mind."

In 1724 the poet published the first volume of the *Tea-table Miscellany*, a collection of songs Scottish and English, which was speedily followed by a second; a third volume appeared in 1727, and a fourth after another interval. This publication acquired him more profit than lasting fame, passing through no less than twelve editions in a few years. This was followed by "The Evergreen: being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," in two volumes. This work did him even less credit as an editor than the *Tea-table Miscellany* had done. Lord Hailes says with truth that he took great liberty with the originals, omitting some stanzas and adding others; modernizing at the same time the versification, and varying the ancient manner of spelling. Ramsay availed himself of the opportunity of concealment afforded by this publication to give expression in a poem of pretended antiquity, and with a feigned signature, to those Jacobite feelings which prudence led him to conceal. It was called "The Vision," and said to be "compylit in Latin be a most lernit clerk in tyme of our hairship and opression, anno 1300, and translait in 1524." The pretended subject was the "history of the Scots' sufferings by the unworthy condescension of Baliol to Edward I. of England till they recovered their indepen-



dence by the conduct and valour of the Great Bruce." For the period of Edward I. substitute that of George I., and for "the Great Bruce" the Pretender, and the object of the poem will stand revealed. "The Vision" is a production of great power; in it the genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic muse:—

"Great daring darted frae his e'e,
A braidsword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
In stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Ower his left spaul he threw;
Doun his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers grew.
Amazed I gazed
To see, led at his command,
A stampant and rampant
Pierce lion in his hand."

Ramsay's next publication at once established his reputation upon an enduring foundation. The "Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral comedy in five acts, the best poem of its kind, perhaps, in any language, was published in 1725. Its success was immediate and unprecedented; edition followed edition, and in a few years it was known to every admirer of poetry in Great Britain, and was a fireside companion of almost every cottager in Scotland. The popularity of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" induced Ramsay to print a new edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," with songs interspersed, adapted to Scottish airs, and these it has ever since retained. The original manuscript of the "Gentle Shepherd" was recently purchased for thirty-one guineas by William Chambers of Glenormiston. The text varies in many instances from that of the printed copies, and presents some curious readings. Ramsay, like Burns, was a careful corrector, but not always with equal taste or judgment. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chambers will publish this first draft as a literary and national object of interest.

In 1726 Ramsay removed to a house in the High Street, and instead of Mercury adopted for his sign the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. Here Ramsay collected the first circulating library opened in Scotland. After his death it passed into the hands of James Sibbald, editor of the well-known

Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, by whose executors it was sold in 1806, and has since that time been broken up and disposed of by auction. "Here," says one of Ramsay's biographers, "he sold and lent books to a late period of his life; here the wits of Edinburgh used to meet for their amusement and for information; and here Gay, a congenial poet ("a little pleasant man with a tye wig," says Mr. Tytler), was wont to look out upon the Exchange in Edinburgh, to know persons and ascertain characters." Allan was now a famous and prosperous man. His society was courted by the nobility and literati of Edinburgh, and he was on familiar terms with contemporary poets—the Hamiltons of Bangour and Gilbertfield, Gay, and others. His son, afterwards a distinguished painter, he sent to Rome for instruction in his profession.

About this time the bard appeared with another volume of poems, followed in 1730 by his "Thirty Fables," undoubtedly the best of his minor productions. Among them is "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," a story which, though previously told by Dunbar, "would of itself," as it has been remarked, "be Ramsay's passport to immortality as a poet." With these he seems to have concluded his poetic labours, presenting in this another instance of his characteristic prudence. In a letter to his friend Smibert the painter he says, "I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired." An edition of his poems was published in London in 1731, and another appeared in London in 1733. Three years later his passion for the drama and his enterprising spirit prompted him to erect a new theatre; but in the following year, 1737, the act for licensing the stage was passed, and the magistrates ordered the house to be shut up. By this speculation he lost considerably, and it is remarked by his biographers that this was the only unfortunate project in which he ever engaged.

In 1743 the poet lost his wife, who was buried in the Grayfriars' Churchyard; but his three daughters, grown to womanhood, in some measure supplied her place. It appears to have been about this period, and with the view of relinquishing business, which still went on prosperously, that he erected a house

on the north side of Castle Hill, where he might spend the remainder of his days in dignified retirement. The site was selected with the taste of a poet and the judgment of a painter. It commanded a view probably not surpassed in Scotland, or indeed in Europe, extending from the mouth of the Forth on the east to the Grampians on the west, and stretching away across the green hills of Fifeshire to the north—embracing every variety of beauty, of elegance, and of grandeur. The view is now intercepted by the houses of the new town. The situation did more credit to the poet's taste than the octagon-shaped house which he built and called Ramsay Lodge, and which, from its peculiar form, was compared by some of the wags of the city to a goose-pie. The poet complaining one day of this to Lord Elibank, his lordship gayly remarked, that now seeing him in it he thought it an exceedingly apt comparison! Fantastic though the house was, Ramsay spent the last twelve years of his life in it, except when he was abroad with his friends, in a state of philosophic ease which few literary men are able to attain. He seems, however, not to have abandoned his business until 1755, an event which he did not long survive. An epistle which he wrote this year, "full of wise saws and modern instances," gives his determination on the subject, and a more graphic picture of himself than could be drawn by any other person:—

"Tho' born to no ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and sound;
And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,
To make that up I live the cheaper;
By this ae knack I've made a shift
To drive ambitious care adrift;
And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
From shackling trade and dangers free;
That I may, loosed frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life;
And when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave;
Now seventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty more may lay me dead."

Ramsay died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1757, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was buried by the side of his wife, and with him for a time was buried Scottish poetry, there not being a single poet in Scotland to sing a requiem over the grave of the bard whose life

is one of the "green and sunny spots" in literary biography. He was one of the poets to whom, in a pecuniary point of view, poetry had been really a blessing, and who could combine poetic pursuits with those of an ordinary business. He possessed that turn of mind which Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things. The merits of the "Gentle Shepherd" are of the highest order, and will carry Ramsay's name down through the coming centuries. It was his hope that he might "be classed with Tasso and Guarini," and the station is one which posterity has not denied to the Edinburgh bookseller. Ramsay thought highly of his "Fables," which are little, if at all, inferior to his comedy, evincing great skill in story-telling, and abounding in point and humour. As a song-writer he has many superiors, although some of his lyrics are justly admired, and enjoy a great degree of popularity. "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" and the "Yellow-haired Laddie" are both beautiful productions; "Lochaber no more" is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos; and the "Lass of Patie's Mill" an exquisite composition. A noble marble statue of Ramsay, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch, has been erected in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, near those of his brother poets Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson.

The readers of this sketch of Ramsay, next to Burns the most distinguished national poet of Scotland, may be interested in knowing that the poet's son Allan attained considerable eminence as an artist, and in 1767 was appointed portrait-painter to the king and queen. He corresponded with Voltaire and Rousseau, both of whom he visited when abroad; and his letters are said to have been elegant and witty. "Ramsay, in short," remarks Allan Cunningham, "led the life of an elegant accomplished man of the world and public favourite." He was frequently of Dr. Johnson's parties, who said of him, "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information and elegance, than in Ramsay's." He died in 1784. John Ramsay, a son of the painter, and grandson of the poet, entered the British army, and rose to the rank of major-general.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.¹

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hind, engaged with Neps.*

PEGGY, *thought to be Glau'd's niece.*

JENNY, *Glau'd's only daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*

MADGE, *Glau'd's sister.*

SCENE.—A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of action within twenty-four hours.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonnie morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—"The wawking o' the faulds"

Patie.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,
Fair as the day, an' always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
An' I'm no very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her
At the wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It mak's me blyth an' bauld,
An' naething gie's me sic delight
As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
An' in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wawking o' the fauld.

Pat. This sunny morn, Roger, cheers my blood,
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,
An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-seasoned pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad an' great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins' blood;
But I, oppress wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loth the flower, an' quit
the hive,

The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
You ha'e sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
While I'm confused wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's e'e.

For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But aiblins, neibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
An' downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.

¹ Burns, with somewhat too much extravagance, pronounced the "Gentle Shepherd" "the most glorious poem ever written;" and Professor Wilson has said, "Theocritus was a pleasant pastoral, and 'Sicilia' sees him among the stars. But all his dear idyls together are not equal in worth to the single 'Gentle Shepherd.'" Thomas Campbell remarked, "Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the 'Gentle Shepherd' is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes."—Ed.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?

A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byre tumbled, nine braw nowt were smooored,

Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:

In winter last my cares were very sma',

Though scores o' wathers perished in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,

Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep:

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mouny a loss!

O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
An' own that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,
O' plum-tree made, wi' ivory virls round;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:

I'll be mair cantie wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Tak' courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
An' safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye hae guessed owre true,

An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,

To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.

In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,

An' gars me look bombazed, an' unco blate.

But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,

She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow:

She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the car,

But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes no her, right weel I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but, in vain,
I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.

My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumbtyke;

If I had filled a nook within her breast,

She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,

Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldriife scorn.

Last night I played (ye never heard sic spite),

"O'er Bogie" was the spring, an' her delyte;

Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,

Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.—

Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,

I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?

Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' houp,
Gae till't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak' sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;

Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel

As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leal.

Last morning I was gye an' early out,

Upon a dyke I lean'd glow'ring about;

I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;

I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw no me;

For yet the sun was wading through the mist,

An' she was closs upon me ere she wist.

Her coats were kiltit, an' dith sweetly shaw

Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.

Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,

Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her cheek;

Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;

An' oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,

As she came skiffin' o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here,

I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;

But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."

She scoured awa, an' said, "What's that to you?"

"Than fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,"

I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke.

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,

She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;

Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,

To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.

I leugh, an sae did she: then wi' great haste

I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;

About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth

O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,

My very saul came louping to my lips.

Sair, sair she flate wi' me 'tween ilka smack,

But weel I ken'd she meant no as she spak'.

Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,

Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;

Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune—"Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,

An' answer kindness wi' a slight,

Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;

For women in a man delight,

But them despise wha's soon defeat,

An' wi' a simple face gie's way

To a repulse; then be nae blate,

Push bauldly on, an' win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,

Say aften what they never mean.

Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language o' their een:
 If these agree, an' she persist
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 An' let her sigh when it's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' ha'e sic an' art
 To hearten aye: for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine
 (My mither, rest her saul! she made it fine);
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',
 Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller crossed wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Weel are you wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravell'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, haud ye there—an' since ye've
 frankly made

To me a present o' your brow new plaid,
 My flute be yours; an' she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come o-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak' it out, an' gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tift to hear you play an' sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 By that time bannocks, an' a shave o' cheese,
 Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae
 wise

To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claihs;
 A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, an' round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear:
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
 green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farder up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets o' spring an' summer grow:
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's an' mak's a singin' din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursel—it's healthfu' now in May,
 An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye
 say,

Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 An' see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
 Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae any road, an' out o' sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.

He kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
 An' spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
 He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 An' few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, How d'ye!—or, There's a bonny day.

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting
 pride,

Hatred for love is unco sair to bide;
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet:
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 An' syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green."

The dorty will repent,
 If lovers' hearts grow cauld;
 An' nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave;
 Whimpers an' tarrows at its meat,
 An's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abused,
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or eat what they've refused.

Fy! Jenny, think, an' dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thocht a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, an' we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsel,
 For sae a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glow'rs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;
 But wha's obliged to spell his hums an' haws?

When'e'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, an' may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I ha'e a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Hech, lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle-
skull?

A very deil, that ay maun ha'e his will;
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life —
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
An' what we do, there's nane dar ca' it rude.
He's get his will: why no? it's good my part
To gi'e him that, an' he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daut ye baith afore fouk an' your lane;
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:
An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a lounderin' lick.

SANG IV.

Tune—"O, dear mither, what shall I do?"

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought to be for married:
Running to a life, destroys
Hartsome, free, an' youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
pith to move

My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music through my heart.
How blithely can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Patie.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

SANG V.

Tune—"How can I be sad on my wedding-day?"

How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak' their wives
snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hey, bonny lass o' Branksome! or't be lang,
Your witty Patie will put you in a sang.
O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:

To mak' them brows then ye maun toil an' spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsel wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither times his shoe;
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are
rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots tooling at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day an' night
The like o' them, when love mak's care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should beggry
draw;

But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, an' may rot your ewes;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo', an' cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:
Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's not to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent;
His honour mauna want; he poulds your gear:
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye
steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mowse to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak' out the
rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:

Wherefore, nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo',
Shall first be sell'd, to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behint's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we through the warld will
steer;

An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the
green,

Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
An' her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be
free,

There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to aye the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils through wind an' rain,
A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane;
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak' aff:

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour an' white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish o' married love right soon grows
cauld,

An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er
find

The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an'
bride;

Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

Tune—"Nancy's to the green-wood gane."

I yield, dear lassie, ye ha'e won,
An' there is nae denying,
That sure as icht flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peg. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no
fair;

That you'll no let the wee thing tak' the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Another time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our
aunt,

Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.
The house is Glauf's: there you may see him lean,
An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glauf. Good-morrow, neibour Symon:—come,
sit down,

An' gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in
town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
An' sald your Crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry;
Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now, auld
boy,

I've gathered news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I cam' o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
An' skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glauf. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chields
ne'er stand

To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glauf; an' I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.

Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; an' ane ca'd Monk
Has played the Rumpie a right slee begunk,
Restored King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;
An' Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That mak's me blyth indeed!—but
dinna flaw:

Tell o'er your news again, an' swear till't a'.
An' saw ye Hab? an' what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanket that our laird's come hame.
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-rid us till our guts did
grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

Tune—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen"

Cauld be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base an' bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strang a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth an' sense,
An' ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, an' nation.

Glaud. An' may he lang; for never did he
stent

Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday claise.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless, saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak' a seat.—
How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does
Kate?

How sells black cattle?—What gie's woo' this
year?"—

An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speir.

SANG VIII.

Tune—"Mucking o' Geordy's byre."

The laird wha in riches an' honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly an' free,
Nor rack his poor tenants, wha labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else, like the pack-horse that's unfathered
An' burdened, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardship is smothered,
An' rackers aft time their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raised!—Dear neibour, will ye
stay,
An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the niest town,
An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;
An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their
lane.

Sym. I wad'na bauk my friend his blyth design
Gif that it had'na first of a' been mine;
For ere yestreen I brewed a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime an' fat;
A furlet o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
An' a large ham hings reesting in the neuk:
I saw mysel', or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that seads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil,—an' ane we'll roast;
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung;
An' we've invited neibours, auld an' young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
Bring wi' you a' your family; an' then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant' wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursel, auld birky; never
fear,

But at your banquet I sall first appear:
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,
Till we forget that we are failed or auld.
Auld, said I!—Troth I'm younger be a score,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en!—Hey, Madge, come forth,
d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon,
welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel,
an' burn your tow,

An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blythe news indeed!—An' wha was't
tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my
Sundays' coat;

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
My white-skin hose, an' mittins for my hands;
Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak' yoursels as trig, head, feet, an' waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—an', Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,
An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-raised looks, ye see

BAULDY *his lane*.

What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet dar'na tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowes;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, hereen,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate lo'es her,—wae's me! an' she lo'es Pate;
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:—O, but ane be a beast,
That mak's rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I dar'na speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
It's sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantrips, an' gie me advice:
She can o'ercastr the night, an' cloud the moon,
An' mak' the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirkyard she raves,
An' howks unchristened weans out o' their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's an' snakes:
O' this, unsosy pictures aft she makes
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire:
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.
An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel
When ane like me comes rinnin' to the deil.
She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith, amaisht I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin springs:
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,
An' yet she spins an' sings.

SANG IX.

Tune—"Carle, an' the king come."

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,
Peggy, now the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
An' be a lady o' that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
An' beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae corn?

Baul. Enough o' baith—But something that
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand! alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow?

Baul. Aye, but ye're wise, an' wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm
possest,

That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
an' fell,

Ye'll maybe tak' it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me
hear;

Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tauks about ye, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirked, an' there nae butter came;

When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean
To a fairy turned, an' cou'dna stan' its lane;

When Wattie wandered ae night through the
shaw,

An' tint himsel amaisht among the snaw;

When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi'
fright,

When he brought east the howdy under night;

When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,

An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:

You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,

An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about:

An' sae they may that mean to do you skaith;

For me to wrang you, I'll be very laith:

But when I niest mak' groats, I'll strive to please.

You wi' a furlat o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your
demand,

An', if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.

Peggy likes Pate;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee,

An' lo'es sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—

Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then

Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man!

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row
right;

Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night;

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare
Worth a' your pease an' groats; tak' ye nae care.

Baul. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road
can find;

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak' the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast;—

O will ye come, like Badrans, for a jest?

An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy:

There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

Mause. It's like I may; but let nae on what's
past

'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps
me here;

Nane kens but me;—an' if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass an' cheerfu' swain
Change vows an' kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon, now we're
alane,

An' Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselfs, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough through the
reeds!

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy
breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind;
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest briar,
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flowers appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may
fleech,

An' lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

I dar'na stay;—ye joker, let me gang;

Another lass may gar you change your sang;

Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,

An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,

The sun shall change, the moon to change shall
cease,

The gait to clim, the sheep to yield their fleece,

Ere aught by me be either said or done,

Shall skaith our love; I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads
will swear,

An' be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;

But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,

Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,

How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Though we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a
year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,

Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang

O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand

Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,

Thou smiling by my side:—I took delight

To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;

O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,

For thee I plet the flowery belt an' snood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
hill,

An' I to milk the ewes first tried my skill;

To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,

When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, an' the heather
bells

Bloomed bonny on the muir, an' rising fells,

Nae birns, or briars, or whins, e'er troubled me,

Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
stane,

An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain:

At a' these sports, thou still ga'e joy to me;

For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden-*
knowes,

An' Rosie lilt the *Milking o' the Ewes;*

There's nane like Nancy *Jenny Nettle* sings;

At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings,

But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,

The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill,*

It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
An', roosed by them we love, blows up that fire:
But wha lo'es best, let time an' carriage try;
Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, an' a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

Tune—"The yellow-hair'd laddie."

Peggy.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
An' I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting foregathered wi' thee.

Patie.

When corn-riggs waved yellow, an' blue heather-
bells
Bloomed bonny on muirland, an' sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,
Gif I found the berries right ripened for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
An' cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain;
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knowes*,
An' Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ewes*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;
At *Thro' the Wood, Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs
ring;

But when my dear *Peggy* sings, wi' better skill,
The *Boatman*, *Tweedside* or the *Lass of the Mill*,
It's mony times sweeter, an' pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
An' praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To mak' mysel better, an' sweeter for thee.

Pa. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;—
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve;—
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
But thou, in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's
cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

Pat. An' let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss;
An' syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you an' me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat. Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
An' rowing een, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,
You're made for love, an' why should ye deny?

Peggy.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly times her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.

Patie.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may time; an' sae may ye.
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,
An' I ha'e tholed an' wooed a lang half-year.

Peggy (singing, fa's into Patie's arms).

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* arms, for good an' a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
An' mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

Patie (wi' his left hand about her waist).

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
An' haste about our bridal day!
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond you spreading lime,
An' tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whist! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his auld av'nues, ance delighfu' grov's.

SIR WILLIAM *solus.*

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.

Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands!
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls;
 My gardens, once adorned the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art made sweet;
 Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks;
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nee'trine branches found a field,
 And basked in rays which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the withered branches fly.
 These soon shall be repaired;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy;
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heaven too soon called home his mother fair:

Him, ere the rays of reason cleared his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstained with crime!

SANG XII.

Tune—"Happy clown."

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime:
 Unmoved with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;

All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in.
 An' visy't round an' round;
 There's nought superfluous to gie pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet a' is clear: a clear peat ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregaist the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, an' tak' their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursels.—I like to see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrylie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapau lad,
 An' better looks than his I never bade;
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa,
 An' tells his tale the clew'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;

God mak' him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, gudewife, if I be not mista'en,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
 An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;

My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;
 An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

Glaud. What reason can ye ha'e? There's nane, I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
 Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
 Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By an' attour, gif my gude huck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining-time as lang's I live,
 An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dimma speer

What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day aught-days, likely, he shall learn

That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gie's the other bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[Their healths gae round.]

Sym. But, will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,

Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,
Right clean rowed up, an' bedded on dry hay?

Glaud. That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells
sic flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her cankered humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father, there's an' auld man on the
green,

The fellest fortun-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is gray, an' lang an' gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can
say;

Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day.

[Exit JENNY.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth o' a' their saws I
doubt;

For greater liars never ran thereout.

*JENNY returns, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; with
them PATIE.*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak' a
seat.

Sir Wil. I gi'e ye thanks, gudeman, I'se no be
blate.

Glaud [drinks]. Come, here's t'ye, friend.—
How far came ye the day?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, neibour:—e'en but little
way;

Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi'
me,

An' tak' sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.

Sir Wil. That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye
ha'e a bairn

That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. [*pointing to PATIE.*] Only that lad:—
alake! I ha'e nae mae,

Either to mak' me joyfu' now, or wae.

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;—
what gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point, but, billy,
bide,

I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betouch-us-too! an' weel I wat that's
true;—

Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you;—

Four inch aneath his oxtar is the mark,

Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair: if this young lad be
spard

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! hear ye, gudeman—what think
ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken!—Strange auld man, what
art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, it's gude to bode o' wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S health gaes round.]

Pat. A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—an' like to be;

Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie, let the man look o'er your
hand,

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand,
then counterfeits falling into a trance, while
they endeavour to lay him right.]*

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or
possest

Wi' some nae good, or second sight at least:
Where is he now!—

Glaud. He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fouk (his peace
be here!)

See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsel),
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he
heaves,

An' speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better.—Elspa, haste ye,
gae

An' fill him up a tass o' usquebæ.

SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A Knight, that for a Lion fought,

Against a herd of bears,

Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

In which some thousands shares.

But now again the Lion rares,

And joy spreads o'er the plain:

The Lion has defeat the bears,

The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few days, shall bring

A shepherd frae the fauld,

And shall present him to his King,

A subject true and bauld.

He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:—

All you that hear me now,

May well believe what I have tald,

For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon
an' weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained wi' the deil,

To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep;
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,

Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fouks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, an' here that disna ken,
The wimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er muir an' dale.

Glaud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,

An' tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naething mair;

But I've twa sonsie lasses, young an' fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair through secrets can I sift
Till darkness black the bent:

I ha'e but ance a day that gift;

Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening, calm an' fair,
Around yon ruined tower, to fetch a walk
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:—

An' Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire;—
We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,
Syne sup together, an' tak' our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play;

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand home;

Young Roger draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting flame,

An' thow his lass's breast.

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet.

See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
An' yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jen. An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.

An' I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn:

Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.

Ah! cou'd I lo'e ye less, I'd happy be;

But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but what I may?

Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,

Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,

Has win your love, an' near your heart may lie.

Jen. I lo'e my father, cousin Meg I love;

But to this day nae man my mind could move:

Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;

An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;

What pleasure can ye tak' in giving pain?

I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;

Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me?

Jen. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set

On that whilk mak's our sweetness soon forget.

Wow! but we're bonny, gude, an' every thing;

How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!

But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,

Than we our daffin an' tint power repent;

When prisoned in four wa's, a wife right tame,

Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens when, for sake o' gear,

Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare;

Or when dull parents bairns together bind

O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But love, true downright love, engages me

(Though thou shou'dst scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae woovers' lips can fa'!

But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.

I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,

An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.

I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,

An' soon in mossy puddles disappear!

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;

But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,

The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.

I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,

Increase, an' join the ocean without stain;

The bridegroom may be blyth; the bride may smile;

Rejoice through life, an' a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,

The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,

Although I joked, I lo'ed your company;

An' ever had a warmth in my breast,

That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!
This gush o' pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fired
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tired.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
An' ferly at the quick return o' day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
An' briss thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

Tune—"Leith Wynd."

Jenny.

Were I assured you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart o' mine
Has lang a black-sole true to thee,
Wished to be paired wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind!
O let me briss thee to my heart!
An' round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part;
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy weel-tried love has won the day.
Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to lo'e me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb,
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jen. Weel I agree: niest to my parent gae,
Get his consent; he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld folks, like them, that want aye milk an' meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—"O'er Bogie."

Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me;
Niest to my father gae;
Mak' him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say ye nay:
For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
And will commend ye weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk an' meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Though a' my kin had said an' sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
An' if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fau't in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow
nowt,

As mony newcal in my byres rout;
Five packs o' woo! I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail bleaters on the fell;
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that mak's a heartsome house an' tigh
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', whilk now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love an' a' is yours; now haud them fast,
An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll domy best. But see wha comes this way
Patie an' Meg; besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, an meet the morn;
If we be seen we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the men-
nin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep tryst, an' meet me there: there let us meet,
To kiss an' tell our love; there's nought sae sweet!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym.
Within a gall'ry o' the place,
Where a' looks ruinous an' grim:
Nor has the baron shawn his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leal,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house so much
decayed?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy now he's come hame.

(*Sir William* draps his masking beard;
Simon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master! Do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!
Returned to cheer his wishing tenants' sight!
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!
Sir Wil. Rise, faithful *Symon*; in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirmed thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely sealed,
And ne'er to him his real birth revealed.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock; niest my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch
an' blate—

Sir Wil. And often vain and idly spend their time,
Till, grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends, which gives their souls a cast

That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytzie's son, that's lo'ed by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
As scrimpit o' manners as o' sense an' grace:
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin;
Rins in ilka trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a common-wealth

Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection. Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day

Wad be o'er short, could I them right display.
In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
An' when there's ony quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
An' his decret stands gude: he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases. My good friend, proceed.

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare

To gi'e him, at the school, enough o' lair;
An' he delights in books. He reads an' speaks,
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books o' history, sangs, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
An' carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspeare, an' a famous Ben,
He affen speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing;
An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made ower great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, an' plays:
When I reproved him ance, a book he brings,
"Wi' this," quoth he, "on braes I crack wi' kings."

Sir Wil. He answered well; and much ye glad my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa half read, half spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursel.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon. But one question more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arrived the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien
And rosy cheeks, the wonder o' the green,
Engaged his look, an' caught his youthful heart?

Sym. I feared the warst, but kend the sma'est part,

Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet.

I had my fears, but now ha'e nought to fear,
Since, like yourself, your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' thae charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,

When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command.
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is no downright me.

[Exit SYMON.]

SIR WILLIAM solus.

Whene'er the event of hope's success appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wished-for pleasures rise like morning light,

The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shows its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine:

Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

Tune—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen?"

Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,

My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn.
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shows its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.
 [Exit.]

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,
 Glauf's onset.—Enter Mause an' Madge.

MAUSE and MADGE.

Madge. Our laird's come hame! an' owns young
 Pate his heir.

Mause. That's news indeed!—

Madge. As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,
 Among us cam', cried, *Haud ye merry a'!*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He viewed us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains an' skill wad naething ha'e.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping
 coof,

Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou,
 When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help o' conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master; round his knees he gat,
 Hung at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for: happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
 An' troth, it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,—
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsel.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens? an' may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain:
 Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
 An' what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak' root, but tocher
 gude,

'Tween a herd's bairn an' ane o' gentle bluid!
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be,
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
 gain:

Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain!
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin' doof! it sets him
 weel

To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 An' sae wad I. But, whisht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

SANG XVI.

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude.
 For my tocher gude, I winna marry thee.
 E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.

Mause. Weel liltit, Bauldy; that's a dainty sang!
Baul. I'se gi'e ye't a: it's better than it's lang.

[Sings again.]

I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land enugh,
 I ha'e sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh;
 Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkin' o'er the lee,
 An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha'-house, a barn, an' a byre;
 A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak' a rantin' fire;
 I'll mak' a rantin' fire, and merry sall we be,
 An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
 Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak' me, than to let me be.

I trow sae; lasses will come to at last,
 Though for awhile they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul. Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. An' wha's the unlucky ane, if we may
 ask?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task:—
 Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
 On Pate turned Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.
 Now, now, gude Madge, an' honest Mause, stand
 be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
 Less wilfu', an' aye constant in my love.

Madge. As Neeps can witness, an' the bushy
 thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
 Fy! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard;
 What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?
 The curse o' Heaven hings aye aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gait;
 Nor will she be advised, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gait! mansworn! an' a' the
 rest!

Ye lied, auld roudes! an', in faith, had best

Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit
brock!

Speak that again, an', trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' yer cheeks out o'er yer chin.

Baul. I tak' ye witness, Mause, ye heard her
say

That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness, too, he ca'd me bonny
names,

An' should be served as his gude breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

[*Flees to his hair like a fury. A stout battle.*
MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips! Fy, *Madge!* howt,
Bauldy, leen!

I wadna wish this tuzlie had been seen,

It's sae daft-like.—

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE'S clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Madge. It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrupit tongue,

To cast up whether I be auld or young;

They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,

An', or they died, their bairns' bairns ha'e seen.

Mause. That's true;—an', Bauldy, ye was far
to blame,

To ca' *Madge* aught but her ain christened name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the
same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I sall
auld ye!

Mause. Howt, no! ye'll e'en be friends wi'
honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder
gae.

Ye maun forgi'e'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at *Madge*
nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wyte

O' what has happened, an' should therefore crave
My pardon first, an' shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae
greet,

An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,

Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, an' loup back! was e'er the like heard tell?
Swiath, tak' him, deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell!

Baul. [*running off.*] His presence be about us!
curst were he

That were condemned for life to live wi' thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*

Madge [*laughing*]. I think I've towzed his hari-
galds a wee;

He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae; he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly. I commend
ye for't;

His blooding snout ga'e me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,
An' breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hoped I was a witch, an' wadna stand
To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to
bear,

An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld withered hands, an' feeble joints
like mine,

Obliges fouk resentment to decline;

Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we

Wi' cunning can the lake o' pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne bade him come, an' we should gang to wark.

I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; an' I cam' here

To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;

Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wound round me, like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head.

We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang

A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on
night,

The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough.

An' the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,

While gude Sir William is to rest retired,

The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,

Walks through the broom wi' Roger ever leal,

To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak' fareweel.

PATIE and ROGER.

Rog. Wow but I'm cadgie, an' my heart louns
light!

Oh, Maister Patrick! ay, your thoughts were right.

Sure gentle fouk are farder seen than we,

That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak' my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding, sweet, an' nae mair scorn.

I spak' my mind; she heard. I spak' again;

She smiled. I kissed, I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't. But oh! my change
this day

Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father gently kind as brave,

An' an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,

He a' the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

"Such were the eyes," he said, "thus smiled the
mouth

Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth,

Who set too soon!" An' while he praise bestowed,

Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flowed.

My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late ken'd sire I viewed,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedewed.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I mysel', wi' rising raptures, found
The happy son o' ane sae much renowned.
But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids. Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand;
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, an' hafins reason, plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
An' part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

Tune—"Kirk wad let me be."

Duty an' part o' reason
Pleads strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior ca's treason;
The strongest must be obeyed:
For now, though I'm ane o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels,
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith: Sir William will be won.

Your Peggy's bonny; you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o' love;

An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll wed nane else; through life I will be true:
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master an' yoursel to stay
Amang us here? or, are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance;

To London niest, an' afterwards to France,
Where I maun stay some years an' learn to dance,
An' twa-three other monkey tricks. That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heeled shoon.
Then it's designed, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. "They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep;

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep:"

Gude Maister Patrick, tak' your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the same:

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift; without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,

When we but pick it scantily on the bent:

Fine claiaths, saft beds, sweet houses, an' red wine,
Gude cheer, an' witty frien's, whene'er ye dine;
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease,—
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks no far amiss;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.

The passions rule the roast; an', if they're sour,
Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.

The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease:

While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder aye, an' it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,
That I may easier disappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill;

Thae best can teach what's real gude an' ill.
Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,

To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith, I'se ha'e books, though I should sell my kye.

But now let's hear how you're designed to move,
Between Sir William's will an' Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies: his will maun be obeyed,
My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride;

But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here;
I sent for Peggy. Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

[Exit ROGER.]

PATIE solus.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
I ken she lo'es, an' her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
O' disappointment. Heaven support my fair,
An' let her comfort claim your tender care!
Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears?

Smile as ye wot, allow nae room for fears.
Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I darna think sae high. I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?

Like to be carried by some reiver's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it wi' me
remains

To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To mak' strict duty an' true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, an' still my
grief;

But short I daur to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire:
Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nao mair my heartsome
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excelled the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang.
When Pate kissed me, when I danced or sang.
Nao mair, alack! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin haff breathless round the rucks o' hay;
As aft-times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow, 'twill help to gie me ease:
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
An' worst o' ills attend my wretched life.
If e'er to me, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVIII.

Tune—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief,

Hand up a heart that's sinking under

Thae fears, that soon will want relief.

When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:

A gentler face, an' silk attire.

A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,

Alack, poor me! will now conspire

To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nao mair the shepherd, wha excelled

The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we aften strayed,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander,

Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd.

You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the knowe wi' silent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep.

An' wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I row,

Though thou shouldst never wanderin' loven,

Through life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a wife to any other!

Pate. Sure Heaven approves: an' be assured
o' me,

I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:

An' time, though time maun interpose a while,

An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle;

Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,

If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move

The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.

If at my foot were crowns an' sceptres laid,

To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!

For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things.

To sit as ha'e the patience to be kings.—

Wherefore that tear? Believe, an' calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.

When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk
despair

Made me think life was little worth my care,

My heart was like to burst; but now I see

Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.

Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,

Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear:

An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms;

To mak' me fitter for my traveller's arms:

I'll gain on uncle Gland; he's far frae fool,

An' will not grudge to put me through ilk school,

Where I may manners learn.

SANG XIX.

Tune—"Tweed-side."

When hope was quite sunk in despair,

My heart it was going to break;

My life appeared worthless my care,

But now I will save't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,

Wherever he lodges by night,

Wi' me his dear image shall stay.

An' my saul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,

An' study the gentlest o' charms;

Hope time away, till thou appear.

To lock thee for aye in these arms.

Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I prized

Nao higher degree in this life:

But now I'll endeavour to rise

To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,

Must fade like the gowans in May;

But inwardly rooted, will keep

For ever without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes o' life,

Can quench the fair fire o' love,

If virtue's ingrained in the wife.

An' the husband has sense to approve.

Pate. That's wisely said;

An' wae't he wae't that lang we'll dwell

Though, without a' the little helps o' art,

Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.

And now, I'll be your servant, as of old,
And shall be ready to do all that you
Command me, as I was wont to do,
For I am yours, as I was wont to be.

Pat. You are a brave man, and a true one,
And I am glad to see you here again,
For I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

SCENE XX.

Enter—"Bush about Traquair."

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat. My dear, allow me, from thy temples hair,
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample o' each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss, an' wear about my arm.

Pat. Were't in my power, wi' better looks to
pursue,

I'd get the best I could o' the same case;
But were I, if my look had it all to do,
I'd be as good as dead to them.

Pat. I thought it so, but now, to be a little thing
To make a little more, was better on a green.
I'd be as good as dead to them, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

Pat.

ACT FIFTH. SCENE I.

Enter—Sir William, and a servant.
Sir William, I am yours, as I was wont to be,
And shall be ready to do all that you

SYMON and BAUDY.

Sym. What want ye, Baudy, at this early
hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's power?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glow'r, an' look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Baud. O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale!
My head's grown dizzy, legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture out at night my lane!
Alake! I'll never be mysel again!

Sym. I'll ne'er o'erput it, *Symon!* Oh, *Symon!* Oh!
[SYMON gives him a drink.]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak' sae loud
ado?
You've waked Sir William; he has left his bed.
He comes, I fear, ill-pleased: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Wm. How late the night! Does anyone
yet appear?—

Symon. You're very timely, sir.
Sym. I am sorry, sir, that we have worried your
rest;
But some strange thing has Baudy's spirit up-
prest:

He's been some while, or more, in a dream.
Baud. O ay, that's it, in truth, it's true to say,
As I am come to me, at yon point of day.
Sir Wm. Well, Baudy, I beg to know of you.
Baud. An' as for that, I beg to say,
That when I was in that state of dream,
First I was wakened by a loud ring, an' then by a bell,
To get a glass of water, or some such thing,
As the lady begged, I met o' her right hand;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the poor beg, I met o' her right hand.

(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
Raised up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk;

Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.
 Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
 An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I used to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
 I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,
 Till wi' an elritch laugh they vanished quite;
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,
 Crap up, an' fled straight frae them, sir, to you,
 Houpin your help to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall
 granted be.

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I
 obey;

But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,
 To catch her first, ere she get leave to squeal,
 An' cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid
 than hurt;

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
 sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is through want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae
 sic thing,

As witches raising deils up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
 Could never be contrived on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
 Amongst a few old women, crazed and poor,
 Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and loup
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his doup;
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horned cow,
 Aft-times like bawty, bawdrans, or a sow.
 Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs
 ride;

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then oft, by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and
 stools.

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true eneugh, we ne'er heard that a
 witch

Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
 But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
 An' lives a quiet an' very honest life.
 That gars me think this hobblesheiw that's past,
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will. But see, increasing
 light

Commands the imps of darkness down to night.
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

Tune—"Bonny gray-ey'd morn."

The bonny gray-eyed morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray;
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day;
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plough,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While flustered with wine, or maddened with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Placed at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
 Gland, by his morning ingle, tak's a beek,
 The rising sun shines mottly through the reek;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his ean,
 An' now an' then his joke maun intervene.

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

Gland. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till
 night;

Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
 Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak' your leave o' Patrick or he gang.
 But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
 That he poor landward lasses will regard?

Jen. Though he's young master now, I'm very
 sure

He has mair sense than slight auld friends,
 though poor.

But yesterday, he ga'e us mony a tug,
 An' kissed my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Gland. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't
 again;

But be advised, his company refrain:
 Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
 Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life;
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that? Sure, if it means
 aught ill,

He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Gland. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;
 Ane young, an' gude, an' gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like o' us thinks sin to name.
 Be wary then, I say, an' never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;
An' may na Patrick, too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; an' mony gentry mae than he,

As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven. I've heard mysel
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;

Sure, him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God!

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an' drink:

But I'm na saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Nae, he kens better things.

But here comes aunt: her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,

To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate

'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the outer door,

An' bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

[Exit GLAUD.]

Madge. Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?

How bleared an' red wi' greeting look her een!

This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,

To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plane,

For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane;

To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;

To leave the green-sward dance, whan we gae milk,

To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.

But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,

An' tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn?

It's na my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,

I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.

Now, since he rises, why should I repine?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;

An' then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth! But we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the two-armed chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's telled him that the taws
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak gude-breeding's laws,
An' wi' his nonsense raised their rage.

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, and MAUSE.*

Sir Wil. And was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye was served

No otherwise than what ye well deserved.

Was it so small a matter, to defame

And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betrayed,

By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut, through a' the steps,

An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, sir, he obliged me, on the score,

I ken'd na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An' like your honour, I believed it weel;

But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil.

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae witch,

She's baith a sleet an' a revengefu' —,

An' that my some-place finds. But I had best

Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,

An' the young bonny witch, whase rosy cheek

Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. *[looking at PEGGY.]* Whose daughter's she, that wears th' aurora gown,

With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?

How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find?

The girl brings all my sister to my mind!

Such were the features once adorned a face,

Which death too soon deprived of sweetest grace.—

Is this your daughter, Glaud?

Glaud. Sir, she's my niece;

An' yet she's not: but I should haud my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?

She is, and is not! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak' appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wil. Speak soon—I'm all impatience!

Pat. Sae am I!

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey:—

This bonny foundling, ae clear morn o' May,

Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,

A' sweet, an' clean, an' carefully hapt round

In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, could leave exposed to
air

Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me
Only about twa townmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms; the bairnie smiled
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story. She has passed sinsyne
As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's gude,
An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;
O' wham I kenna. Naething I ken mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange!

Pat. The tale delights my ear!

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear.

Mause. That be my task. Now, sir, bid a' be
hush:

Peggy may smile; thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wished to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best an' nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave; prove what
you say:

It's dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.

Ommes. The story's odd! We wish we heard
it out.

Sir Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

[*MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to
SIR WILLIAM.*

Mause. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years sae
ploughed

A wrinkled face, that you ha'e aften viewed,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Wha nursed her mother that now hauds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

Sir Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my
eyes before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the labyrinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her
sit by him.*

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail.
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Gude nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae
fine,

Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words o' thine.

Mause. Then it was I that saved her infant life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possess:
All this to me a confidant confest.

I heard wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travelled some few miles ere day.
A' day I hid me. Whan the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
An' took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glauf himsel, an' Symon, may
Remember weel how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glauf. [*Wi' tears of joy happing down his beard.*]
I weel remember't. Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wished for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt: my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; an' wad, though still unknown,
Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter! welcome to
my care,

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair!
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-matched flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to
SIR WILLIAM.*

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Wil. [*raises them.*] I give you both my bless-
ing. May your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete; my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?

Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains!

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glauf. I hope your honour now will tak' amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall
know

That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views o' wealth an' an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only I'll aye thankfu' bow,
For sic a kindness, best o' men, to you.

Sym. What double blytheness wakens up this
day!

I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you.
E'en Bauldy, the bewitched, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taws, an' pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man! remain with you
this day?

I never from these fields again will stray.
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear.
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty
year!

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.
Glaud. God save the King, an' save Sir William
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherds' sang.
Rog. Wha winna dance? Wha will refuse to
sing?

What shepherd's whistle winna lit the spring?
Baul. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge
I'm 'greed,

Although they skelpit me when woody fleid:
I'm now fu' blythe, an' frankly can forgive,
To join an' sing, "Lang may Sir William live!"

Madge. Lang may he live! An', Bauldy, learn
to steek

Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak;
An' never ca' her auld that want's a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for aye that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.
An', my gude nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures o' this happy
day

Does fully a' I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To the faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud,
to you,

An' to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord o' Heaven return your hon-
our's love,

Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove!

[*PATIE, presenting ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.*

Pat. Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always
shared

My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think nae shame)
Raised, an' maintains in him a lover's flame.

Lang was he dumb; at last he spak' an' won,
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son.

Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

Sir Wil. My son's demand is fair. Glaud, let
me crave

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and, while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, sir. What
can we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay:
Whate'er your honour wills, I sall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' a blessing, tak',
An' still our master's right your business mak'.
Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld gray head
Sall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever lo'ed to mak' owre great a fraise;
But for my master, father, an' my wife,
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all
behave,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward, an' satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark an' wild;
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguiled.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now, all's at right, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should
obey:

I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXII.

Tune—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair an' ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size:
He's comely in his walking;
The shining o' his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kissed an' vowed he wad be mine,
An' lo'ed me best o' ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses o' a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding were designed,
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, an' marry Pate,
 An' syne my cockernony,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE VISION.

Bedown the bents of Banquo brae,
 My lane I wandered waif and wae,
 Musing our main mischance;
 How by the foes we are undone,
 That stole the sacred stane¹ frae Scone,
 And led us sic a dance:
 While England's Edwards take our towers,
 And Scotland first obeys;
 Rude ruffians ransack royal bowers,
 And Baliol homage pays;
 Through feidom, our freedom
 Is blotted with this score,
 What Romans', or no man's,
 Pith could e'er do before.

The air grew rough with bousteous thuds,
 Bauld Boreas branglit outhrow the clouds,
 Maist like a drunken wight;
 The thunder crack'd, and flauchts did rift
 Frae the black vizard of the lift;
 The forest shook with fright:
 Nae birds aboon their wing exten',
 They dought not bide the blast:
 Ilk beast bedeen bang'd to their den,
 Until the storm was past:
 Ilk creature in nature
 That had a spunk of sense,
 In need then, with speed then,
 Methought cried, "IN DEFENCE!"

To see a morn in May sae ill,
 I deem'd dame Nature was gane will
 To roar with reckless reil;
 Wherefore to put me out of pain,
 And sounce my scap and shanks frae rain,
 I bore me to a biel,
 Up a high craig that hungit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious crove of nature's craft,
 Which to me shelter gave;
 There vexed, perplexed,
 I lean'd me down to weep;

In brief there, with grief there,
 I dotter'd owre on sleep.

Here Somnus in his silent hand
 Held all my senses at command,
 While I forgot my care;
 The mildest meed of mortal wights,
 Who pass in peace the private nights,
 That, waking, finds it rare;
 So in soft slumbers did I lie,
 But not my wakerife mind,
 Which still stood watch, and could espy
 A man with aspect kind,
 Right auld-like, and bauld-like,
 With beard three-quarters scant,
 Sae brave-like, and grave-like,
 He seem'd to be a sanct.

Great daring darted frae his eye,
 A broadsword shogled at his thigh,
 On his left arm a targe;
 A shining spear fill'd his right hand,
 Of stalwart make in bone and braun,
 Of just proportions large;
 A various rainbow-coloured plaid
 Owre his left spaul he threw,
 Down his braid back, frae his white head,
 The silver wimplers grew;
 Amazed, I gazed,
 To see, led at command,
 A stramphant and rampant
 Fierce lion in his hand,

Which held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar grav'd I saw
 This poesy, pat and plain:
 "*Nemo me impune lacess*—
Et." In Scots, "Nane shall oppress
 Me, unpunished with pain!"
 Still shaking, I durst naething say,
 Till he, with kind accent,
 Said, "Fere! Let not thy heart affray,
 I come to hear thy plaint;
 Thy groaning, and moaning,
 Hath lately reach'd mine ear;
 Debar then, afar then,
 All ciriness or fear.

"For I am one of a high station,
 The warden of this ancient nation,
 And cannot do thee wrang."
 I vizyt him then round about,
 Syne, with a resolution stout,
 Speir'd, where had he been sae lang?
 Quoth he, "Although I some forsook,
 Because they did me slight,
 To hills and glens I me betook,
 To them that loves my right;

¹ This stone is preserved in Westminster Abbey.

Whose minds yet, inclines yet,
To dam the rapid spate,
Devising, and prizing,
Freedom at any rate.

"Our traitor peers their tyrants treat,
Who gibe them, and their substance eat,
And on their honour stamp.
They, puir degenerates, bend their backs,
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp.
While true men, sair complaining, tell
With sobs their silent grief,
How Baliol their rights did sell,
With small hope of relief.
Regretting, and fretting,
Aye at his cursed plot,
Who rammed, and crammed,
That bargain down their throat.

"Brave gentry swear, and burghers ban;
Revenge is muttered by each clan
That's to the nation true.
The cloisters come to cun the evil,
Mailpayers wish it to the devil,
With its contriving crew.
The hardy would with hearty wills
Upon dire vengeance fall;
The feckless fret owre heughs and hills,
And echo answers all;
Repeating, and greeting,
With mony a sair alace,
For blasting, and casting,
Our honour in disgrace!"

"Wae's me!" quoth I, "our case is bad;
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sin' this disgraceful paction.
We're fell'd and harried now by force,
And hardly help for't, that's yet worse,
We are sae forfairn wi' faction.
Then has he not good cause to grumble,
That's for'd to be a slave?
Oppression does the judgment jumble,
And gars a wise man rave.
May chains then, and pains then,
Infernal be their hire,
Who dang us, and flang us,
Into this ugsome mire!"

Then he, with bauld forbidding look,
And stately air, did me rebuke,
For being of sprite sae mean.
Said he, "It's far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, when his lot
May sometime sour his spleen.
He rather should, mair like a man,
Some brave design attempt,

Gif it's not in his pith, what then?
Rest but a while content;
Not fearful, but cheerful,
And wait the will of fate,
Which minds to, designs to,
Renew your ancient state.

"I ken some mair than ye do all
Of what shall afterward befall
In mair auspicious times;
For often, far above the moon,
We watching beings do convene,
Frae round earth's utmost climes;
Where every warden represents
Clearly his nation's case,
Gif famine, pest, or sword torments,
Or villains high in place,
Who keep aye, and heap aye,
Up to themselves great store,
By rundging, and spunging,
The leal laborious poor."

"Say then," said I, "at your high state,
Learn'd ye aught of auld Scotland's fate,
Gif e'er she'll be hersell?"
With smile celest, quoth he, "I can;
But it's not fit a mortal man
Should ken all I can tell:
But part to thee I may unfold,
And thou mayst safely ken,
When Scottish peers slight Saxon gold,
And turn true-hearted men;
When knavery, and slavery,
Are equally despis'd,
And loyalty, and foyalty,
Universally are priz'd,—

"When all your trade is at a stand,
And cunye clean forsakes the land,
Which will be very soon;
Will priests without their stipends preach?
For naught will lawyers causes stretch?
Faith! that's na easy done!
All this, and mair, maun come to pass
To clear your glamour'd sight,
And Scotland maun be made an ass-
To set her judgment right.
They'll jade her, and blad her,
Until she break her tether;
Though auld she is, yet bauld she is,
And tough like barked leather.

"But mony a corpse shall breathless lie,
And wae shall mony a widow cry,
Or all run right again;
O'er Cheviot, prancing proudly north,
The foes shall take the field near Forth,
And think the day their ain.

But burns that day shall run with blood
 Of them that now oppress,
 Their carcases be corbies' food
 By thousands on the grass.
 A king then, shall reign then,
 Of wise renown and brave,
 Whose puissance, and sapience,
 Shall right restore and save."

"The view of freedom's sweet!" quoth I,
 "O say, great tenant of the sky,
 How near's that happy time?"

"We ken things but by circumstance;
 Nae mair," quoth he, "I may advance,
 Lest I commit a crime."

"Whate'er ye please, gae on," quoth I,
 "I shall not fash ye more,
 Say how and where ye met, and why,
 As ye did hint before."

With air then, sae fair then,
 That glanc'd like rays of glory,
 Sae god-like and odd-like,
 He thus resumed his story.

"Frae the sun's rising to his set,
 All the prime rate of wardens met,
 In solemn bright array,
 With vehicles of ether clear,
 Such as we put on when we appear
 To souls row'd up in clay;
 There in a wide and splendid hall,
 Reared up with shining beams,
 Whose roof-trees were of rainbows all,
 And paved with starry gleams,
 That prinkled, and twinkled,
 Brightly beyond compare,
 Much famed, and named,
 The Castle in the Air.

"In midst of which a table stood,
 A spacious oval red as blood,
 Made of a fire-flaucht;
 Around the dazzling walls were drawn,
 With rays by a celestial haun,
 Full many a curious draught.
 Inferior beings flew in haste,
 Without guide or director,
 Millions of miles, through the wild waste,
 To bring in bowls of nectar.
 Then roundly, and soundly,
 We drank like Roman gods,
 When Jove sae, does rove sae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

"When Phœbus' head turns light as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limping Vulcan blethers;
 When Pluto glowers as he were wild,

And Cupid (Love's wee winged child)
 Falls down and fyles his feathers;
 When Pan forgets to tune his reed,
 And flings it careless by;
 And Hermes, wing'd at heels and head,
 Can neither stand nor lie:
 When staggering, and swaggering,
 They stoiter home to sleep;
 While sentries, and entries,
 Immortal watches keep.

"Thus we took in the high brown liquor,
 And bang'd about the nectar bicker;
 But ever with this odds—
 We ne'er in drink our judgments drench,
 Nor scour about to seek a wench,
 Like these auld bawdy gods;
 But frankly at each other ask
 What's proper we should know,
 How each one has performed the task
 Assigned to him below.
 Our minds, then, sae kind then,
 Are fixed upon our care,
 Aye noting, and plotting,
 What tends to their weelfare.

"Gothus and Vandal baith look'd bluff,
 While Gallus sneered and took a snuff,
 Which made Almaine to stare;
 Latinus bade him nothing fear,
 But lend his hand to holy weir,
 And of cow'd crowns tak' care.
 Batavius, with his puddock-face,
 Looking asquint, cried, 'Pish!
 Your monks are void of sense or grace,
 I had lever fight for fish;
 Your school-men are fool-men,
 Carv'd out for dull debates,
 Decoying, and destroying,
 Baith monarchies and states.'

"Iberius, with gurlly nod,
 Cried, 'Hogan,¹ yes, we ken your god,
 It's herrings ye adore!
 Heptarchus, as he used to be,
 Cannot with his ain thoughts agree,
 But varies back and fore.
 One while he says it is not right
 A monarch to resist;
 Next breath all royal power will slight,
 And passive homage jest.
 He hitches, and fitches,
 Between the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Aye geeing, and fleeing,
 Round like a weather-cock.

¹ A name of contempt for the Dutch.

"I still support my precedence
 Aboon them all, for sword and sense,
 Though I have lain right low;
 Which was because I bore a grudge
 At some fool Scots who liked to drudge
 To princes not their own.
 Somethanes their tenants pyk'd and squeez'd
 And purs'd up all their rent.
 Syne wallop'd to far courts, and bleez'd
 Till riggs and shaws were spent.
 Syne byndging, and whyndging,
 When thus reduced to howps,
 They dander, and wander,
 About, pur lick-ma-dowps!

"But now it's time for me to draw
 My shining sword against club-law,
 And gar my lion roar;
 He shall or lang gie sic a sound,
 The echo shall be heard around
 Europe, frae shore to shore.
 Then let them gather all their strength,
 And strive to work my fall;
 Though numerous, yet at the length
 I will o'ercome them all;
 And raise yet, and blaze yet,
 My bravery and renown,
 By gracing, and placing,
 Aright the Scottish crown."

"When my brave Bruce the same shall weir
 Upon his royal head, full cleir
 The diadem will shine;
 Then shall your sair oppression cease,
 His interest yours he will not fleece,
 Nor leave you e'er incline:
 Though millions to his purse be lent,
 You'll ne'er the puirer be,
 But rather richer, while it's spent
 Within the Scottish sea.
 The field then, shall yield then,
 To honest husbands' wealth;
 Good laws then, shall cause then,
 A sickly state have health."

While thus he talk'd methought there came
 A wonder-fair ethereal dame,
 And to our warden said—
 "Great Caledon! I come in search
 Of you frae the high starry arch,
 The council wants your aid.
 Frae every quarter of the sky,
 As swift as whirlwind,
 With spirits' speed the chieftains hie;
 Some great thing is designed.
 Owre mountains, by fountains,
 And round each fairy ring,
 I've chased ye: O haste ye,
 They talk about your king!"

With that my hand, methought, he shook,
 And wished I happiness might brook
 To eild by night and day;
 Syne, quicker than an arrow's flight,
 He mounted upwards frae my sight,
 Straight to the Milky Way.
 My mind him followed through the skies,
 Until the briny stream
 For joy ran trickling frae mine eyes,
 And wak'd me frae my dream.
 Then peeping, half sleeping,
 Frae furth my rural bield,
 It eased me, and pleased me,
 To see and smell the field.

For Flora, in her clear array,
 New washen with a shower of May,
 Looked full sweet and fair;
 While her clear husband frae above,
 Shed down his rays of genial love,
 Her sweets perfum'd the air.
 The winds were hush'd, the welkin clear'd,
 The glooming clouds were fled,
 And all as saft and gay appear'd
 As ane Elysian shed;
 Whilk heezed, and bleezed,
 My heart with sic a fire,
 As raises these praises,
 That do to heaven aspire.

LOCHABER NO MORE.¹

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on wear;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
 mind;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

¹ The Lass of Patie's Mill, the Yellow-hair'd Laddie, Farewell to Lochaber, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even superior, in point of pastoral simplicity, to most lyric productions either in the Scottish or any other language.—*Joseph Ritson*.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting;
 We kissed and promised time away,
 Till night spread her dark curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.¹

The lass of Patie's Mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 To press them with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fan'
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same with me.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonnie lasses,
 They bigged a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
 And cheeked it ower wi' rashes.

¹ Burns in a letter to Mr. Thompson gives the following history of the song. He says that Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudoun Castle, being on a visit to the Earl of Loudoun, and one forenoon riding or walking out together, they passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvine water, still called Patie's Mill, where a bonnie lass was "tedding hay bareheaded on the green." The earl observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of the Lass of Patie's Mill, which he produced that day at dinner.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills wi' rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
Wi' ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's aye sae clean redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses:
Waes me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn-
trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and
morn:
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Though young Maddie
be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the
spring.

"That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke
truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
Then sighing, he wished, would but parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

BORN 1690—DIED 1733.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of "Tweedside," was born about the year 1690. He was a cadet of the family of Drumsay, and is sometimes called William Crawford of Auchinames, a mistake in part arising from Lord Woodhouselee misapplying an expression in one of Hamilton of Bangour's letters regarding a *Will* Crawford. His father, Patrick Crawford (or Crawford), was twice married, first to a daughter of a Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons—Thomas, and Robert the poet; second to Jean, daughter of Crawford of Auchinames, in Renfrewshire, by whom he had a large family. Hence the mistake of making the poet belong to the

Auchinames family. He was on terms of intimacy with Allan Ramsay and William Hamilton of Bangour. He assisted the former in "the glory or the shame" of composing new songs for many old Scottish melodies, which appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, published in the year 1724, and is one of the "ingenious young gentlemen" of whom the editor speaks as contributors to his *Miscellany*.

Crawford is said to have been a remarkably handsome man, and to have spent many years in Paris. Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, in a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated Oct. 27, 1787, says: "You may tell Mr. Burns when you see him that Colonel Edmonston told me t'other

day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs: but that his eldest brother Robert (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and 'Tweedside.' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr. John Belches. The colonel (Edmonston) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and lived long in France." According to Sir Walter Scott, the Mary celebrated in "Tweedside" was of the Harden family, a descendant of another famed beauty, Mary Scott of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire, known by the name of "the Flower of Yarrow." Harden is an estate on the Tweed, about four miles from Melrose. Mr. Ramsay's letter fixes Crawford's death in the year 1732, while according to information obtained by Robert Burns from another source, he was drowned in coming from France in 1733. Such are the few details we possess concerning one of Scotland's sweetest singers.

Of the many beautiful songs written by Crawford the most celebrated are "Tweedside" and "The Bush aboon Traquair." Speaking of the last-mentioned lyric, Dr. Robert Chambers, a native of Peebles, says:—"The Bush aboon Traquair" was a small grove of birches

that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peeblesshire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the following verses." Crawford, who has genuine poetical fancy and great sweetness of expression, gives us many beautiful images of domestic life. His pipe, like the pipe of Ramsay, is

"A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound,"

and it summons to modest love and chaste joy. Like the voice of the cuckoo, it calls us to the green hills, the budding trees, and the rivulet bank; to the sound of water and the sight of opening flowers. "The true muse of native pastoral," says Allan Cunningham, "seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornament; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people and the aspect of the soil—and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker."

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented:
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,
In sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY.

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay; why wilt thou grieve
me?

Alas! my fond heart will break, if thou should
leave me:

I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say, has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that
has grieved thee?

My constant mind ne'er shall stray, thou may
believe me.

I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave
thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve
thee?

Can Mary thy anguish soothe? This breast shall
receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee;
Delight shall drive pain away, pleasure revive
thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave
thee?

Oh! that thought makes me sad; I'll never leave
thee!

Where would my Adonis fly? why does he grieve
me?

Alas! my poor heart will die, if I should leave thee.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
When on the bent with blythe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
In heav'nly beauty's planted!
Her smiling een and comely mien,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonnie marrow:
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.

O, bonnie lass! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around, with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

O, sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move,
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom:
But if thou shine and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fixed on thee,
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou dee.
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray:
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see;
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms—
 I'm lost if Peggy dee.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her e'e;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free:
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burnside;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride:
 Her cheeks were rosie, red, and white;
 Her een were bonnie blue;
 Her looks were like the morning bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale;
 With, Mary when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew?
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And aye will follow you.¹

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side—
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,
 My peaceful, happy home
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At ev'n among the broom.

¹ The last stanza was added by Burns.—Ed.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknowes.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

Beneath a beech's grateful shade
Young Colin lay complaining;
He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining;
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief:
Though pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thou thus cruelly use him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
For which you should excuse him:

'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where every maid invites me;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only slights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

BORN 1699 — DIED 1784.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born at Torphins, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, April 13, 1699. He was the son of Andrew Ross, a small farmer in easy circumstances, and received his education at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1718. Soon after leaving the university he was engaged as tutor in the family of Sir William Forbes, of Craigievar and Fintray, and then as teacher at the parish school of Aboyne, subsequently at that of Laurencekirk. In 1726 he married Jane Catanach, the daughter of an Aberdeenshire farmer, and descended by her mother from the old family of Duguid of Auchinhove. In 1732 he was appointed schoolmaster of Lochlee, a wild and thinly-peopled district in Forfarshire, where he spent the remainder of his simple and uneventful life in the discharge of the duties of his humble office. It was not until he had resided here for thirty-six years, that, in the year 1768, when he was nearly seventy, Ross appeared before the public as a

poet. So early as his sixteenth year he had commenced writing verse; a translation from the Latin of Buchanan, composed at that age, having been published by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, in a memoir of the poet, prefixed to an edition of his first work "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," printed at Dundee in 1812. This beautiful pastoral poem and some songs, among which were "The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow," and "Woo'd and Married and a'," was first published at Aberdeen in 1768. A second edition appeared in 1778, dedicated to the Duchess of Gordon, and the work has since been frequently reprinted. On its first publication a letter highly laudatory of the poem appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, under the fictitious signature of Oliver Oldstile, accompanied by an epistle in verse to the author, from the pen of the poet Dr. Beattie, being the latter's only attempt in the Scots vernacular. We append the first stanza, of which there are sixteen in the epistle:—

"O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,
 Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes!
 Thy hamely auld-wairld muse provokes
 Me for awhile
 To ape our guid plain countra folks
 In verse and stile."

In the north of Scotland, where the Buchan dialect is spoken, "The Fortunate Shepherdess," continues to be as popular as the productions of Ramsay and Burns, while some of his lyrics are universal favourites. In 1779, when eighty years of age, he was invited by the Duke and Duchess of Gordon to visit them at Gordon Castle. He accepted the invitation, extended to him through his friend Dr. Beattie, remaining at the castle some days. Says his grandson and biographer, "he was honoured with much attention and kindness both by the duke and duchess, and was presented by the latter with an elegant pocket-book, containing a handsome present, when he returned to Lochlee, in good health and with great satisfaction." The next year he lost his wife, who died at the advanced age of eighty-two, and to whose memory he erected a tombstone with a poetical epitaph. He himself did not long survive her: on May 20th, 1784, "worn out with age and infirmity, being in his eighty-sixth year, he breathed his last, with the com-

posure, resignation, and hope becoming a Christian." He left in manuscript eight small volumes of poems and other compositions, an account of which is given in Campbell's *Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*.

Ross's reputation must, however, rest upon his "Fortunate Shepherdess," and the songs which were published with it, rather than upon his unpublished writings, which his friend Beattie advised should be suppressed. Burns has written of our author, "Our true brother Ross of Lochlee was a wild warlock;" and the celebrated Dr. Blacklock, says Irving, "as I have heard from one of his pupils, regarded it ('The Fortunate Shepherdess') as equal to the pastoral of Ramsay." On the first appearance of Ross's principal poem Beattie predicted—

"And ilka Mearns and Angus bairn
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn."

The prediction has been verified, and a hope which he expressed in one of his unpublished poems has been fully realized:—

"Hence lang, perhaps lang hence may quoted be,
 My hamely proverbs lined wi' blythesome glee;
 Some reader then may say, 'Fair fa' ye, Ross,'
 When, aiblins, I'll be lang, lang dead and gane,
 An' few remember there was sic a name."

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
 She louted her down, and her rock took a-low,
 And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
 She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled
 and wrang,
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
 Alas! for the dreary beginnin' o't.
 I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
 And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.
 For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me;
 But ye shall ha'e leave baith to hang and to drawme
 The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.
 I've keepit my house now these threescore years,
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.

But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
 That ilkane maun ha'e a sark, and some ha'e twa—
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.

In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but
 won
 To a surcoat, hough-syde, for the winnin' o't,
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o' their bum,
 They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
 A pair o' gray hoggars weel cluikit benew,
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ewe,
 With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through
 the dew,
 Was the fee they socht at the beginnin' o't.

But we maun ha'e linen, and that maun ha'e we,
 And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
 How can we ha'e face for to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
 And we maun ha'e pearlins, and mabbies, and
 cocks,
 And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;

And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?

'Tis needless for us to mak' our remarks,
Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.
She never kenn'd ocht o' the guesd o' the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
By our auld-waird bodies, and that bude be
bought;
For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—
Sae little they kenned o' the spinnin' o't.

THEY SAY THAT JOCKEY.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't:
For yester-night, nae farther gane,
The back house at the side-wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto good luck,
Although there might betide ill o't.
For bridal days are merry times,
And young fouk like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers play the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't;
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't.
The boddom of the kist is then
Turn'd up into the inmost o't;
The end that held the keeks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for another o't,
And ere he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll play the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan thick and three-fauld they convene,
Ilk ane envies the tother o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see another o't.

Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beatin o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
And louns at ilka reeing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the freezings o't.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride cam' out of the byre,
An' O as she dightet her cheeks!
"Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets;
Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado."
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and a'.
And was she na very weel aff,
That was woo'd and married and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the plough;
"O haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' bawsint yade
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither,
"What deil needs a' this pride:
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava';
An' ye ha'e ribbons an' buskins,
Mae than ane or twa."

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye;
"Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak' ane i' my life."

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she cam' in frae the byre;
 "O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire!
 But we poor fouk maun live single,
 And do the best we can:
 I dinna ken what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man."

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

I am a young bachelor winsome,
 A farmer by rank and degree,
 And few I see gang out more handsome
 To kirk or to market than me.
 I've outsgit and insight, and credit,
 And frae onie eelist I'm free;
 I'm weel enough boarded and bedded,—
 What ails the lasses at me?

My buchts of good store are na scanty,
 My byres are weel stock'd wi' kye;
 Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,
 And twa or three easements forby.
 A horse to ride out when they're weary,
 And cock wi' the best they can see;
 And then be ca't dautie and deary,—
 I wonder what ails them at me?

I've tried them, baith highland and low-
 land,
 Where I a fair bargain could see;
 The black and the brown were unwilling,
 The fair anes were warst o' the three.
 With jooks and wi' scrapes I've addressed
 them,
 Been with them baith modest and free;
 But whatever way I caressed them,
 They were cross and were canker'd wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cran-
 shanks,
 And a' the wandoghts that I ken,
 Nae sooner they smile on the lasses,
 Than they are ta'en far enough ben.
 But when I speak to them that's stately,
 I find them aye ta'en wi' the gee,

And get the denial fu' flatly;—
 What think ye can ail them at me?

I have a gude offer to make them,
 If they would but hearken to me;
 And that is, I'm willing to take them,
 Gin they wad be honest and free.
 Let her wha likes best write a billet,
 And send the sweet message to me;
 By sun and by moon I'll fulfil it,
 Though crooked or crippled she be.

THE BRAES OF FLAVIANA.

Of all the lads that be
 On Flaviana's braes,
 'Tis Colin bears the gree,
 An' that a thousand ways;
 Best on the pipe he plays,
 Is merry, blyth, an' gay,
 "An' Jeany fair," he says,
 "Has stown my heart away.

"Had I ten thousand pounds,
 I'd all to Jeany gee,
 I'd thole a thousand wounds
 To keep my Jeany free:
 For Jeany is to me,
 Of all the maidens fair,
 My jo, and ay shall be,
 With her I'll only pair.

"Of roses I will weave
 For her a flow'ry crown,
 All other cares I'll leave,
 An' busk her haffets round;
 I'll buy her a new gown,
 Wi' strips of red an' blew,
 An' never mair look brown,
 For Jeany'll ay be new.

"My Jeany made reply,
 Syn ye ha'e chosen me,
 Then all my wits I'll try,
 A loving wife to be.
 If I my Colin see,
 I'll lang for naething mair,
 Wi' him I do agree
 In weal an' wae to share!"

ROBERT BLAIR.

BORN 1699—DIED 1746.

The gifted author of "The Grave" was a son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and grandson of the Rev. Robert Blair, chaplain to Charles I., and one of the most zealous and distinguished clergymen of the period in which he lived. Robert was born in the year 1699 at Edinburgh; was educated for the church at the university of his native city, and afterwards travelled for pleasure and improvement on the Continent. In January, 1731, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, where he passed the remainder of his life, "bosomed in the shade." He was an animated preacher, an accomplished scholar, and a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge. His first poem was one dedicated to the memory of Mr. William Law, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh—whose daughter Isabella he afterwards married—which was first published in Dr. Anderson's collection. Possessing a private fortune independent of his stipend as a parish minister, Blair, we are told, lived in the style of a country gentleman, associating with the neighbouring gentry, among whom were Sir Francis Kinloch, and the lamented Colonel Gardiner, who was killed at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745;—both Blair's warmest friends.

It was Gardiner who appears to have been the means of his opening a correspondence with the celebrated Isaac Watts—a name never to be uttered without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity or by any well-wisher of mankind—and Dr. Doddridge, on the subject of "The Grave." February 25, 1741–42, Blair addresses a letter to the latter, the following extract from which contains interesting information as to the composition and publication of his poem:—"About ten months ago Lady Frances Gardiner did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could on my part contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have

sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript poem of mine, entitled 'The Grave,' written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But, at the same time, he mentions to me that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think, considering how critical an age we live in with respect to such kind of writings, that a person living 300 miles from London could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so, though at the same time I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclinations, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument must, upon that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of these things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

It was first printed in London, "for Mr. Cooper," in 1743, and again in Edinburgh in 1747. Blair died of a fever, February 4, 1746, and was succeeded at Athelstaneford by John Home, the author of "Douglas." He left a numerous family; and his fourth son,

a distinguished lawyer—Robert Blair of Avontoun—rose to be Lord-president of the Court of Session. A handsome obelisk was erected to the memory of the poet at Athelstaneford in 1857. “The Grave” is a complete and powerful poem, now esteemed as one of the standard classics of English poetical literature. Pinkerton says “it is the best piece of blank verse we have save those of Milton;” while Southey carelessly stated in his *Life of Couper* that it was the only poem he could call to mind which had been composed in imitation of the “Night Thoughts.” “The Grave” was written prior to the “Night Thoughts,” and has no other resemblance to the work of Young than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. This poem, which the two wise booksellers “did not care to run the risk of publishing,” proved to be one of the most popular productions of the eighteenth century.

The only exception that can be taken to Blair’s poem—which contains many coruscations of true genius, many images characterized by a Shaksperian force and picturesque fancy, as when he says men see their friends

“Drop off like leaves in autumn, yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world’s hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for;”

or in his two lines concerning suicides:—

“The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul”—

is, that the author has in some instances had the good taste to enrich his memory with many fine expressions and thoughts from other poets, the appropriation of which he failed to acknowledge. A single instance will suffice: Man, sick of bliss, tries evil, and as a result—

“The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, in visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.”

The idea was borrowed from Norris of Bemerside, who, prior to Blair, wrote a poem, “The Parting,” which contains the following stanza:

“How fading are the joys we dote upon;
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those who soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like angels’ visits short and bright—
Mortality’s too weak to bear them long.”

The simile seems to have been appropriated from Blair by Thomas Campbell, in his “Pleasures of Hope,” with one slight verbal alteration:

“What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel visits, few and far between.”

“But,” adds a critic, “however much Blair may have been indebted to his reading for the materials of his poem, it must still be allowed that he has made a tasteful use of them; nor can any plagiarism-hunter ever deprive him of the honour of having contributed largely from his own stores to our poetical wealth.”

THE GRAVE.¹

“The house appointed for all living.”—JOB.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th’ appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The grave, dread
thing!
Men shiver when thou’rt named: Nature, appall’d,

Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimm’ring through thy low-brow’d misty
vaults,
Furr’d round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

¹ Campbell in his “Essay on English Poetry” remarks: “The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so familiar and simple a character as

that of “The Grave.” It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque.”—Ed.

And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which
were;

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy
aisles,
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Roused from their
slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
(Coëval near with that,) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-
pen'd here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrun, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Of, in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering thro' the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand

O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Ev vanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; while busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-tongued
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flow'r
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? The men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,

The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,

Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
per'd,

And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cram'm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the baser born, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nod-
ding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gifts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the case-
ments
And houses' tops ranks behind ranks, close
wedged,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Mids all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd for which
You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!

Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. O lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,
With calm, deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of
blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's
spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral
scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as
short,
Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,
And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous, plaintive voice of misery;
(As if a slave were not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord.)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under
ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind;
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
 flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
 The grave discredits thee; thy charms expunged,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscared. For this, was all thy caution?
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul
 feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
 Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the strip-
 ling

That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play! what now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
 shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
 Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that
 groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster,

To vaunt of nerves of thine! What means the
 bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man;

That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage, close to his eye
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
 And travelling thro' the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
 And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
 And cannot tell his ails to passers by.
 Great man of language, whence this mighty
 change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head!
 Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly insinuation's softer arts
 In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
 Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and
 silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
 Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
 Razed from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
 Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative or duller rhymes,
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escaped thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
 Alas! thou speak'st not.—The bold impostor
 Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
 Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)

From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
 Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
 Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
 O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds!
 First starved in this, then damn'd in that to
 come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions;
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage!—Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-
 ing;
 For part they must: body and soul must part;
 Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
 If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing
 Whence first they sprung; then might the
 debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the heavens; then might
 the drunkard
 Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear Death; then might the
 wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,

By stealing out of being when he pleased,
 And by what way; whether by hemp or steel;
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
 force

The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there's an *hereafter*,—
 And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,—
 Then must it be an awful thing to die;
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand!
 Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring
 states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;
 As if we challenged him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath! Unheard-of tor-
 tures

Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
 The common damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission;
 Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
 Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
 Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly
 done
 To knock and give the alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you
 not

Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine
 Enlightens but yourselves: Well—'tis no matter;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamp'rd lord.—The cup goes round,

And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner; and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;

And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,

Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.

Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,—
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here.
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well:
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Show not more smooth when kissed by southern winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
 The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And everything most perfect in its kind.
 Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how short!
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
 But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
 O slippery state of things! What sudden turns!
 What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!
 Thus fared it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd
 His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets
 Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
 Can nought compound for the first dire offence
 Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom: A mighty angel,
 With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay;
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory and his God. If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd;
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen is success)
 Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
 Not to return; or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between:
 Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man; who now, too late,
 Saw the rash error which he could not mend—
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
 Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
 Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;

But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than those! sin has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a world;
 Despatching, at a wide-extended blow,
 Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
 Blasting the fruitful grain and loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin.
 Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors! pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
 Compared to thee, are harmless. Sickneses
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
 heels,
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
 My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!
 Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast de-
 vour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up the dead,
 And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promised day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trumpet
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight and liberty.—
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming underground,
 In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
 And pure, as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power

Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong that the most slow-assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
 Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
 Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its
 hold,

Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
 Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train: it was his royal will,
 That where he is there should his followers be.
 Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
 But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolved:
 At last he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
 And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice-welcome
 death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing; death, disarm'd,
 Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!

High in his faith and hope, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, O then,
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismissed!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy. The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.

Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long-committed dust
 Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye pro-
 fane!

Ask not how this can be. Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days; and what he can he will:
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
 dust,

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
 That's new come home, and, having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
 Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears
 away.

JAMES THOMSON.

BORN 1700 — DIED 1748.

The parish of Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburghshire, has the honour of having given birth to the poet of "The Seasons." He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of that parish, and was born September 11, 1700; being one of nine children. His mother's name was Beatrix Trotter, the co-heiress of a small estate called Widhope. A few years after his birth his father removed to the parish of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district of the Cheviots. Here he spent his boyish years, and at an early age gave indications of poetic genius. The following lines written by Thomson when a school-boy of fourteen show how soon his manner was formed:—

"Now I surveyed my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source;
Now I explored the universal frame,
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
That tread the courts of the eternal King!
Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
But thought is lost in its immensity;
Imagination wastes its strength in vain.
And fancy tires and turns within itself,
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!
Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp;
Yet may I from thy apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author."

After receiving the usual course of school education at the neighbouring town of Jedburgh, Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and induced by the wishes of his family and friends to study for the ministry; but he soon relinquished his views of the church, and devoted himself to literature. In the second year of his attendance at the university he lost his father, when his mother realized as much as she could from her inheritance, and removed with her family to Edinburgh. While at college he acted for some time as tutor to Lord Binning, son of the Earl

of Haddington, and the author of the song "Robin and Nanny;" to whom he had probably been introduced by his mother's friend Lady Grizzel Baillie, mother-in-law to his lordship, and whose "Memoirs" possess so much interest; who, finding the young poet unlikely to do well in any other pursuit, advised him to try his fortune in London as a man of letters, and promised him such assistance as she could render. Accordingly in the spring of 1725 he took leave of his mother, whom he was never more to behold, and proceeded by sea to London. On arriving at the metropolis he sought out his college friend David Mallet, who then acted as preceptor to the two sons of the Marquis of Montrose. Here he wrote the poem of "Winter," which was purchased through the friendly intervention of Mallet by a bookseller named Millar, for the small sum of three guineas; and was published in 1726, and dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton. Though unnoticed for some time it gradually attained that estimation in which it has ever since been held, and procured for the author the friendship of numerous men of letters. Among others his acquaintance was sought by Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who recommended him to the Lord-chancellor Talbot, from whose patronage he afterwards derived the most essential benefit.

In 1727 he brought out "Summer," three editions of "Winter" having appeared the previous year, and inscribed it to Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. The same year he produced "A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton," and his "Britannia," a poetical appeal designed to rouse the nation to the assertion of its rights against the Spaniards, for their interruptions to British trade. In the beginning of 1728 appeared "Spring," addressed to the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, which procured the poet an invitation to pass a summer at Lord Hertford's country-seat. In 1730 his "Autumn" was issued in a quarto edition of

his works, in which "The Seasons" are placed in their natural order. It was published by subscription at a guinea a copy. Among the 387 subscribers was Alexander Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet), who took three copies. In the same year was produced at Drury Lane his tragedy of "Sophonisba," the success of which was not at all commensurate with the expectation which had been raised. The public discovered that splendid diction and poetic imagery, on the faith of which all their anticipations of a good play were founded, did not necessarily imply a high degree of dramatic talent. Slight accidents, too, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the tragedy—

O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

which gave rise to a waggish parody—

O, Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!

and for a while was echoed through London.

Having been selected as the travelling companion of the Hon. Charles Talbot, eldest son of the lord-chancellor, he made a tour on the Continent with that young gentleman, visiting most of the courts of Europe. With what pleasure the poet must have passed or sojourned among classic scenes which he had often viewed in imagination! They spent some time during November, 1731, at Rome, and Thomson no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, "to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly." On his return the chancellor appointed him his secretary of briefs, which was almost a sinecure. Soon after he published his poem of "Liberty," which, though but coldly received, he himself thought the best of all his writings.

By the death of Lord Talbot, Thomson lost his post of secretary. A poem by our author, dedicated to the memory of the chancellor, is one of the most enviable tributes ever paid by poetry to the virtues of the judicial office. Thomson was reduced once more to dependence on his talents for support, and preferring rather to trust to the chapter of accidents than to change his style of life, which joined to elegance some degree of luxury, became in-

volved in debt, and exposed himself more than once to the gripe of the law. One of these occasions furnished Quin, the eminent actor, with an opportunity of displaying at once his generous disposition and his friendship for genius. Being informed that the author of "The Seasons" was in confinement for a debt of about £70, he hastened to the place, although personally unacquainted with the poet, and desired to be introduced to him. On being admitted to Thomson he said, "Sir, you don't know me, I believe; but my name is Quin." The poet replied that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his talents, and invited him to take a seat. Quin then told him that he had come to sup with him, but that, as he presumed, it would have been inconvenient to have had the supper prepared in the place they were in, he had taken the liberty of ordering it to be sent from an adjacent tavern. The supper accordingly soon made its appearance, with a liberal supply of good wine. After the cloth had been removed, and the bottle had moved briskly between them, Quin took occasion to explain the cause of his visit by saying "it was now time to enter upon business." Thomson, supposing that he desired his poetical assistance in some dramatic matter, expressed his readiness to do anything in his power to serve him. "Sir," said Mr. Quin, "you mistake my meaning. Soon after I had read your 'Seasons' I took it into my head that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of 'The Seasons' for one hundred pounds; and to-day, hearing that you were in this place, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself as to order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have less need of it. And this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about." Saying which, he laid before him a bank-note for £100, and without giving the astonished bard time to express his gratitude, took his leave.

By the good offices of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, Thomson about this time was introduced to the Prince of Wales; and being questioned as to the state of his affairs, he answered "that they were in a more poetical posture

than formerly," which induced Frederick to bestow upon him a pension of £100. In 1738 Thomson produced a second tragedy, entitled "Agamemnon," which, although not very favourably received, brought him a handsome sum. In the year following he offered to the stage another tragedy called "Edward and Eleonora," but the dramatic censor withheld his sanction from its representation in consequence of its political complexion. In 1740, in conjunction with Mallet, he composed the masque of "Alfred," by command of the prince, for the entertainment of his court at Cliefden, his summer residence. In this piece appeared the national song of "Rule Britannia," written by Thomson. In 1745 the most successful of his plays, entitled "Tancred and Sigismunda," founded on a story in "Gil Blas," was brought out, and received with great applause; and it is still occasionally performed. His friend Lyttleton being now in office, procured for him the situation of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, with a salary of £300, the duties of which were performed by deputy. In 1746 appeared his admirable poem of "The Castle of Indolence," which exhibits throughout a high degree of moral, poetical, and descriptive power.

Thomson was now in comparative affluence, and his beautiful cottage at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease; his house was elegantly furnished, as is seen by the sale catalogue of his effects prepared after his death, which enumerates the contents of every room, and fills eight pages of print. While engaged in the preparation of another tragedy for the stage the poet was seized with an illness which terminated his career. One summer evening, in walking home from London, as was his custom, he overheated himself by the time he had reached Hammersmith, and imprudently taking a boat to go the rest of the way by water he caught cold; next day he was in a high fever, and, after a short illness, died August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church at Richmond, where the Earl of Buchan many years afterwards erected a tablet to his memory. In 1762 a monument was erected to him in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. His tragedy of "Coriolanus," which he left behind him, was brought on the

stage for the benefit of his sisters, to whom through life he had always shown the most brotherly affection. In 1843 a "Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congreve, inscribed to Her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough," was reprinted for the Percy Society of London, as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. As there appears to be no doubt of the genuineness of this poem, possessing as it does all of the characteristics of his style, we give it a place among our selections from the poet of "The Seasons."

Perhaps no poet was ever more deeply mourned. The celebrated Collins, who had also chosen Richmond for his place of residence, and between whom and Thomson the most tender intimacy existed, mourned his loss in the ode beginning—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies."

With this ode Collins bade adieu to Richmond; which, without his lamented friend, had for his gentle spirit no longer any charms.

"But thou, lorn stream! whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

"And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!"

Of Thomson's "Seasons," which has kept its place as an English classic for upwards of a century, Dr. Johnson has said:—"As a writer Thomson is entitled to one praise of the highest kind—his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train; and he always thinks as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature only bestows on a poet, the eye that distinguishes in everything presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of 'The Seasons' wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he

never yet felt what Thomson impresses. His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of spring, the splendour of summer, the tranquillity of autumn, and the horrors of winter, take, in their turn, possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearance of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year; and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his share in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation."

We cannot better conclude this sketch than in the words of an "Address to the Shade of Thomson," written by Burns on crowning the poet's bust at Ednam with a wreath of bays,—

and the prophetic truth of whose words every revolving season only tends to confirm:—

"While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between;

"While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade;
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

"While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her aged head;
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed;

"While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

"So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son."

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

(FROM THE SEASONS.¹)

The north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers dis-
tent.

At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy;
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

¹ Are then "The Seasons" and "The Task" great poems? Yes. Why? We shall tell you in two separate articles. But we presume you do not need to be told that that poem must be great which was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year, and to show that all its Seasons were but the varied God? The idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete that, some 6000 years having elapsed between the creation of the world and that of the poem, some 60,000, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another, equally great, on a subject external to the mind, equally magnificent.—*Professor Wilson.*

SUMMER EVENING.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,

In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished
clouds,

All other softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungente fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce
is heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft starting such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze among the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throw. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered
clouds,

Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing clouds she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning
shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

Through the hushed air the whitening shower
descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor;
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then through the busy shapes into his mind
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land un-
known,

What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,

And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern
blast.

HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness
breathes.

Oh! talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to
heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.¹

(EXTRACT.)

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And, certes, there is for it reason great;
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep
 and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half
 imbrowned,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for
 play:

Was nought around but images of rest:
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns be-
 tween;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence
 kest,
 From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant
 green,

¹ Lord Byron said, "The 'Seasons' of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still inferior to his 'Castle of Indolence';" and William Hazlitt remarked, "It has been supposed by some that the 'Castle of Indolence' is Thomson's best poem: but that is not the case. He has in it, indeed, poured out the whole soul of indolence, diffuse, relaxed, supine, dissolved into a voluptuous dream; and surrounded himself with a set of objects and companions in entire unison with the listlessness of his own temper. . . . But still there are no passages in this exquisite little production of sportive ease and fancy equal to the best of those of the 'Seasons.'"—Ed.

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets
 played,
 And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
 That, as they bickered through the sunny
 glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-
 mur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
 Yet all these sounds ybent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to
 move,
 As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
 And where this valley winded out below
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence—for so the wizard hight—
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
 bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labour harsh complained, lamenting man's
 estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by;
 For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbour-
 ing hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
 Till clustering round the enchanter false
 they hung,

Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!

What youthful bride can equal her array!
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie!
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn

Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran!

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the furthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear:

To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,

With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,

Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down:

They who are pleased themselves must always please;

On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town;
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished hence.

"What, what is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?

But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy—as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,

Impetioned more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude; the whilst, amused, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,

Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

"Oh, grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,

With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:

But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceased. But still their trembling ears
retained

The deep vibrations of his 'witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped
along,

In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal
stream.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round
As thick as idle notes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,

But every man strolled off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained;
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was
constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main—
Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied to our senses plain—
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
show.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets
spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling
bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands
crowned;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round;
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,

Even undemanded by a sign or sound;

You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,

Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;

Such as of old the rural poets sung,

Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:

Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,

Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured
heart;

Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their
smart;

While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning
hand,

Depainted was the patriarchal age;

What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best
engage.

Toil was not then. Of nothing took they
heed,

But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks
to feed;

Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,

Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished
eyes,

Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with soften-
ing hue,

Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

A certain music, never known before,

Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,

Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,

But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;

From which with airy flying fingers light,

Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,

The god of winds drew sounds of deep
delight;

Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it
hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?

Who up the lofty diapason roll

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,

Then let them down again into the soul!

Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
 They breathed, in tender musings, through
 the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands a hymn impart!
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
 Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris shore,
 In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies
 store;
 And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;
 When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting
 there
 Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters
 fell,
 And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began—
 So worked the wizard—wintry storms to
 swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together melt;
 At doors and windows threatening seemed
 to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at
 all;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
 hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That played in waving lights, from place to
 place,
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
 My muse will not attempt your fairy land;
 She has no colours that like you can glow;
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming
 sprights,
 Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and
 bland,
 Poured all the Arabian heaven upon her
 nights,
 And blest them oft besides with more refined
 delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
 Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite

With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
 But for those fiends whom blood and broils
 delight,
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters
 sleep;
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far
 hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight
 gloom;
 Angels of fancy and of love be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let them virtue with a look impart:
 But chief, awhile, O lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we
 smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the
 heart.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CONGREVE.

What art thou, Death! by mankind poorly feared,
 Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore
 Trembling they stand, and see through dreaded
 mists

The eternal port, irresolute to leave
 This various misery, these air-fed dreams
 Which men call life and fame. Mistaken minds!
 'Tis reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;
 'Tis happiness supreme, to venture forth
 In quest of nobler worlds; to try the deeps
 Of dark futurity, with Heaven our guide,
 The unerring hand that led us safe through time;
 That planted in the soul this powerful hope,
 This infinite ambition of new life,
 And endless joys, still rising, ever new.

These Congreve tastes, safe on the ethereal
 coast,
 Joined to the numberless immortal quire
 Of spirits blest. High-seated among these,
 He sees the public fathers of mankind,
 The greatly good, those universal minds
 Who drew the sword, or planned the holy scheme,
 For liberty and right; to check the rage
 Of blood-stained tyranny, and save a world.
 Such, high-born Marlbro', be thy sire divine
 With wonder named; fair freedom's champion he,
 By Heaven approved, a conqueror without guilt;
 And such on earth his friend, and joined on high
 By deathless love, Godolphin's patriot worth,
 Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth
 With honour frugal; above interest great.
 Hail, men immortal! social virtues, hail!

First hours of pain! But I, with weak essay,
Wrong and expense thrown, what meaning shire,
In strains high wafted to celestial harps,
Faintest pure strains, and long-echoed voices
In heaven, while what is uttered below.

With these no more, nor so more to swear
From nature's purest law, no more to please,
Bound by the tyrant's own a sensual eye,
Faintest pure strains, and long-echoed voices
In heaven, while what is uttered below,
Or more thy memory—far from my soul
Be that dead sin—but happy to order,
From heavening the purest law, no more to please,
Bound by the tyrant's own a sensual eye,
To wit the heavenly song with virtuous charms.

TELL ME, THOU SOUL.

Tell me, what soul of her I love,
Is it will me whether art thou fled;
To what angelic form above,
Appointed her the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,
And wander where thou lovest's woe;
Where, and of love, no careless home
Can now, and no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well-known tree,
I to thy fainter'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

FOR EVER, FORTUNE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow—
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign—
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

HARD IS THE FATE.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dare not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain!
Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In freer mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear!
Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Through fear my tongue must ever bind:
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd!

Not her own guardian-angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.
But if at first her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All shall be subject to the main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

AGAINST THE CRUSADES.

(FROM EDWARD AND ELEONORA.)

I here attend him,
 In expeditions which I ne'er approved,
 In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father.
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit

Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
 Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
 To every mischief prompt.
 Sure I am, 'tis madness,
 Inhuman madness, thus from half the world
 To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
 Each art of peace, each care of government;
 And all for what? By spreading desolation,
 Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half;
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.
 I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
 By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
 But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;
 And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
 His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.
 Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars
 A kind of persecution. And when that—
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
 And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

DAVID MALLET.

BORN 1700 — DIED 1765.

DAVID MALLET is believed to have been a descendant of the clan Macgregor, so celebrated for its misdeeds and its misfortunes. When, under the chieftainship of Rob Roy, the race was proscribed by an act of parliament, and the few who escaped from the fearful massacre of Glencoe were compelled to hide themselves in the Lowlands under fictitious names, the ancestor of the poet assumed that of Malloch. His father kept a public-house at Crieff, in Perthshire, where David was born about the year 1700. F. Dinsdale, the editor of "Ballads and Songs by David Mallet," states that he belonged to the Mallochs of Dunrochan, an old and respectable family of Perthshire, who were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and were thereby reduced to poverty. Where David received the rudiments of his education is not known, but probably at the parish school of Crieff. We know that he

studied under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and then at the University of Edinburgh. In 1723 he was recommended by the professors as a tutor to the two sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he the same year proceeded to London, and soon after made the tour of Europe. On his return he continued to reside with his noble pupils, and from his station in so illustrious a family gained admission into the most polished circles of society.

In 1724 Mallet published in Hill's periodical named *The Plain Dealer* his ballad of "William and Margaret," which, with one or two lyrics, have given him more fame than all his elaborate productions. It at once won for him a place among the poets of the day, and he soon numbered among his friends Pope, Young, and other eminent men, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste recommended him. In the

year 1726, in the list of subscribers to Savage's *Miscellanies* appeared the name of David Mallet, and from that time forward he was known by that name, "for there is not one Englishman," he said, "that can pronounce Malloch." Dr. Johnson writes, "By degrees, having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation, so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover."

In 1728 he published his poem "The Excursion," written in imitation of the blank verse of his classmate and friend Thomson, the defects of whose style are servilely followed, without the least approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. In 1733 appeared his poem on "Verbal Criticism," and he was soon after appointed under secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 a year. In 1739 his tragedy of "Mustapha" was produced, owing its temporary success to some satirical allusions to the king and Sir Robert Walpole, which were probably written to please his patron the Prince of Wales, then at the head of the opposition. In 1740, by command of the prince, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the masque of "Alfred," which was twice performed in the gardens at Cliefden. In this dramatic composition, which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and produced at Drury Lane in 1751, the national song of "Rule Britannia" first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, will be the political hymn of Great Britain as long as she maintains her political power. Whether written by Thomson or Mallet is not known with any degree of certainty. The lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly spirit of Thomson.

A second marriage which Mallet entered into with a lady of considerable fortune rendered our author's circumstances comparatively opulent; and his disposition being indolent, seven years elapsed without anything appearing from his pen. In 1747 he published his longest poem, "The Hermit, or Amyntor and Theodora." On the death of Pope, Mallet, who was greatly indebted to him for

many kindnesses, was employed by Lord Bolingbroke to defame the character of his friend, a task which, to his shame be it said, he performed with great malignity in the preface to the revised edition of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, Pope's only offence being that he had allowed the first version of that work to be surreptitiously printed. The unprincipled poet was rewarded by a bequest of all Bolingbroke's writings, the publication of which led to a prosecution on account of the immorality and infidelity contained in them. It was on the noble author and his editor that Dr. Johnson uttered one of his most pointed conversational memorabilia: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left a half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." Mallet's next act of perfidy was to direct the public indignation, for the disgrace brought on the British arms at Minorca, towards Admiral Byng; and accordingly, while that unfortunate officer was on his trial, he wrote a letter of accusation, under the signature of "A Plain Man," which, printed on a large sheet, was circulated with great industry by the Newcastle administration. "The price of blood," says Dr. Johnson, "was a pension." Mallet accepted a legacy of £1000 left by the Duchess of Marlborough at her death, as the price of a life of her illustrious husband, of which he never wrote the first line. Besides this bequest he received a considerable sum annually from the second duke to induce him to go on with the work, which Mallet continually represented to be nearly completed. On Lord Bute becoming premier he wrote "Truth in Rhyme," and the tragedy of "Elvira," with the design of promoting the political views of the new administration. He was rewarded by being appointed keeper of the book of entries for ships in the port of London, a position worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London April 21, 1765.

Both Mallet and his second wife—little or nothing is known of the first—professed to be freethinkers or deists; and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by enforcing her dogmas in a truly authoritative

style, prefacing them with an exclamation of—"Sir, we deists." When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from Oxford for embracing Popery he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalized, he says, than reclaimed by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with Smollett; the lady wittily answered, "Madam, there is a short remedy; let your husband keep his own name." There is a good anecdote told of the way in which Mallet tricked Garrick into the performance of his play of "Elvira," that great actor being opposed to its representation. He made him believe that in the *Life of Marlborough*, with which he always pretended to be so busy, he had not failed to make honourable mention of Garrick's name. The vanity of the theatrical hero was flattered by the compliment, and there was nothing at that moment which he would not do "to serve his good friend Mr. Mallet." When Pope published his "Essay on Man," but concealed the authorship, Mallet entering one day, Pope asked him what there

was new. Mallet told him that the newest piece was *something* called an "Essay on Man," which he had inspected, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away; whereupon the little poet, who has been said to have resembled an interrogation point, to punish Mallet's self-conceit, told him he wrote it.

In conclusion, we will quote the words of Dr. Johnson, who says, "Mallet's conversation was elegant and easy; his works are such as any writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally, from time to time, into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying but little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement."

A new edition of Mallet's ballads and songs, with notes and illustrations and a memoir of the author by Frederick Dinsdale, was published in 1857. The work bears evidence on every page that its preparation was a labour of love.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.¹

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimy ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?

¹ In the other songs of Mallet there is more polish and much prettiness, and a fine subdued modesty of language and thought, which make them favourites with all lovers of gentle and unimpassioned verse; but we have no more Williams and Margarets.—*Allan Cunningham*.

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.¹

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour,
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow:
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current boistered roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul—

To lift it to the Maker's praise,
Who first informed our frame with breath,
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes:
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last

¹ Three other stanzas sometimes appear with Mallet's song, which was a great favourite with poor Fergusson. They are generally attributed to the Rev. Alexander Bryce, 1713-1786.—Ed.

Receives him on her flowery shore;
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan:
 Ah! is my love, she said, to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
 Ere you'd forget your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind;
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous, constant, I
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt:
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

A YOUTH ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

A youth, adorn'd with every art
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret, mine possesst:—
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale
 That wakes the flowery year.
 What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy nature form'd to please,
 Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and fell,
 The fatal evening heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed:
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;
 For, ah! no sighs the past recal,
 No cries awake the dead!

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS UNKNOWN.

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sighs both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,
 O waft the sad sound to his ear;
 And say, tho' divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.
 Then tell him what years of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt when I liv'd in his sight!
 I feel 'til I see him again!

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

BORN 1701 — DIED 1780.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, second son of the Episcopal clergyman of Ardnamurchan, was born at Dalilea, in Moidart, in the first year of the eighteenth century. His father wished

him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education, while the Clanranald of that day desired young Alexander, of whom great hopes were entertained, to be educated

for the bar. Like many a wayward son of the Muse he disappointed both his chief and his father. While at college he inconsiderately married Mary Macdonald, on whom he had composed several songs; and without completing his course, he, to support himself and his young wife, became a teacher. It is said that he was first employed as such by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge; afterwards as parochial schoolmaster at Ardnamurchan, residing in a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory. While in this agreeable position he prepared a vocabulary for the use of Gaelic schools, the first work of the kind in the language. It was published at Edinburgh in 1741. When Prince Charles landed he laid down the ferule and took up the sword. He was the Tyrtaeus of the Highland army, and his warlike strains aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the followers of the ill-fated Stuart.

At the close of the rebellion, in which he bore an officer's commission, Macdonald and his elder brother Angus escaped pursuit, and for a time sought shelter in the woods and caves of Borradaile, in the district of Arasaig. After a time Jacobite friends invited the poet to Edinburgh to take charge of the education of their children. While residing in the metro-

polis he prepared for the press and published by subscription a volume of Gaelic poems, containing nearly all his best productions. Returning to his native district he attempted farming, but his efforts, as in the case of a greater Scottish bard—Robert Burns—were not attended with success, and for several years before his death at Santaig, about 1780, he was chiefly dependent for support on the liberality of his more prosperous relations.

Some Gaelic scholars esteem Macdonald's "Blessing of the Biorlinn" as equal to Ossian's poems of the same length, and pronounce the force of thought and energy of poetical ardour with which he

"Hurls the Biorlinn through the cold glens," unsurpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, by any modern Highland poet. His poem in praise of Mòrag contains many lofty and impassioned lines, and his Odes to Spring and Winter are indicative of high poetic power. Collections of his poems were published in 1751 and 1764, and a third volume of his poetry appeared in 1802. It is asserted by Mackenzie that but a small portion of this bard's poems have been preserved in print. His son Ronald, having published a volume, and not meeting with encouragement for a second, destroyed all his father's manuscripts.

THE LION OF MACDONALD.

Awake, thou first of creatures! indignant in their frown,

Let the flag unfold the features that the heather¹ blossoms crown;

Arise, and lightly mount thy crest, while flap thy flanks in air,

And I will follow thee the best that I may do or dare.

Yes, I will sing the Lion King, o'er all the tribes victorious;

To living thing may not concede thy meed and actions glorious;

How oft thy noble head has woke thy valiant men to battle,

As panic o'er their spirit broke, and rued the foe their mettle.

Is there thy praise to underrate, in very thought presuming

O'er crested chieftaincy² thy state, O thou of right assuming?

I see thee, on thy silken flag, in rampant³ glory streaming,

As life inspired their firmness thy planted hind feet seeming.

The standard-tree is proud of thee, its lofty sides embracing,

Anon unfolding to give forth thy grandeur any space in.

A following of the trustiest are cluster'd by thyside, And woe, their flaming visages of crimson, who shall bide?

The heather and the blossom are pledges of their faith,

And the foe that shall assail them is destined to the death.

¹ The Macdonald badge is a tuft of heather.

² The clan claimed the right wing of the battle.

³ A lion rampant is the Macdonald cognizance.

Was not a dearth of mettle among thy native kind,
They were foremost in the battle, nor in the chase
behind.

Their arms of fire wreak'd out their ire, their
shields emboss'd with gold—

And the thrusting of their venom'd points upon
the foeman told;

O deep and large was every gash that marked
their manly vigour,

And irresistible the flash that lighten'd round
their trigger;

And woe, when play'd the dark blue blade, the
thick-back'd, sharp Ferrara,

Though plied its might by stripling hand, it cut
into the marrow.

Clan Colla,¹ let them have their due, thy true and
gallant following,

Strength, kindness, grace, and clannishness their
lofty spirit hallowing.

Hot is their ire as flames aspire, the whirling
March winds fanning them;

Yet search their hearts, no blemish'd parts are
found, all eyes though scanning them.

They rush elate to stern debate, the battle call
has never

Found tardy cheer or craven fear, or grudge the
prey to sever.

Ah, fell their wrath! The dance of death² sends
legs and arms a flying,

And thick the life-blood's reek ascends of the
downfallen and the dying.

Clandonuil, still my darling theme, is the prime
of every clan;

How oft the heady war in has it chased where
thousands ran.

O ready, bold, and venomful, these native war-
riors brave,

Like adders coiling on the hill, they dart with
stinging glaive;

Nor wants their course the speed, the force—nor
wants their gallant stature

This of the rock, that of the flock that skim
along the water.

Like whistle-shriek the blows they strike, as the
torrent of the fell;

So fierce they gush, the moor-flames' rush their
ardour symbols well.

Clandonuil's root,³ when crowd each shoot of
sapling, branch, and stem,

What forest fair shall e'er compare in stately
pride with them?

Their gathering might what legion wight in
rivalry has dar'd,

Or to ravish from their Lion's face a bristle of his
beard?

¹ Coll, or Colla, is a common name in the clan.

² The "mire chatta," or battle-dance.

³ The clan consisted of several septs, as Clanranald,
Glengarry, Keppoch, &c.

What limbs were wrenched, what furrows
drench'd, in that cloud-burst of steel,
That atoned the provocation, and smok'd from
head to heel;

While cry and shriek of terror break the field of
strife along,

And stranger notes are wailing the slaughter'd
heaps among.

When, from the kingdom's breadth and length,
might other muster gather,

So flush in spirit, firm in strength, the stress of
arms to weather?

Steel to the core, that evermore to expectation
true,

Like gallant deer-hounds from the slip, or like
an arrow flew,

Where deathful strife was calling, and sworded
files were closed,

Was sapping breach the wall in of the ranks that
stood oppos'd,

And thirsty brands were hot for blood, and quiver-
ing to be on,

And with the whistle of the blade was sounding
many a groan.

O, from the sides of Albyn, full thousands would
be proud,

The natives of her mountains gray, around the
tree to crowd;

Where stream the colours flying, and frown the
features grim

Of yonder emblem Lion, with his staunch and
crimson⁴ limb.

Up, up, be bold, quick be unroll'd the gathering
of your levy,⁵

Let every step bound forth a leap, and every
hand be heavy;

The furnace of the mêlée, where burn your swords
the best,

Eschew not; to the rally, where blaze your stream-
ers, haste!

That silken sheet, by death-strokes fleet and
strong defenders mann'd,

Dismays the flutter of its leaves the chosen of the
land.

ADDRESS TO THE MORNING.

Son of the young Morn! that glancest
O'er the hills of the east with thy gold-yellow
hair,

How gay on the wild thou advancest
Where the streams laugh as onward they fare,

And the trees; yet bedewed by the shower,
Elastic their light branches raise,

While the melodists sweet they embower,
Hail thee at once with their lays.

⁴ The Macdonald armorial bearings are gules.

⁵ Prince Charles Edward was then expected.

But where is the dim night duskily gliding
On her eagle wings from thy face?

Where now is darkness abiding,
In what cave do bright stars end their race,
When fast, on their faded steps bending,
Like a hunter you rush through the sky,
Up those lone lofty mountains ascending,
While down you far summits they fly?

Pleasant thy path is, great lustre, wide gleaming,
Dispelling the storm with thy rays;

And graceful thy gold ringlets streaming,
As wont, in the westering blaze.
Then the blind mist of night ne'er deceiveth,
Nor sends from the right course astray;
The strong tempest, all ocean that grieveth,
Can ne'er make thee bend from thy way.

At the call of the wild morn appearing,
Thy festal face wakens up bright,
The shade from all dark places clearing,
But the bard's eye that ne'er sees thy light.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1704 — DIED 1754.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, one of the first lyric poets who sought to communicate a classic grace and courtly decorum to Scottish song, was born of an ancient Ayrshire family in the year 1704. He received a liberal education, and early in life cultivated a taste for poetry, having before he was twenty assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. His first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry, and he soon became distinguished for his poetical talents. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native county, possessing, as he did, rank, education, and various accomplishments, and was known as "the elegant and amiable Hamilton." In 1745 he took the side which most young men of generous temperament were apt to take in those days—he joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and became the poet-laureate of the Jacobite army by celebrating their first success at Prestonpans, in the ode of "Glads-muir." When the cause of the Stuarts was lost by the battle of Culloden, Hamilton, after many hardships and perils among the mountains and glens of the Highlands, succeeded in effecting his escape to France. His exile, however, was short. He had many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, who soon obtained a pardon for the rebellious poet, and he was restored to his native country and his paternal estate. His health was always delicate, and a pulmonary complaint soon compelled him to seek a more genial climate.

He proceeded to the Continent, and took up his residence at Lyons, France, where he continued to reside until a lingering consumption ended his career, March 25, 1754, in the fiftieth year of his age. His body was brought back to Scotland, and interred in that once great Walhalla, the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The poet was twice married into families of distinction; and by his first wife, a daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, he left a son, who succeeded to his estate.

A volume of his poems was, without his consent or name, published at Glasgow in 1748; another edition of his works was issued at Edinburgh in 1760; but the latest and most complete edition, including several poems previously unpublished, and edited by James Paterson, appeared in 1850. "Mr. Hamilton's mind," says Lord Woodhouselee in his *Life of Lord Kaimes*, "is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress, but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." Of Hamilton's poems not devoted to love, the most deserving of notice is "The Episode of the Thistle," which is an ingenious attempt, in blank verse, by a well-devised fable, to account for the national emblem of Scotland:—

"How oft beneath

Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride."

There is another fragmentary poem by Hamilton, an extract from which appears among our selections. It is called "The Maid of Gallowshiels," and is an epic of the heroic-comic kind, intended to celebrate a contest between a piper and a fiddler for the fair maid of Gallowshiels. The only poem which he

wrote in his native dialect is "The Braes of Yarrow," which has been almost universally acknowledged to be one of the finest ballads ever written. Wordsworth was signally impressed with it, as appears from his trio of beautiful poems of "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited." Mr. Hamilton of *Bangour*, who made the first translation from Homer in blank verse, is sometimes mistaken for and identified with another poet of the same name—William Hamilton of *Gilbertfield*, in Lanarkshire, who was a friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, and the author of a modern version of Harry the Minstrel's poem on Sir William Wallace.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.¹

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

"Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"
"I gat her where I darena weel be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow."

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow."

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeiful wise,
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow."

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow;
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow."

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow."

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

¹ Among the many admirers of this pathetic poem may be mentioned the name of Wordsworth, who calls it the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, and in his own immortal lines makes frequent allusions to it. There is a much older composition with the same title, which appears to have been the prototype of all the ballads in celebration of the tragedy of the Yarrow.—Ed.

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and well beloved again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing;
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kened
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,

Unheeded of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the to-fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that wae! wae! day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move
me;

My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,—
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.¹

Accept, O Eglinton! the rural lays
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays.
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invoked! and, pleased, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening, negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st approve,
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cured of her scorn, and vanquished of her hate,

¹ This poem, so laudatory of the celebrated Ayrshire beauty, was appended to "The Gentle Shepherd."—Ed.

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here, in each extreme, is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that failed not to engage,
Love courted Beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspired,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.
His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor raised by hope, nor yet depressed by fear;
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practised to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fixed her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came, a welcome guest;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Bribed from their innocence uncautious hearers.
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed.
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed.
Then dowerless beauty lost the power to love;
The rust of lucre stained the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blushed with strangers' blood:

The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise:
The peaceful household filled with dire alarms;
The ravished virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crowned:
Unpunished violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh! Happiness, from human search retired,
Where art thou to be found, by all desired?
Nun, sober and devout, why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?

Virgin! of aspect mild, ah! why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeased, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet, when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much-loved
power,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nursed,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accursed!
Unlike, O Eglington! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise! how guiltless to defame!
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,
And backward Merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blessed by Heaven, Heaven's richest
grace
Confessed is thine—an early blooming race;
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm:
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine:
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglington's of other days.

Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains:

In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 The garb our Muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling Goodness looked in days of old;
 Nor blush to read, where Beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own:
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious
 Heaven

To thee, in whom it is well-pleased, has given,
 Let this, O Eglinton, delight thee most,—
 T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

THE MAID OF GALLOWSHIELS.

(EXTRACT.)

Now in his artful hand the bagpipe held,
 Elate, the piper wide surveys the field.
 O'er all he throws his quick discerning eyes,
 And views their hopes and fears alternate rise.
 Old Glenderule, in Gallowshields long fam'd;
 For works of skill, the perfect wonder fram'd;
 His shining steel first lopp'd, with dexterous toil,
 From a tall spreading elm the branchy spoil.
 The clouded wood he next divides in twain,
 And smoothes them equal to an oval plane.
 Six leather folds in still connected rows
 To either plank conformed, the sides compose;
 The wimple perforates the base with care,
 A destin'd passage opening to the air;
 But once inclosed within the narrow space,
 The opposing valve forbids the backward race.
 Fast to the swelling bag, two reeds combin'd,
 Receive the blasts of the melodious wind.
 Round from the twining loom, with skill divine
 Embost, the joints in silver circles shine;
 In secret prison pent, the accents lie,
 Until his arm the lab'ring artist ply:
 Then duteous they forsake their dark abode,
 Fellows no more, and wing a sep'rate road.
 These upward through the narrow channel glide
 In ways unseen, a solemn murmuring tide;
 Those thro' the narrow part, their journey bend
 Of sweeter sort, and to the earth descend.
 O'er the small pipe at equal distance, lie
 Eight shining holes o'er which his fingers fly.
 From side to side the ærial spirit bounds:
 The flying fingers form the passing sounds,
 That, issuing gently thro' the polish'd door,
 Mix with the common air, and charm no more.

This gift long since old Glenderule consign'd,
 The lasting witness of his friendly mind,
 To the fam'd author of the piper's line.
 Each empty space shone rich in fair design:
 Himself appears high in the sculptur'd wood
 As bold in the Harlean field he stood.
 Serene, amidst the dangers of the day,
 Full in the van you might behold him play;

There in the humbler mood of peace he stands,
 Before him pleas'd are seen the dancing bands,
 In mazy roads the flying ring they blend,
 So lively fram'd they seem from earth t' ascend.
 Four gilded straps the artist's arm surround,
 Two knit by clasps, and two by buckles bound.
 His artful elbow now the youth essays,
 A tuneful squeeze to wake the sleeping lays.
 With lab'ring bellows thus the smith inspires,
 To frame the polish'd lock, the forge's fires;
 Conceal'd in ashes lie the flames below;
 Till the resounding lungs of bellows blow;
 Then mounting high, o'er the illumin'd room
 Spreads the brown light, and gilds the dusky
 gloom;

The bursting sounds in narrow prison pent,
 Rouse, in their cells, loud rumbling for a
 vent.

Loud tempests now the deafen'd ear assail;
 Now gently sweet is breath'd a sober gale:
 As when the hawk his mountain nest forsakes,
 Fierce for his prey his rustling wings he shakes;
 The air impell'd by th' unharmonious shock,
 Sounds clattering and abrupt through all the
 rock.

But as she flies, she shapes to smother pace
 Her winnowing vans, and swims the ærial space.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD?

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
 That beauteous heav'n, erewhile serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
 What may this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscure in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear maid, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledged, at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends.
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and the offence,
 But even itself appears'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doomed to live and doomed to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak,
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling;
 Thy every look and every grace
 So charm whene'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

STREPHON'S PICTURE.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air;
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever loved, and loved but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
 plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my
 strain;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine!
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath;
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
 sighs.

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.
 I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with
 care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
 The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.
 Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot
 admire:
 Hush all thy complaining; and, dying her slave,
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE PAST.

Alas! the sunny hours are past;
The cheating scene, it will not last;
Let not the flatterer, Hope, persuade,—
Ah! must I say that it will fade!
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Grim winter, from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands, in icy chains,
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains,
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.

Frequenting now the streams no more,
Thou fliest, displeas'd, the frozen shore:
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade;
Shall I, ah, horrid! shalt thou say,
Be like to this some other day!

Ah! when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly, we know not where,—
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare;
Tho' ecstacy with beauty dies,
Esteem is born when beauty flies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee!
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,

Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkins' tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:

All nature seemed in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently rolled the tuneful wave
She spoke, and blessed my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feathered choir resumed their voice,
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled
The song of triumph by:

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatched her to my trembling breast,
All nature joyed along.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

BORN 1709 — DIED 1779.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D., author of the well-known poem "The Art of Preserving Health," was born, it is believed, in 1709, in the parish of Castleton, Roxburghshire. He completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, and having chosen the medical profession, he took his degree as physician in 1732, and soon after repaired to London, where he became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. In 1735 he published "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Medicine," being a humorous attack on quacks and quackery, in the style of Lucian. Two years afterwards appeared "The Economy of Love," for which poem he received £50 from Andrew Millar, the bookseller. It was an objectionable production, and greatly interfered with his practice as a physician. He subsequently expunged many of the youthful luxuries with which the first edition abounded. In 1744 his principal work was published, entitled "The Art of Preserving Health," one of the best didactic poems in the English language, and the one on which his reputation mainly rests. It is certainly the most successful attempt in the English language to incorporate material science with poetry.

In 1746 Armstrong was appointed physician to the Hospital for Sick and Lame Soldiers, and in 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence," followed by an "Epistle on Taste, addressed to a Young Critic." His next work, issued in 1758, was prose,—"Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects, by Lancelot Temple, Esq.," in two parts, which evinced considerable humour and knowledge of the world. Its sale was wonderful, owing chiefly to a fable of the day, that the celebrated John Wilkes, then in the zenith of his popularity, had assisted in its production. In 1760 Dr. Armstrong received the appointment of physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote "Day, a Poem, an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq.," his friendship for whom did not long continue, owing to his publishing the piece, which was intended

for private perusal. Having in two unlucky lines happened to hit off the character of Churchill as a "bouncing mimic" and "crazy scribbler," the author of the "Rosciad" resolved to be revenged, and in his poem called "The Journey," thus retaliated on the doctor, by twenty stabs at the reputation of a man whom he had once called his friend, and had joined with all the world in admiring as a writer:—

"Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence;
Or on the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep; an *Ætna* burns,
A more than *Ætna*, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids to rest;
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear."

At the peace of 1763 Armstrong returned to London, and resumed his practice, but not with his former success. In 1770 he collected and published two volumes of his "Miscellanies," containing the works already enumerated; the "Universal Almanack," a new prose piece; and the "Forced Marriage," a tragedy. The year following he took "a short ramble through some parts of France and Italy," in company with Fuseli the painter, publishing on their return an account of their journey, entitled "A Short Ramble, by Lancelot Temple." His last publication was his *Medical Essays*, in 1773. Dr. Armstrong died September 7, 1779, in the seventieth year of his age. In Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," to which Armstrong contributed four stanzas, describing the diseases incidental to sloth, he is depicted as

the shy and splenetic personage, who "quite detested talk." His portrait is drawn in Thomson's happiest manner:

"With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
Nor ever uttered word, save, when first shone,
The glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven, the day is done!'"

The poet was of a somewhat querulous temper, and his friend Thomson remarked of him, "The doctor does not decrease in spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques's in the play."

Armstrong's style, according to the judgment of Dr. Aitken, is "distinguished by its simplicity—by a free use of words which owe

their strength to their plainness—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraseology. His sentences are generally short and easy; his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by a repeated perusal. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. When the subject sinks his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description or of the oratory of sentiment. He had from nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, though apparently without study to render them smooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality."

PESTILENCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.¹)

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,
And strewn with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within.
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.

¹ This poem has been warmly commended by Campbell and other eminent authorities. Warton praises it for classical correctness. Dr. Beattie predicted that

The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetched, and with huge labour-
ings heaved.

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till, by art provoked,
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,

it would make Armstrong known and esteemed by posterity, but adds, "And I presume he will be more esteemed if all his other works perish with him."—Ed.

Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the
third.

Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rushed into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the
main,

To seek protection in far-distant skies;
But none they found. It seemed the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contained.
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heaven

Involved them still, and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their
prayers;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty bow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

RECOMMENDATION OF ANGLING.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivolet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry: such through the
bounds

Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
such

The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air;
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream
Through meads more flowery, more romantic
groves,

Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred
flood!

May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain.
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved;
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the wanton
swarms.

Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce
humane;

Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

ADDRESS TO THE NAIADS.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead,
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding
Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there in Gothic solitude reclined
The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the
gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world?

A land of genii? Say beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to
 sing

Your gifts (so Paeon, so the powers of health
 Command), to praise your crystal element:
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
 Whose flexible genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.
 O comfortable streams! with eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff

New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
 Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they lived; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!
 Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

MRS. ALISON COCKBURN.

BORN 1712—DIED 1794.

ALISON or ALICIA RUTHERFORD, the authoress of a song which has immortalized her name, was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fairnalee in Selkirkshire, where she was born October 5, 1712. But few details concerning her youth have been preserved. It is known that she was a great beauty, and that a youthful lover, to whom she was deeply attached, died at the age of twenty-two. Her beautiful lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest," is believed to have been written before her marriage, in March, 1731, to Patrick Cockburn of Ormiston, a son of the lord justice-clerk of Scotland, who had been called to the Scotch bar a few years before. Mrs. Cockburn's name was thenceforth linked with all that was brilliant in Edinburgh society, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, she helped to mould and direct the social life of the old aristocratic parlours of that city, as the De Rambouillet and the Dudevants had in those of Paris. Mrs. Cockburn survived her husband more than forty years, dying in her own house in Crichton Street, Edinburgh, November 22, 1794, and was buried in Buccleuch Churchyard, where also rest the remains of David Herd, and Blacklock the blind poet. She was the authoress of several poems and parodies, and appears to have written an

epitaph for herself, as in some directions about her funeral she adds, "Shorten or correct the epitaph to your taste." Scott when a youth wrote a poem which drew from Mrs. Cockburn the following among other lines:—

"If such the accents of thy early youth,
 When playful fancy holds the place of truth,
 If so divinely sweet thy numbers flow,
 And thy young heart melts with such tender woe;
 What praise, what admiration shall be thine,
 When sense mature with science shall combine
 To raise thy genius and thy taste refine!"

Mrs. Cockburn's version of "The Flowers of the Forest," written in a turret of the old family mansion of Fairnalee, is most justly admired for its great beauty and tenderness. Allan Cunningham says, "I have classed these two poetesses (Miss Elliot and Mrs. Cockburn) together, not from the resemblance of their genius, for that was essentially different, but from the circumstance of their having sung on the same subject, and with much the same success—the fall of the youth of Selkirk on the field of Flodden. The fame of both songs has been widely diffused. They were imagined for a while to be old compositions, but there was no need to call antiquity to the aid of two such touching songs; and I have not heard that

even an antiquary withdrew his admiration on discovering them to be modern. They are each of them remarkable for elegiac tenderness: with one it is the tenderness of human nature, with the other that of allegory, yet the allegory is so simple and so plain that it touches the most illiterate heart; and though it expresses one thing by means of another all must understand it. Nature, however, is the safest com-

panion in all that seeks the way to the heart, and with nature the song of Miss Elliot begins and continues. The history which tradition relates of these songs is curious; each has an origin after its kind, and one may almost read in them the readiness with which honest nature submits to the yoke of poetry, compared to the labour of reducing what Spenser calls a 'dark conceit' to the obedience of verse."

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.¹

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

ROBERT MACKAY.

BORN 1714—DIED 1778.

This celebrated Gaelic bard, whose proper name has yielded to the more familiar one of Rob Donn, *i.e.* Brown Robert (from the colour of his hair), was born in 1714 at Durness, in the heart of that extensive district in the north of Scotland which, having been inhabited from a period beyond the reach of history by the Mackays, has always been designated, in common parlance, as "the country of the Lord Reay," the chief of that ancient clan, and which may probably continue to be so designated for ages to come, although the whole of it has now passed into the hands of the princely house of Stafford and Sutherland. Although Robert's talents excited much attention, even in early childhood, he never received a particle of what is (too exclusively) called education—he never knew his alphabet; but the habit, inherited from

his Highland mother, of oral recitation, enabled him before attaining manhood to lay up a prodigious amount of such lore as had from time immemorial constituted the intellectual wealth of his countrymen. Mackay's mastery of Highland traditions, ballads, and *oran* of all sorts, was extraordinary; and his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was equally remarkable, although, be it remembered, that at the time he lived no Gaelic Bible had been printed.

The poet, in his youth, tended cattle on the hillside; and when he had advanced sufficiently in years and strength it became part of his business to assist in driving droves of Highland cattle to the markets of the south

¹ Etrick Forest. "The Forest" was the name given to a great part of the county of Selkirk, and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale.—*Ed.*

of Scotland and England. His witty sayings, meantime, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love songs, had begun to make him famous not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the Tryst of Falkirk or the Fair of Kendal. Donald, lord Reay, a true-hearted chief, now claimed for himself the care of the rising bard of the clan, and Mackay was invested with an office which more than satisfied his ambition, and carried with it abundant respect in the eyes of his fellow-mountaineers. He became *boman* or cow-keeper to the chief, a calling which must not be confounded with that of a cowherd. Of these he had many under him; his business was to account for the safety and increase of the herds, and he became bound to make certain annual returns of dairy produce, stipulated for by contract.

Mackay, having recovered from a disappointment in love, now married most happily, and his household soon became noted for its religious observances and habits of piety. He was a faithful *boman*, and his master esteemed him highly; but the bard's inveterate love of the mountain chase entangled him, like a much greater bard, in trouble, and the connection was broken off, though happily without any interruption of good-will on either side. After being employed for some time by Colonel Mackay, to whose estate the poet removed with

his wife and children, he entered the military service in the year 1759. Of his army life it is related that although he enlisted in the Sutherland Highlanders as a private soldier, Mackay was never called upon to take part in any troublesome duties, but, as the bard of the regiment, was expected to celebrate, in case of opportunity, their warlike achievements, leaving guard and drill to whom they concerned. The poet died in 1778, and was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument of some mark and importance has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, Greek, English, and Latin.

Twoscore years after the death of the celebrated bard of Lord Reay's country his poems were collected and published at Inverness, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, successively minister of Laggan and Dunoon. Of this volume a reviewer remarks, referring to the songs among our selections, "Rude and bald as these things appear in a verbal translation, and rough as they might possibly appear even if the originals were intelligible, we confess we are disposed to think they would of themselves justify Dr. Mackay in placing this herdsman-lover among the true sons of song."

THE SONG OF WINTER.

At waking so early

Was snow on the Ben,
And the glen of the hill in
The storm-drift so chilling,
The linnet was stilling
That couch'd in its den;
And poor robin was shrilling
In sorrow his strain.

Every grove was expecting
Its leaf shed in gloom;
The sap it is draining,
Down rootwards 'tis straining,
And the bark it is waning
As dry as the tomb,
And the blackbird at morning
Is shrieking his doom.

Cease thriving the knotted,

The stunted birk shaw,
While the rough wind is blowing,
And the drift of the snowing
Is shaking, o'erthrowing,
The copse on the law.

'Tis the season when nature
Is all in the sere,
When her snow-showers are hailing,
Her rain-sleet assailing,
Her mountain winds wailing,
Her rime-frosts severe.

'Tis the season of leanness,
Unkindness, and chill;

Its whistle is ringing,
 An iciness bringing,
 Where the brown leaves are clinging
 In helplessness still;
 And the snow-rush is delving
 With furrows the hill.

The sun is in hiding,
 Or frozen its beam,
 On the peaks where he lingers,
 On the glens where the singers,¹
 With their bills and small fingers,
 Are raking the stream,
 Or picking the midstead
 For forage—and scream.

When darkens the gloaming,
 Oh, scant is their cheer!
 All benumbed is their song in
 The hedge where they thronging,
 And for shelter still longing
 The mortar² they tear;
 Ever noisily, noisily
 Squealing their care.

The running stream's chieftain³
 Is trailing to land,
 So shabby, so grimy,
 So sickly, so slimy,
 The spots of his prime he
 Has rusted with sand;
 Crook-snouted his crest is
 That taper'd so grand.

How mournful in winter
 The lowing of kine;
 How lean-back'd they shiver,
 How draggled their cover,
 How their nostrils run over
 With drippings of brine,
 So scraggy and crining
 In the cold frost thy pine.

'Tis Hallowmas time, and
 To mildness farewell!
 Its bristles are low'ring
 With darkness; o'erpowering
 Are its waters aye showering
 With onset so fell;
 Seem the kid and the yearling
 As rung their death-knell.

Every out-lying creature,
 How sinew'd soe'er,
 Seeks the refuge of shelter:
 The race of the antler,

They snort and they falter,
 A-cold in their lair;
 And the fawns they are wasting
 Since their kin is afar.

Such the songs that are saddest
 And dreariest of all;
 I ever am eerie
 In the morning to cheer ye!
 When foddering, to cheer the
 Poor herd in the stall—
 While each creature is moaning
 And sickening in thrall.

HOME SICKNESS.⁴

Easy is my pillow press'd,
 But oh! I cannot, cannot rest;
 Northwards do the shrill winds blow—
 Thither do my musings go!

Better far with thee in groves
 Where the young deers sportive roam,
 Than where, counting cattle droves,
 I must sickly sigh for home.
 Great the love I bear for her
 When the north winds wander free;
 Sportive kindly is her air,
 Pride and folly none hath she!

Were I hiding from my foes,
 Ay, though fifty men were near,
 I should find concealment close
 In the shieling of my dear.
 Beauty's daughter! oh, to see
 Days when homewards I'll repair;
 Joyful time to thee and me—
 Fair girl with the waving hair!

Glorious all for hunting then,
 The rocky ridge, the hill, the fern,
 Sweet to drag the deer that's slain
 Downwards by the piper's cairn!
 By the west field 'twas I told
 My love, with parting on my tongue;
 Long she'll linger in that fold,
 With the kine assembled long!

Dear to me the woods I know,
 Far from Crieff my musings are;

⁴ Upon one occasion Mackay's attendance on his employer's cattle business detained him a whole year from home. During this period he composed these lines one sleepless night which he spent at Crieff, in Perthshire.—Ed.

¹ Birds. ² The sides of the cottages. ³ Salmon.

Still with sheep my memories go,
 On our heath of knolls afar:
 Oh, for red-streak'd rocks so lone!
 Where in spring the young fawns leap;
 And the crags where winds have blown—
 Cheaply I should find my sleep.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.¹

Heavy to me is the shieling, and the hum that
 is in it,
 Since the ear that was wont to listen is no more
 on the watch.
 Where is Isabel, the courteous, the conversable,
 a sister in kindness?
 Where is Anne, the slender-browed, the turret-
 breasted, whose glossy hair pleased me when
 yet a boy?
Heich! what an hour was my returning!
Pain such as that sunset brought, what availeth me
to tell it?
 I traversed the fold, and upward among the
 trees—
 Each place, far and near, wherein I was wont to
 salute my love.
 When I looked down from the crag, and beheld the
 fair-haired stranger dallying with his bride,
 I wished that I had never revisited the glen of
 my dreams.
Such things came into my heart, as that sun was
going down,
A pain of which I shall never be rid, what availeth
me to tell it?
 My sleep is disturbed—busy is foolishness within
 me at midnight.
 The kindness that has been between us,—I can-
 not shake off that memory in visions.

Thou callest me not to thy side; but love is to me
 for a messenger.

*There is strife within me, and I toss to be at liberty;
 And ever the closer it clings, and the delusion is
 growing to me as a tree.*

Anne, yellow-haired daughter of Donald, surely
 thou knowest not how it is with me—
 That it is old love, unrepaid, which has worn
 down from me my strength;
 That when far from thee, beyond many moun-
 tains, the wound in my heart was throbbing,
 Stirring and searching for ever, as when I sat
 beside thee on the turf.

*Now, then, hear me this once, if for ever I am to be
 without thee—*

*My spirit is broken—give me one kiss ere I leave
 this land!*

Haughtily and scornfully the maid looked upon
 me;

Never will it be work for thy fingers to unloose
 the band from my curls;

Thou hast been absent a twelvemonth, and six
 were seeking me diligently,
 Was thy superiority so high that there should be
 no end of abiding for thee?

Ha! ha! ha!—hast thou at last become sick?

*Is it love that is to give death to thee? Surely the
 enemy has been in no haste.*

But how shall I hate thee, even though towards
 me thou hast become cold?

When my discourse is most angry concerning thy
 name in thine absence,

Of a sudden thine image, with its old dearness,
 comes visibly into my mind,

And a secret voice whispers that love will yet
 prevail!

And I become surety for it anew, darling,

And it springs up at that hour lofty as a tower.

DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BORN 1716 — DIED 1768.

DUGALD BUCHANAN, a Gaelic poet of distinction, and justly celebrated as a writer of hymns, was born at Strathire, in the parish of Balquhidder, Perthshire, in 1716. His father,

who was a farmer and miller, gave him such education as he could afford, and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. Young Dugald

¹ On the poet's return to Strathmore after a prolonged absence he found that a fair maiden to whom his troth had been plighted of yore was on the eve of being married to a young carpenter, who had profited by his

sojourn in the south. This song describes Mackay's feelings on the discovery of his damsel's infidelity. The airs of "Home Sickness" and "Disappointed Love" are his own, and are said to be very beautiful.—Ed.

led a rather irregular life for many years, but at length reformed, and in 1755 the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kinloch Rannoch. In this secluded spot he laboured with diligence during the remainder of his days; and here he wrote various poems and hymns, which latter will render his name as lasting as the Gaelic in which they were written. Besides his sacred poems and lyrics, he wrote a diary, which has been published with a memoir of the author. He possessed a most felicitous style, and it is to be regretted that his poetical writings, which resemble those of Cowper, have never been properly translated. His "Day of Judgment," displaying great power of imagination, is among the most popular poems in the language; "The Dream" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits; and "The Skull" is a highly poetic composition.

He rendered very essential service to the Rev. James Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into Gaelic, and accompanied that gentleman to Edinburgh in 1766, for the purpose of supervising its publication. During his sojourn in the Scottish capital he attended the university classes in natural philosophy, anatomy, astronomy, and divinity. Among the men of distinction to whom Buchanan was introduced in Edinburgh was the celebrated David Hume, who kindly invited him to his house. While discussing the merits of various authors the historian observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than some of the passages in Shakespeare, and in support of his assertion that they were far superior to any contained in the Bible he quoted the magnificent lines from "The Tempest"—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The poet admitted the great beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he could furnish a passage from the New Testament still more sublime, and recited the following verses: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no

place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life. . . . And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Buchanan's beautiful hymns, which are sung in every Highland cottage, were first published in 1767. Since that time upwards of fifteen editions have been issued. "It may be truly said," remarks a recent writer,¹ "that we have one hymn-writer, Dugald Buchanan, that has never yet been surpassed by any hymn-poet of any country, ancient or modern. The great characteristic of our hymns is their devotional and evangelical tone. A heterodox mist, or even an unscriptural or doubtful expression, is never met with. They have, however, one great fault in common—their length. The same fault characterizes all the popular songs of the Celts. The singing of fifty or one hundred stanzas with our ancestors seemed a common and quite a feasible thing. Dugald Buchanan is perhaps the only modern (Gaelic) poet that possesses much sublimity: many verses of his minor pieces, and nearly the whole of his 'Day of Judgment,' are dramatically vivid and very sublime." Soon after the publication of his little volume of hymns the poet returned to his useful and pious labours at Rannoch, where he died, June 2, 1768. His many friends there desired that his remains should be buried among them, but his wife and children preferred that he should be interred in the burial-place of his ancestors at Little Leny, near Callander. A meeting was held there more than a century after the poet's death by the Dugald Buchanan Memorial Committee, when a large number of influential gentlemen were present. Suggestions were made about establishing a Dugald Buchanan bursary, and about placing a tombstone in Little Leny churchyard over the poet's grave, but the committee agreed to restrict their operations for the present to the erection of a monument in Strathire, where the poet was born and bred.

¹ *Remarks on Scottish Gaelic Literature*, by Nigel M'Neill, Inverness, 1873.

THE SKULL.

As I sat by the grave, at the brink of its cave
 Lo! a featureless skull on the ground:
 The symbol I clasp, and detain in my grasp,
 While I turn it around and around.

Without beauty or grace, or a glance to express
 Of the by-stander nigh a thought;
 Its jaw and its mouth are tenantless both,
 Nor passes emotion its throat.

No glow on its face, no ringlets to grace
 Its brow, and no ear for my song;
 Hush'd the caves of its breath, and the finger of
 death
 The raised features hath flatten'd along.

The eyes' wonted beam, and the eyelids' quick
 gleam—
 The intelligent sight, are no more;
 But the worms of the soil, as they wriggle and coil,
 Come hither their dwellings to bore.

No lineament here is left to declare
 If monarch or chief wert thou;
 Alexander the Brave, as the portionless slave
 That on dunghill expires, is as low.

Thou delver of death, in my ear let thy breath
 Who tenants my hand unfold;
 That my voice may not die without a reply,
 Though the ear it addresses is cold.

Say, wert thou a may, of beauty a ray,
 And flatter'd thine eye with a smile?
 Thy meshes didst set, like the links of a net,
 The hearts of the youth to wile?

Alas! every charm that a bosom could warm
 Is changed to the grain of disgust!
 Oh! fie on the spoiler for daring to soil her
 Gracefulness all in the dust!

Say, wise in the law, did the people with awe
 Acknowledge thy rule o'er them—
 A magistrate true, to all dealing their due,
 And just to redress or condemn?

Or was righteousness sold for handfuls of gold
 In the scales of thy partial decree;
 While the poor were unheard when their suit
 they prefer'd,
 And appeal'd their distresses to thee?

Say, once in thine hour, was thy medicine of power
 To extinguish the fever of ail?
 And seem'd, as the pride of thy leech-craft e'en
 tried,
 O'er omnipotent death to prevail?

Alas! that thine aid should have ever betray'd
 Thy hope when the need was thine own;
 What salve or annealing sufficed for thy healing
 When the hours of thy portion were flown?

Or, wert thou a hero, a leader to glory,
 While armies thy truncheon obey'd;
 To victory cheering, as thy foemen careering
 In fight, left their mountains of dead?

Was thy valiancy laid, or unhilted thy blade,
 When came onwards in battle array
 The sepulchre-swarms, ensheathed in their arms,
 To sack and to rifle their prey?

How they joy in their spoil, as thy body the while
 Besieging, the reptile is vain,
 And her beetle-mate blind hums his gladness to
 find
 His defence in the lodge of thy brain!

Some dig where the sheen of the ivory has been,
 Some, the organ where music repair'd;
 In rabble and rout they come in and come out
 At the gashes their fangs have bared.

Do I hold in my hand a whole lordship of land,
 Represented by nakedness here?
 Perhaps not unkind to the helpless thy mind,
 Nor all unimparted thy gear;

Perhaps stern of brow to thy tenantry thou!
 To leanness their countenances grew—
 'Gainst their crave for respite, when thy clamour
 for right
 Required, to a moment, its due;

While the frown of thy pride to the aged denied
 To cover their head from the chill,
 And humbly they stand, with their bonnet in hand,
 As cold blows the blast of the hill.

Thy serfs may look on, unheeding thy frown,
 Thy rents and thy mailings unpaid;
 All praise to the stroke their bondage that broke!
 While but claims their obeisance the dead.

Or a head do I clutch whose devices were such
 That death must have lent them his sting—
 So daring they were, so reckless of fear,
 As heaven had wanted a king?

Did the tongue of the lie, while it couch'd like a
 spy
 In the haunt of thy venomous jaws,
 Its slander display, as poisons its prey
 The devilish snake in the grass?

That member unchain'd by strong bands is restrain'd,
 The inflexible shackles of death;
 And its emblem, the trail of the worm, shall prevail
 Where its slaves once harbour'd beneath.

And oh! if thy scorn went down to thine urn,
 And expired with impenitent groan;
 To repose where thou art is of peace all thy part,
 And then to appear—at the throne!

Like a frog, from the lake that leapeth, to take
 To the Judge of thy actions the way,
 And to hear from his lips, amid nature's eclipse,
 Thy sentence of termless dismay.

The hardness thy bones shall environ,
 To brass-links the veins of thy frame
 Shall stiffen, and the glow of thy manhood shall grow
 Like the anvil that melts not in flame!

But wert thou the mould of a champion bold
 For God and his truth and his law?
 Oh! then, though the fence of each limb and
 each sense
 Is broken—each gem with a flaw—

Be comforted thou! For rising in air
 Thy flight shall the clarion obey;
 And the shell of thy dust thou shalt leave to be
 crush'd,
 If they will, by the creatures of prey.

THE DREAM.

As lockfasted in slumber's arms
 I lay and dream'd (so dreams our race
 When every spectral object charms,
 To melt, like shadow, in the chase),

A vision came; mine ear confess'd
 Its solemn sounds: "Thou man distraught!
 Say, owns the wind thy hand's arrest,
 Or fills the world thy crave of thought?"

"Since fell transgression ravaged here,
 And reft man's garden-joys away,
 He weeps his unavailing tear,
 And straggles, like a lamb astray.

"With shrilling bleat for comfort hie
 To every pinfold, humankind;
 Ah! there the fostering teat is dry,
 The stranger mother proves unkind.

"No rest for toil, no drink for drought,
 For bosom-peace the shadow's wing—
 So feeds expectancy on nought,
 And suckles every lying thing.

"Some woe for ever wreathes its chain,
 And hope foretells the clasp undone;
 Relief at handbreadth seems: in vain
 Thy fetter'd arms embrace—'tis gone!

"Not all that trial's lore unlearns
 Of all the lies that life betrays,
 Avails, for still desire returns—
 The last day's folly is to-day's.

"Thy wish has prosper'd;—has its taste
 Survived the hour its lust was drown'd;
 Or yields thine expectation's zest
 To full fruition, golden-crown'd?

"The rosebud is life's symbol bloom—
 'Tis loved, 'tis coveted, 'tis riven.
 Its grace, its fragrance, find a tomb,
 When to the grasping hand 'tis given.

"Go, search the world wherever woe
 Of high or low the bosom wrings,
 There, gasp for gasp, and throe for throe,
 Is answer'd from the breast of kings.

"From every hearth-turf reeks its cloud,
 From every heart its sigh is roll'd;
 The rose's stalk is fang'd—one shroud
 Is both the sting's and honey's fold.

"Is wealth thy lust—does envy pine
 Where high its tempting heaps are piled?
 Look down, behold the fountain shine,
 And, deeper still, with dregs defiled!

"Quickens thy breath with rash inhale,
 And folds an insect in its toil?
 The creature turns thy life-blood pale,
 And blends thine ivory teeth with soil.

"When high thy fellow-mortal soars,
 His state is like the topmast nest—
 It swings with every blast that wars,
 And every motion shakes its crest.

"And if the world for once is kind,
 Yet ever has the lot its bend;
 Where fortune has the crook inclined,
 Not all thy strength or art shall mend.

"For as the sapling's sturdy stalk,
 Whose double twist is crossly strain'd,
 Such is thy fortune—sure to baulk
 At this extreme what there was gained.

"When heaven its gracious manna hail'd,
'Twas vain who hoarded its supply,
Not all his miser care avail'd
His neighbour's portion to outvie.

"So, blended all that nature owns,
So, warp'd all hopes that mortals bless—
With boundless wealth, the sufferer's groans;
With courtly luxury, distress.

"Lift up the balance—heap with gold,
Its other shell vile dust shall fill;
And were a kingdom's ransom told,
The scales would want adjustment still.

"Life has its competence—nor deem
That better than enough were more;
Sure it were phantasy to dream
With burdens to assuage thy sore.

"It is the fancy's whirling strife
That breeds thy pain—to-day it craves,
To-morrow spurns—suffices life
When passion asks what passion braves?

"Should appetite her wish achieve,
To herd with brutes her joy would bound;
Pleased other paradise to leave,
Content to pasture on the ground.

"But pride rebels, nor towers alone
Beyond that confine's lowly sphere—
Seems as from the eternal throne
It aim'd the sceptre's self to tear.

"'Tis thus we trifle, thus we dare;
But, seek we to our bliss the way,
Let us to Heaven our path refer,
Believe, and worship, and obey.

"That choice is all—to range beyond
Nor must, nor needs; provision, grace,
In these he gives, who sits enthroned,
Salvation, competence, and peace."

The instructive vision pass'd away,
But not its wisdom's dreamless lore;
No more in shadow-tracks I stray,
And fondle shadow-shapes no more.

ADAM SKIRVING.

BORN 1719—DIED 1803.

ADAM SKIRVING, a wealthy farmer of Haddingtonshire, was born in the year 1719, and educated at Preston Kirk, in East Lothian. He long held the farm of Garleton, near Haddington, on the road to Gosford. Skirving was a very athletic man, and excelled in all manly sports and exercises. He died in April, 1803, and was buried in the church of Athelstaneford, where his merits are recorded in a metrical epitaph:—

"In feature, in figure, agility, mind,
And happy wit rarely surpass'd,
With lofty or low could be plain or refined,
Content beaming bright to the last."

Skirving composed in 1745 two songs, which have for more than a hundred years held a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and in nearly every collection of Scottish minstrelsy. Among the various personages referred to in one of these, was a certain Lieut. Smith, an Irish-

man, who displayed much pusillanimity in the battle of Preston, or, as the poet calls it, Tranent Muir. He, however, challenged Skirving for the manner in which he was spoken of. "Gang back," said the rustic poet to the officer who brought the message, "and tell Lieut. Smith that I ha'e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

Skirving's other lyric, "Johnnie Cope," doubtless owes much of its popularity to its spirit-stirring air. Perhaps no song in existence has so many variations. Sir John Cope, as is well known, made a precipitate retreat from the field, followed by his dragoons, and did not draw rein till he reached Dunbar. He was tried by court-martial for his "foul flight," as Colonel Gardiner called it, but was acquitted. The Muses, however, did not acquit him; but

have immortalized his cowardly and disgraceful retreat from the field of battle, called according to the different local positions of the conflicting parties, Gladsmuir, Prestonpans, and Tranent Muir. Of the three generals whom the presence of mind and great personal

bravery of Prince Charles, aided by the impetuous charge of the clans, defeated, a punning rhymster made the following ludicrous but accurate epigram:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,
Nor Hawley haul his cannon on the foe.

TRANENT MUIR.¹

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard anither crow, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame—O, fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

And Simpson keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man;
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;

Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, among the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding gray he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

¹ Two objectionable verses—the third and fifth—of this song are omitted.—ED.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;
 And they, as gain for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man,
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid awa', man;
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar:—
 Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were wauking, I wad wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the
 morning.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword;
 And dinna flee away like a frightened bird,
 That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To ha'e a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa' in the morning.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
 The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
 It is best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 Sae early in the morning.

Oh! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs—
 So I wish you a' gude morning.

JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1720—DIED 1789.

The author of "The Clyde," a descriptive poem of considerable merit, was born in the parish of Lesmahagow, in Lanarkshire, June 30, 1720. He was the son of a small farmer, who, to maintain his family, was obliged to divide his labours between the anvil and plough—a practice not uncommon in Scotland in former times. John was sent to the grammar-school of Lanark, where he remained until his fourteenth year, when the death of

his father compelled him to withdraw. He had made such rapid progress in his studies that even at this early age he was able to begin instructing others, and from this period till he arrived at manhood he maintained himself by private teaching. In 1746 he was appointed schoolmaster in his native parish, and in this situation he continued many years. His first production as an author was a "Dramatic Essay," which he afterwards expanded

into the "Earl Douglas," a tragedy. This he published at Glasgow in 1764, with his poem of "The Clyde."

In the year 1767, on a vacancy occurring in the grammar-school of Greenock, Wilson was offered the situation of master on the singular condition, it is said, that he should abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." With this Gothic proposition the poor poet, having a wife and children to maintain, was compelled to comply. He was in a situation not dissimilar to that of the bard of "Bara's Isle," who, to save his Mora from death, made a fire of his harp:—

"Dark grows the night! and cold and sharp
Beat wind and hail, and drenching rain;
Nought else remains.—'I'll burn my harp!
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain."

To avoid the temptation of violating his promise, which he esteemed sacred, he took an early opportunity of destroying his unfinished manuscripts. After this he never ventured to replace the forbidden lyre, though the memory of its departed sounds often filled his heart with sadness. Sometimes, when the conversation of friends restored the vivacity of these recollections, he would carelessly pour out some extemporaneous rhymes; but the inspiration passed away, and its fleeting nature palliated the momentary transgression. Wilson died June 2, 1789, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

A few poetic fragments that had escaped the flames were found among his papers. These were chiefly hasty effusions on temporary subjects, or juvenile paraphrases of passages of Scripture. An improved edition of "The Clyde," which he had prepared for the press

before being appointed master of the Greenock school, was published by Dr. Leyden in the first volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, to which he prefixed a memoir of the author. Wilson had two sons, both of whom gave great promise of poetical talents. "James the eldest," says Dr. Leyden, "was a young man of more than ordinary abilities, displayed a fine taste for both poetry and drawing, and, like his father, possessed an uncommon share of humour. He went to sea, and after distinguishing himself in several naval engagements, was killed Oct. 11, 1776, in an action on Lake Champlain, in which his conduct received such approbation from his commanding officer, that a small pension was granted by the government to his father. George, who died at the age of twenty-one years, was distinguished for his taste and classical erudition as well as his poetical talents."

It is somewhat remarkable that the Greenock magistrates, in placing an embargo on the muse of Wilson, did so in contravention of one of the acts of the General Assembly, that venerable body having in 1645 enacted that, "for the remedy of the great decay of poesy, no schoolmaster be admitted to teach a grammar-school in burghs, or in other considerable parishes, but such as, after examination, shall be found skilful in the Latin tongue, not only for prose, but also for verse." Of this law, however, the enlightened bailies and skippers of Greenock were (as well as the poet), of course, quite ignorant when they issued their interdict against the cultivation of poetry. Our readers will peruse with pleasure the subjoined opening lines of "The Clyde," together with the brief extracts which follow, taken from the same fine descriptive poem.

THE CLYDE.

(EXTRACT.)

Thy arching groves, O Clyde, thy fertile plains,
Thy towns and villas, claim my filial strains.

Ye Powers! who o'er these winding dales pre-
side,

Who shake the woods, who roll the river's tide;
Who wake the sylvan song, whose pencils pour
The forms of beauty o'er each painted flower;
Inspire the numbers, let the verse display

The charms that grace the imitative lay,
When gently flows the stream, then let the song
In softest, easiest numbers glide along:

When swell'd with rains, o'er rocks it rages fierce,
Swell, rage, and war, and thunder in my verse.

And thou! to whom indulgent Heaven con-
signed

The power to bless, the fair angelic mind;

Formed thy soft breast to melt at human woe,
 Generous to cherish worth, and wise to know;
 Each finer passion of the breast to move,
 To awe with virtue, and inspire with love;
 With native goodness all mankind to charm;
 With love thy noble Hyndford's soul to warm:
 This tribute of a humble muse regard,
 Who scorns to flatter, or to court reward;
 Who, proud to mark with partial eye the fair,
 Still makes their virtue, and their charms her
 care;

But chiefly joys to pour her peaceful strains
 On Clyde's delightful banks and fruitful plains.

From one vast mountain bursting on the day,
 Tweed, Clyde, and Annan urge their separate
 way.

To Anglia's shores bright Tweed and Annan run,
 That seeks the rising, this the setting sun;
 Where ranged the Border war, and either flood
 Now blushed with Scottish, now with English
 blood;

Both lands by turns their heroes lost deplore;
 But blest Britannia knows these woes no more.

Clyde far from scenes of strife and horror fled,
 And through more peaceful fields his waters led;
 But ere he issued from their deep abodes,
 He sagely thus addressed his brother floods:

"Full well you know the imperial mandate given,
 His salutary law who rules in heaven!

That, hasting hence, our waters seek the day,
 And from a thousand fountains force their way,
 Pour on the plain, and genial moisture yield
 To verdant pasture, and to golden field;
 Nurse the fair flowers which on our margins rise,
 And forests proud which sweep the lofty skies;
 See populous cities on our banks extend,
 And through their crowded gates their thousands
 send;

Full mighty fleets on our fair bosoms ride,
 Loading with war or wealth our labouring tide;
 Round spacious islands stretch our silver arms,
 And in our caverns feed the scaly swarms.
 Then in the ocean poured, our journey run,
 Forced by rude winds, or courted by the sun,
 Our waters, from the brine, disdainful rise,
 Through air aspire, and sail along the skies;
 On deluged plain, or parched pasture, pour
 In sounding tempest or in silent shower;
 Adorn the fields, mature the golden grain,
 And blot from fields of death the sanguine stain;
 Or load with low'ring mists the mountain's brow,
 Sink through the soil, and feed the springs below;
 Or, darkly from the bottom of the deep,
 Along the beds of sand in silence creep;
 Through earth's dark veins work out their wind-
 ing way,

And fresh to light from countless fountains play.
 Heaven's generous purpose let us glad assist,
 For general good. 'To yield is to be blest.'
 The river said; and with impetuous force
 Rent the huge hills, and rushed along his course.

Along his infant stream, on either side
 The lofty hills, in clouds, their summits hide;
 In whose vast bowels, treasured dark and deep,
 Exhaustless mines of lead in secret sleep.
 But man, audacious man! whose stubborn pride
 Free gifts disdains, and longs for all denied,
 Mid central earth, bids hardy hands combine
 To drag the metal from its parent mine;
 Which, forced to light, forms the destructive ball,
 At whose dire touch fleets sink and armies fall;
 Seas blush with blood, while floats the crimson
 field;

Walls sink to dust, to rapine cities yield.

Nor death alone to fated realms it brings:

It to the cistern guides the distant springs;

The lofty palace or the temple crowns,

Or, raised on high, a sage or hero frowns.

Yet, mortals, fear the first of crimes, be wise;

Prize what Heaven gives, forbear what Heaven
 denies;

Who numerous flocks o'er every mountain pours,
 And makes the fleece and harmless bearer yours;
 Burdened with milk, o'er all the hills they bleat,
 Or, clad with wool, they crop the pasture sweet.

THE CLYDE PERSONIFIED.

To whom the parent flood—"My children dear,
 The festive sounds of peace salute mine ear.
 Henceforth our peaceful ports, from insult free,
 Anchor'd secure, their loaded fleets shall see;
 And, to my honour, happy world shall know,
 They to a son of mine their safety owe.
 Great Bute! who, warm with patriot zeal, arose
 To still wild war, and give the world repose;
 And having done the good his heart desir'd,
 Scorning reward, to shades obscure retir'd.
 For all he valued was already given,
 Approven of his soul, his prince, and Heaven!
 He calmly smil'd. Eclips'd ambition rav'd,
To see a world by worth superior sav'd!

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

By Crookston Castle waves the still green yew,
 The first that met the royal Mary's view,
 When, bright in charms, the youthful princess led
 The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:
 Emboss'd in silver, now its branches green
 Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian green.
 But dark Langside, from Crookston view'd afar,
 Still seems to range in pomp the rebel war;
 Here, when the moon rides dimly through the
 sky,
 The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly,

And one bright female form, with sword and crown,
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

STAG-HUNTING.

Not so the stately stag, of harmless force;
In motion graceful, rapid in his course.
Nature in vain his lofty head adorns
With formidable groves of pointed horns.
Soon as the hound's fierce clamour strikes his ear,
He throws his arms behind, and owns his fear;
Sweeps o'er the unprinted grass, the wind out-flies;—
Hounds, horses, hunters, horns, still sound along the skies;
Fierce as a storm they pour along the plain;
Their lively chief, still foremost of the train,
With unremitting ardour leads the chase;—
He, trembling, safety seeks in every place;

Drives through the thicket, scales the lofty steep;
Bounds o'er the hills, or darts through valleys deep;

Plunges amid the river's cooling tides,
While strong and quick he heaves his panting sides.

He from afar his lov'd companions sees,
Whom the loud hoop that hurtles on the breeze
Into a crowded phalanx firm had cast;
Their armed heads all outward round them plac'd:
Some desperate band, surrounded, thus appears,
Hedg'd with protended bayonets and spears:
To these he flies, and begs to be allow'd
To share the danger with the kindred crowd;
But must, by general voice excluded, know
How loath'd the sad society of woe.
The cruel hounds pour round on every hand;
Desperate, he turns to make a feeble stand:
Big tears on tears roll down his harmless face;
He falls, and sues in vain, alas! for grace:
Pitied and prized, he dies. The ponderous prey
The jolly troop in triumph bear away.

JOHN SKINNER.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1807.

REV. JOHN SKINNER, a popular poet and ecclesiastical historian, was born October 3, 1721, at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire. His father was schoolmaster of that parish, and his mother was the widow of Donald Farquharson, Esq. of Balfour. At the age of thirteen John entered the University of Aberdeen, where he pursued his studies with diligence and great success. After he graduated he became assistant in the parish schools of Kemnay and Monymusk. In 1740 he went to Shetland in the capacity of a private tutor. Returning to Aberdeenshire he was ordained a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, and called to the parish of Longside. A few years later, after the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, his chapel was destroyed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland; and on the plea of his having transgressed the law by preaching to more than four persons without subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he was during six months kept a prisoner in Aberdeen jail.

From early youth Skinner had composed verses in the Scottish dialect, but his entering

the ministry checked for a time his poetical propensities. His subsequent productions, which include all of his popular songs, were written to please his friends or to gratify the members of his family. In a letter to Burns, dated 1787, he says:—"While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted these effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions; at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

A poetical epistle addressed by him to Robert Burns, in commendation of his talents, was termed by the Ayrshire bard as "the best poetical compliment he had ever received." It led to a regular correspondence, which was carried on to the gratification of both parties. They, however, never met. Burns, who some-



how failed to inform himself as to his friend's locality before going on his northern tour, had the mortification of learning on his return that he had been in his immediate neighbourhood without having seen him. To his son, Bishop Skinner, he afterwards said: "I would have gone twenty miles out of my way to visit the author of 'Tullochgorum.'" After ministering at Longside for sixty-five years, Mr. Skinner gave up his parish, and went to reside with his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, where he died June 16, 1807, twelve days after his arrival.

Besides his poetical works, which appeared in a volume with the title *Amusements of Leisure Hours, or Poetical Pieces, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Mr. Skinner was the author of *An Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, from the first appearance of Christianity in that Kingdom*, issued in 1788; and several theological treatises and numerous compositions in Latin verse, which were published, together with a memoir of the author, under the editorial supervision of his son the bishop in 1809. Fifty years later an edition of his poems appeared at Peterhead, with a memoir from the pen of H. G. Reid.

A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* gives a beautiful picture of Skinner and his cottage at Linshart, near Longside, which he occupied for sixty-five years. He says: "There are old people still alive who have conversed with him. He was a man of the same cheerful, happy temperament as Ross; a skilful player on the violin, and vocalist enough to be able to sing his own songs. During part of his ministry, he, in common with his brethren, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the house of Hanover; they were Jacobites to a man, and suffered some persecution in consequence. It was illegal for more than four persons to assemble in one place for worship. We have been told that Skinner evaded this law by reading the service at an open window in his cottage to the people assembled outside. The cottage at Linshart,

which he occupied for sixty-five years, has now disappeared. He thus alludes to it in one of his songs:—

'And though not of stone and lime,
It will last us a' our time;
And I hope we shall never need another.'

In this cottage he reared a numerous family, to whom he thus refers:—

'What though we canna boast of our guineas, O!
We have plenty of Jockeys and Jeanies, O!
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O!'

It was well that he thought so, as few of 'the poor yellow steenies' ever came his way. It is doubtful whether his income ever reached that of Goldsmith's village pastor; but a shilling in those days went a long way. With the salary of a footman he had the soul of a gentleman, the genius of a poet, and the learning of a scholar; the poor cottage at Linshart was ennobled by his presence. He lived to see his son bishop of his diocese. He was a pure-minded, pure-hearted noble old man, with a soul overflowing with love to God and contentment with his lot, without one spark of religious bigotry. A pleasing proof of this may be related:—On one occasion he was passing with a friend close to a Dissenting place of worship, and on hearing the sound of the psalmody reverently took off his hat. 'What!' said his friend, 'are you so fond of the Anti-burghers?' There was much of dignity and Christian charity in the old man's answer—'Sir, I respect and love any of my fellow-Christians who are engaged in singing to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.' It was the same in politics. He had taken his side; from principle he had thrown in his lot with the losing party; but the sympathies of his soul were not cribbed by narrow creeds or political exclusiveness. He loved the whole human race, and was as dear to the Presbyterians around him as to his own little flock."

TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide

For what was done before them;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing along wi' me
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him;
 For blythe and cheery we'll be a',
 Blythe and cheery, blythe and cheery,
 Blythe and cheery we'll be a',
 And make a happy quorum;
 For blythe and cheery we'll be a'
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsell's distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,
 Like old philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum!¹

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Were I but able to rehearse
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw;
 The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Wha had kent her might hae sworn
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Here about nor far awa':
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Here about nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keel
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a';
 She never threatened scab nor rot,
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor caw:
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw;
 Whanither ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,

¹ This extremely popular song owes its origin to the following incident. In the course of a visit Skinner was making to a friend, a dispute arose among the guests on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, which, becoming somewhat too exciting for the comfort of the lady of the house, she, in order to bring it to a close, requested our author to suggest appropriate words for the air of "Tullochgorum." Mr. Skinner readily complied, and before leaving the house produced what Burns characterized as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." The lady's name at whose request it was written was Mrs. Montgomery, hence the allusion in the first stanza. — ED.

My ewie never play'd the like,
But teesed about the barn wa':
My ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa:
The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
O' mair nor thirty head awa':
And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the fowmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa';
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Well deserved baith girse and corn,
Sic a ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa':
Sic a ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without greeting?)
A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
Sta' my ewie, horn, and a';
I sought her sair upo' the morn.
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crookit horn,
But my ewie was awa':
I got my ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thra';
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this sin' ever I was born,
My ewie, wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie, stown awa':
My ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies do when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a';
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa':
The loss o' her we could hae borne, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life
Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,
I'm really fleyt that our gudewife
Will never win aboon't ava':
O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,

Call your muses up and mourn
Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae's, and fell'd and a'!
Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

When I began the world first,
It was not as 'tis now;
For all was plain and simple then,
And friends were kind and true:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!
The times that I now see;
I think the world's all gone wrong,
From what it used to be.

There were not then high capering heads,
Prick'd up from ear to ear,
And cloaks and caps were rarities
For gentle folks to wear:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now
But what sets up for taste;
And not a lass in all the land
But must be lady-dressed:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

Our young men married then for love,
So did our lasses too;
And children loved their parents dear,
As children ought to do:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

For oh! the times are sadly changed—
A heavy change indeed!
For truth and friendship are no more,
And honesty is fled:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride,
Among both high and low;
And strife, and greed, and vanity
Is all that's minded now:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

When I look through the world wide,
How times and fashions go,
It draws the tears from both my eyes,
And fills my heart with woe:
Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!
The times that I now see;
I wish the world were at an end,
For it will not mend for me!

JOHN O' BADENYON.¹

When first I cam' to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there and everywhere
 Was like a morn in May;
 No care I had, no fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town;
 I still was pleased where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tuned my pipe and pleased myself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find,
 For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
 And e'en improved the mind:
 On Phillis fair above the rest
 Kind fortune fixed my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice;
 To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do;
 But when at last I breathed my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguiled
 With foolish hopes and vain;
 To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
 And laughed at lovers' pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine:
 And now whatever might betide
 A happy man was I;

¹ "An excellent song," says Burns; and Allan Cunningham writes, "There is something of the sermon in this clever song: the author puts his hero through a regular course of worldly pursuits, and withdraws him from love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, with the resolution of finding consolation in his own bosom. When the song was composed John Wilkes was in the full career of his short-lived popularity; and honest Skinner, incensed probably at the repeated insults which the demagogue offered to Scotland, remembered him in song."—Ed.

In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply.
 A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
 I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a *patriot* turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne.
 Their manly spirit I admired,
 And praised their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintain'd the public weal;
 But e'er a month or two had pass'd
 I found myself betrayed;
 'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,
 For a' the stir they made;
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 Insult the very throne,
 I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused awhile,
 Still hoping to succeed;
 I pitched on *books* for company,
 And gravely tried to read;
 I bought and borrow'd everywhere,
 And studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way;
 Philosophy I now esteemed
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully through many a page
 I hunted after truth.
 A thousand various schemes I tried,
 And yet was pleased with none;
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here
 Is but an empty name,
 And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books* also,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advised, and warning take
 From such a man as me;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure everywhere;
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves
 With John o' Badenyon.

THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

How happy a life does the parson possess
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 Who depends on his book and his gown for support,
 And derives no preferment from conclave or court!

Derry down, &c.

Without glebe or manse settled on him by law,
 No stipend to sue for, nor vic'rage to draw;
 In discharge of his office he holds him content,
 With a croft and a garden, for which he pays rent.

Derry down, &c.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,
 With a spare room to welcome a friend now and then;
 With a good-humour'd wife in his fortune to share,
 And ease him at all times of family care.

Derry down, &c.

With a few of the fathers, the oldest and best,
 And some modern extracts pick'd out from the rest;
 With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,
 To afford him instruction each day of the week.

Derry down, &c.

What children he has, if any are given,
 He thankfully trusts to the kindness of Heaven;
 To religion and virtue he trains them while young,
 And with such a provision he does them no wrong.

Derry down, &c.

With labour below, and with help from above,
 He cares for his flock, and is bless'd with their love;
 Though his living, perhaps, in the main may be scant,
 He is sure, while they have, that he'll ne'er be in want.

Derry down, &c.

With no worldly projects nor hurries perplex'd,
 He sits in his closet and studies his text;
 And while he converses with Moses or Paul,
 He envies not bishop, nor dean in his stall.

Derry down, &c.

Not proud to the poor nor a slave to the great,
 Neither factious in church nor pragmatic in state,
 He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,
 And finds work sufficient in preaching and prayer.

Derry down, &c.

In what little dealings he's forced to transact,
 He determines with plainness and candour to act;

And the great point on which his ambition is set
 Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.

Derry down, &c.

Thus calmly he steps through the valley of life;
 Unencumber'd with wealth and a stranger to strife;
 On the bustlings around him unmoved he can look,
 And at home always pleased with his wife and his book.

Derry down, &c.

And when, in old age, he drops into the grave,
 This humble remembrance he wishes to have:
 "By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,
 Contented he lived, and lamented he died!"

Derry down, &c.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

When fops and fools together prate,
 O'er punch or tea, of this or that,
 What silly, poor, unmeaning chat
 Does all their talk engross!
 A noble theme employs my lays,
 And thus my honest voice I raise
 In well-deserved strains to praise
 The worthy Man of Ross.

His lofty soul (would it were mine!)
 Scorns every selfish, low design,
 And ne'er was known to repine
 At any earthly loss:
 But still contented, frank, and free
 In every state, what'er it be,
 Serene and staid we always see
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Let misers hug their worldly store,
 And gripe and pinch to make it more;
 Their gold and silver's shining ore,
 He counts it all but dross:
 'Tis better treasure he desires;
 A surer stock his passion fires,
 And mild benevolence inspires
 The worthy Man of Ross.

When want assails the widow's cot,
 Or sickness strikes the poor man's hut,
 When blasting winds or foggy rot
 Augment the farmer's loss;
 The sufferer straight knows where to go
 With all his wants and all his woe;
 For glad experience leads him to
 The worthy Man of Ross.

This Man of Ross I'll daily sing,
 With vocal note and lyric string.
 And duly, when I've drunk the kine,
 He'll be my second toss.
 May Heaven its choicest blessings send
 On such a man, and such a friend;
 And still may all that's good attend
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Now, if you ask about his name,
 And where he lives with such a fame,
 Indeed, I'd say you are to blame:
 For truly, *man of Ross*,
 'Tis what belongs to you and me
 And all of high or low degree,
 In every sphere to try to be
 The worthy Man of Ross.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1791.

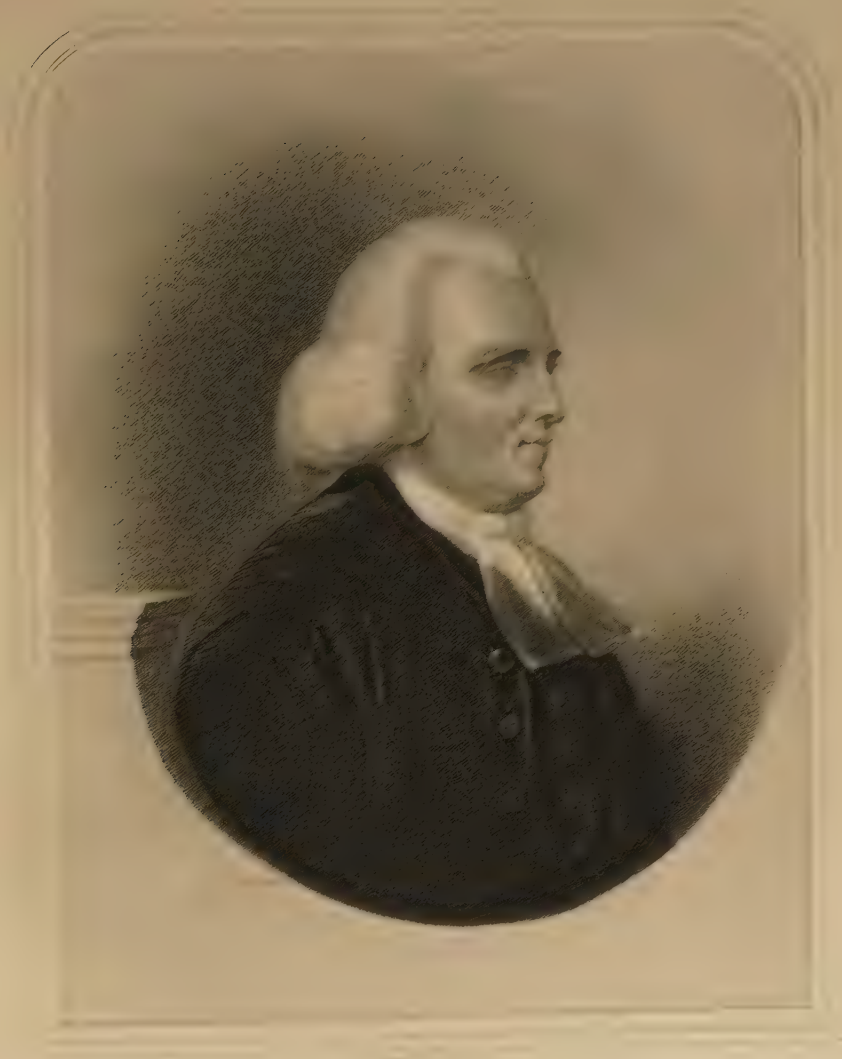
THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the blind poet and divine, was born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, November 10, 1721. Before he was six months old he was deprived of his sight by the smallpox. As he grew up his father, a poor bricklayer, educated him at home, and read to him instructive and entertaining books, particularly Spenser, Milton, Pope, Prior, and Addison. The blind boy became enthusiastically fond of poetry, his special favourites being Allan Ramsay and Thomson. He began to compose poetry when he was twelve years of age, and one of his early pieces is preserved in the collection published after his death. When twenty years old some of his poetical compositions came under the notice of Dr. John Stevenson, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, who kindly invited him to that city, with the benevolent design of improving his genius by a liberal education. Young Blacklock arrived in Edinburgh in 1741, and after attending a grammar-school for a short time he was enrolled as a student at the university, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he retired to the residence of a sister in Dumfries.

At the close of the civil commotions Blacklock returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies at college for six years longer. He was licensed as a preacher of the gospel in 1759, and three years afterwards married the daughter of Mr. Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. The year of his marriage he was presented to the church-living of Kirkcudbright, although at the time labouring under the loss of eyesight. It is related that when he was preach-

ing one of his trial discourses an old woman who sat on the pulpit stairs inquired whether he was a reader of his sermons. "He cannot be a reader, for he's blind," responded her neighbour. "I'm glad to hear't," rejoined the old wife; "I wish they were a' blin'." In 1746 Blacklock published at Glasgow a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. The last edition attracted the attention of the Rev. Joseph Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford, who wrote an account of Blacklock's life and writings, with the design of introducing his name and character to the English public.

The parishioners of Kirkcudbright having refused, on account of his blindness, to acknowledge him as their pastor, a lawsuit was commenced, which after two years was compromised by Blacklock retiring upon a moderate annuity. He then removed to Edinburgh, and added to his income by receiving as boarders into his house a number of young gentlemen, whom he assisted in their studies. This system he continued until 1787, when age and increasing infirmities compelled him to give it up. In 1766 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marischal College, Aberdeen. "The Graham," a heroic ballad in four cantos, was published in 1774, but was excluded from Mackenzie's collection of his works, as being inferior to his other poems.

Dr. Blacklock was one of the first to appreciate the genius of Robert Burns; and it was owing to a letter from him to the Rev. Dr. Laurie, minister of London, that Burns in



November, 1786, relinquished the design of leaving his native land for Jamaica, and resolved to try his fortune in Edinburgh. On his arrival in the metropolis the doctor treated him with great kindness, and introduced him to many of his literary friends. Blacklock died at Edinburgh, July 7, 1791, and was buried in the ground of St. Cuthbert's chapel of ease. A monument was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription written by his friend Dr. Beattie. In 1793 a quarto edition of his poems, with a memoir by Henry Mackenzie, was published in Edinburgh. In addition to his poems Dr. Blacklock wrote several theological treatises; an ingenious and elegant article on "Blindness" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and two dissertations, entitled "Paracesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion," one of them original, the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero. "In his person," says Alexander Campbell, "Dr. Blacklock exceeded not the middle size, but his erect posture gave an air of dignity mingled with perfect simplicity; and a peculiar involuntary motion, the effect of habit, added not a little to interest the beholder, as it usually accompanied the glow of his feelings in conversation." "To his

accomplishments," continues the same writer, "he added a taste for music, and he excelled in singing the melodies of his country. I have heard him often bear a part in a chorus with much judgment and precision. His knowledge of the scientific part of music was by no means inconsiderable."

Of Dr. Blacklock, of whom it was said that he never lost a friend or made a foe, Robert Heron remarks:—"There was, perhaps, never one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called an angel upon earth. He was guileless and innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity and penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of overflowing benignity; his feelings were all tremblingly alive to the sense of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the pious, and the virtuous. Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness; cheerfulness even to gaiety was, notwithstanding that irremediable misfortune, long the predominant colour of his mind. In his latter years, when the gloom might otherwise have thickened around him, hope, faith, devotion, the most fervent and sublime, exalted his mind to heaven, and made him maintain his wonted cheerfulness in the expectation of a speedy dissolution."

ODE TO AURORA ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.¹

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer:
So shall his heart no more repine,
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

ABSENCE.

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
All the beauties that vary the year,
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!

¹ Of this ode Mackenzie says:—"A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed."—ED.

How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Marg'ret the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze,
 As far as the view can extend!
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend!
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Marg'ret with me to admire!
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
 How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
 Or catch as it swells from the grove
 The music that floats on the gale.
 Alas! the delusion how vain!
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonizing with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
 To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume!
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sunbeams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
 Does she number the hours of my stay?
 First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
 When with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

BENEATH A GREEN SHADE.

Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain
 Ae evening reclined to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceased to breathe and the fountain to
 flow;

Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him com-
 plain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could
 survey;
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than
 they.
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see, the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,
 With a heart full of love, and a vapourish head,
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding-day:

"What would I give for a wedding-day!
 Who would not wish for a wedding-day!
 Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,
 With all ye can boast, for a wedding-day.

"Should Heaven bid my wishes with freedom
 implore

One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,
 For Jessie, dear Jessie, alone would I pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day!
 Blessed be the approach of my wedding-day!
 Hail, my dear nymph, and my wedding-day!
 Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine
 more gay!
 For happiness dawns with my wedding-day."

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
 O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's
 mind:

O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!
 "Why was I born to a wedding-day!

Cursed, ever cursed, be my wedding-day."
 Colin, poor Colin, thus changes his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-
 day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,
Be taught from your freedom to measure your
bliss,

Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
And blast all your joys on your wedding-day.

Horns are the gift of a wedding-day;
Want and a scold crown a wedding-day;
Happy and gallant who, wise when he may,
Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day!

ANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love.
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove
Upon the banks of Banna?
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Green-wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever!

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;
Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round
Encompass all thy ways.
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat,
Felt Heaven's avengful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruined tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread
Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;
He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

TOBIAS G. SMOLLETT.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1771.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, an eminent historian, novelist, and poet, was born in Dalquhurn House, near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father dying while he was very young, his education

was undertaken by his grandfather Sir James Smollett. After completing his rudimentary studies at the neighbouring school of Dumbarton, he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he studied medicine. His wish

was to be a soldier, but he was opposed in this desire by his grandfather, who having already permitted his elder brother James to enter the army, thought he could better advance the interests of the younger in some other course of life. At the early age of eighteen Smollett's capabilities for poetry began to manifest themselves; and besides writing several keen and skilful satires, he composed "The Regicide," a tragedy founded on the assassination of King James I. In 1740 his grandfather died, without having made any provision for the mother of our author or her family; and thus thrown on his own resources, Smollett resolved to proceed to London and obtain a position in the army or navy. He succeeded in securing the appointment of surgeon's mate on board of a man-of-war, and sailed in the unfortunate expedition to Carthage. Disgusted with his situation he left the service while the ship was in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica, where he became attached to Miss Ann Lascelles, an accomplished lady, whom he afterwards married.

Returning to London in 1746, Smollett's feelings of patriotism led him to write the beautiful and spirited poem of "The Tears of Scotland," describing the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the "Butcher Cumberland" after the battle of Culloden. He originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against the government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza:—

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

The same year Smollett published "Advice," a satirical poem, in the manner of Juvenal; and about the same time composed the opera of "Alceste," which, in consequence of some ill-timed satires on Rich the manager, shared the same fate as his tragedy of "The Regicide." In 1748 appeared "The Adventures of Roderick Random," which soon be-

came the most popular novel of the age; and this was followed in 1751 by "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle." This was also very successful, and was translated into French. Having obtained the degree of M.D. he settled at Bath, with the intention of practising medicine, but not meeting with success he returned to London, and assumed the character of a professional author, working for the booksellers in the various departments of compilations, translations, criticisms, and miscellaneous essays. In 1753 he published the "Adventures of Count Fathom," followed in 1755 by his translation of *Don Quixote*. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though Smollett's is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent.

This task finished, Smollett set out on a visit to his native land. His fame had preceded him, and his reception by the literary magnates of Scotland was cordial and flattering. He was also gratified by meeting his surviving parent on arriving at Scotston in Peeblesshire, where his mother resided with her daughter Mrs. Telfer. It was arranged that he should be introduced as a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted with the instinct of affection upon his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling; she immediately sprang from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah! my son, my son!" She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, she might have been deceived; but "your old roguish smile," she added, "betrayed you at once."

On his return to London Smollett undertook the editorship of the *Critical Review*, and was soon afterwards convicted of a libel on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthage; sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and to be confined in prison for three months. During his incarceration he composed the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves." His "History of England from the earliest times to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle," in four quarto vols., was published in 1758, and is said to have been

written in fourteen months, a remarkable instance of literary industry. Its success induced him to write a continuation of it to 1754. He next visited the Continent to seek consolation in travel for the loss of his only daughter, and on his return he published his "Travels through France and Italy," a work which was severely criticized by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*. "Yet be it said," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume in composition an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

'Like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.'

Declining health induced Smollett to make a second visit to Scotland, and on his return he endeavoured to obtain from government an appointment as consul at some Mediterranean port. Failing in this he set out early in 1770 with Mrs. Smollett for the Continent, whence he never returned. During his sojourn near

Leghorn, in a cottage which his countryman Dr. Armstrong the poet had engaged for him, he wrote his "Expedition of Humphrey Clincker," the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels, which had just been committed to the public when he expired, October 21, 1771, at Monte Nuovo, near Leghorn, leaving his widow, the Narcissa of "Roderick Random," nearly destitute, in a foreign land. A monument was raised over his grave at Leghorn by his faithful friend Dr. Armstrong; and in 1774 a Tuscan column was erected to his memory by his cousin, Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born. So long as his odes to "Leven Water" and to "Independence" exist Smollett can never fail to be admired as a poet, nor can a feeling of regret be avoided that he did not devote more of his genius to poetic compositions. We cannot take leave of this distinguished Scotchman—distinguished as a historian, as a novelist, and as the author of lines which possess the masculine strength of Dryden—without alluding to a passage in his novel of "Peregrine Pickle," that passage so inexpressibly touching where the Jacobite exiles stand every morning on the coast of France to contemplate the blue hills of their native land, to which they are never to return!

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shines with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend:
And stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every vary-
ing clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pail,
The sons of Woden to the field defied;
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Hea-en's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.

He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms;
He seized the advantage fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric Muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her
grave.

He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sat
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamant shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise;
My lips by him chastised to Truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppressed;
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring:
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
 And Health and Peace and Contemplation dwell.
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
 And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
 And Industry supply the humble store,
 And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

THY FATAL SHAFTS.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

BLUE-EYED ANNE.

When the rough North forgets to howl,
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;
 When heavenly bodies cease to move,—
 My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
 Nor parching heats the Dog-star bring,
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,—
 When blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth,
 Nor beauty give the passion birth,
 Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave,—
 When blue-eyed Nanny I'll deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom,
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
 When nature from her sphere shall start,—
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

WHEN SAPPHO TUN'D THE RAPTUR'D
STRAIN.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
 With art divine the lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quivering wire,
 The eager breast was all on fire;
 And when she join'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these,
 Thy softer, chaster power to please,

Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous flocks and herds be seen;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

GILBERT ELLIOT.

BORN 1722 — DIED 1777.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third baronet of Minto, was born in Roxburghshire in the year 1722. He was the eldest son of the Sir Gilbert who, Lord Woodhouselee says, "was taught the German flute in France, and was the first to introduce that instrument into Scotland in 1725;" and grandson of the first baronet, a Lord of Session, known by the title of Lord Minto. Our poet was educated for the Scottish bar, and in 1763 was made treasurer of the navy. Three years afterwards he succeeded his father, the second baronet, in the title and estates, and subsequently obtained the reversion of the office of keeper of the signet in Scotland. He was a man of considerable political and literary ability, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament, as well as highly accomplished and sagacious in parliamentary business. He died at Marseilles in 1777. Some lines which he wrote on the occasion of his father's death are curiously applicable to his own:—

"His mind refined and strong, no sense impaired,
Nor feeling of humanity, nor taste
Of social life; so e'en his latest hour
In sweet domestic cheerfulness was passed;

Sublimely calm his ripened spirit fled,
His family surrounding, and his friends;
• A wife and daughter closed his eyes: on them
Was turned his latest gaze: and o'er his grave
Their father's grave—his sons the green turf spread."

Sir Gilbert's eldest son, for some time Governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage by the title of the Earl of Minto; and his sister, Miss Jane Elliot, was the authoress of the old set of "The Flowers of the Forest." His philosophical correspondence with David Hume is quoted with commendation by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, and in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the seventh edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He was the author of the following lines on the death of Colonel James Gardiner, and of what Sir Walter Scott calls "the beautiful pastoral song" beginning—

"My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook."

"The song," says a critic, "which has given the name of Sir Gilbert Elliot a place among our lyric poets is one of great beauty; and the sheep-hook and the fresh garlands are forgotten

in the strain of natural sorrow produced by neglected moments and unrequited love. It is one of the last and the best efforts of the pastoral muse. I know not whether to account it good fortune or design which made the name of the heroine sound so like that of the family residence; but I am willing to believe in the prophetic strain which makes the cliffs echo, for many a later year, the song of 'My Sheep I neglected.'

'On Minto crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;

Cliffs doubling on their echoes borne
The terrors of the robber's horn,
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove
Ambition is no cure for love.'

As if it had not been enough for Sir Gilbert Elliot and his sister to write two of our favourite lyrics, and enjoy the credit of such compositions, by special grace and good fortune they have also each obtained a separate and lasting compliment in verse—the first in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the latter in 'Mar mion.'

'One of those flowers whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away.'

AMYNTA.¹

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
Oh! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook
restore,

And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

TWAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.²

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,

When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard
The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"O night presaging sorrow:
O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"But more I dread to-morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night
I saw fell death wide sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land
And all the virgins weeping."
And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
"O speak," she cried, "my father's slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!"
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the threshold of his gate
The foe of life bereft him.

¹ First published in Yair's *Charmers*, issued at Edinburgh in 1749; it afterwards appeared in Herd's and other collections, and is written to the tune of an old air called "My Apron Dearie," which is to be found in Johnson's *Museum* and Thomson's *Select Melodies*.—Ed.

² Colonel Gardiner, the hero of this song, one of the very few which are extant not on the Stuart side, was killed at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. He was cut down by a Highlander armed with a scythe-blade, after his soldiers had basely deserted him.—Ed.

"Bold, in the battle's front he fell,
 With many a wound deformed:
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair isle ne'er adorned."
 While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
 But oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining!
 But why complain? the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining:
 May Providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

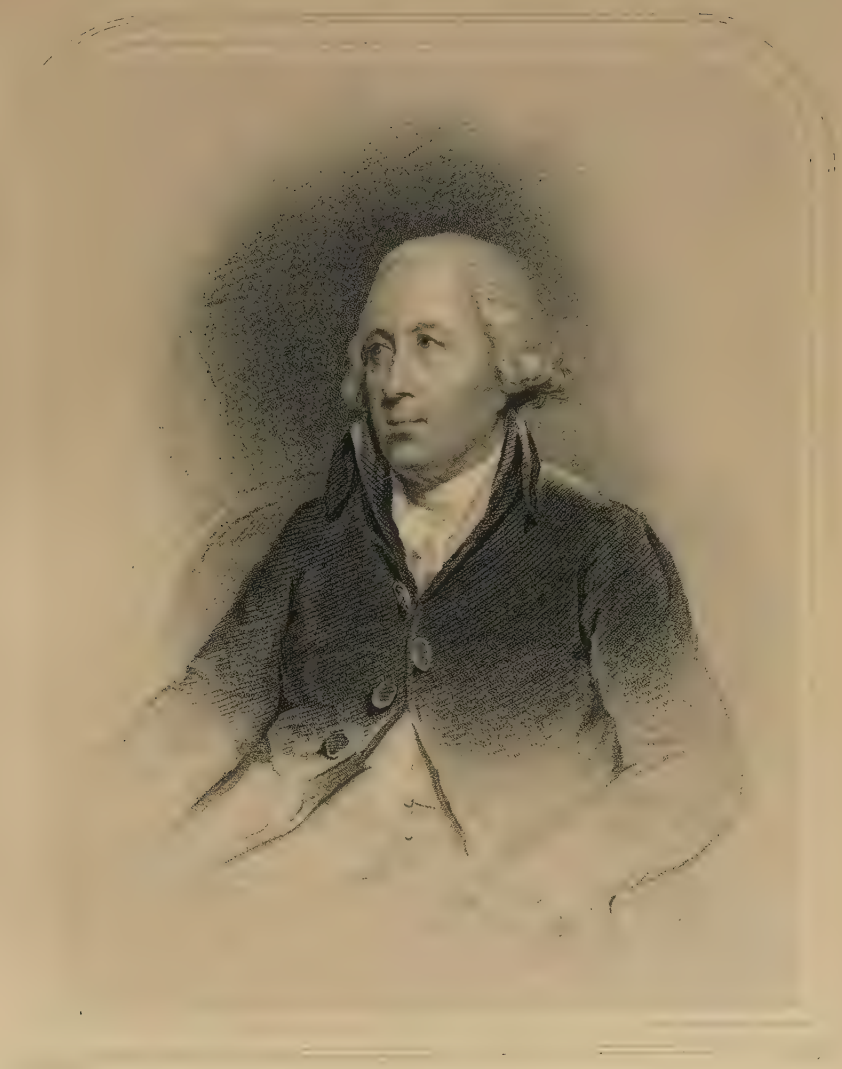
JOHN HOME.

BORN 1722—DIED 1808.

JOHN HOME, an eminent dramatic poet, and a lineal descendant of Sir John Home of Cowdenknowes, was born at Leith, Sept. 22, 1722. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in April, 1745, was licensed to preach in the Church of Scotland. During the same year he joined a volunteer company on the side of the government, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, but succeeded with some others in making his escape from Doune Castle, where he was confined. The poet's imprisonment, and that of his brother bards Buchanan, Skinner, and Smollett, must have escaped the memory of Professor Wilson when he wrote, "No Scottish poet was ever in a jail." In 1746 Home was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, made vacant by the death of the author of "The Grave." Having written the tragedy of "Agis," he proceeded to London in 1749, and offered it to David Garrick, at that time manager of Drury Lane, who refused it. The disappointed author, with the feeling natural to such a situation, wrote the following lines on the tomb of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey:—

"Image of Shakspeare! to this place I come,
 To ease my bursting bosom at thy tomb;
 For neither Greek nor Roman poet fired
 My fancy first—thee chiefly I admired;
 And, day and night revolving still thy page,
 I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage;
 But cold neglect is now my only meed,
 And heavy falls it on so proud a head.
 If powers above now listen to my lyre,
 Charm them to grant, indulgent, my desire;
 Let petrification stop this falling tear,
 And fix my form for ever marble here."

Six years later, having written the tragedy of "Douglas," founded upon the beautiful old ballad of "Gil Morris," Home again visited London, and offered it to Garrick, who pronounced the play totally unfitted for the stage. It was, however, performed at the Edinburgh Canongate Theatre, December 14, 1756, with the most gratifying success, in the presence of a large audience, among whom were the delighted author and several other ministers. For this flagrant violation of clerical propriety Home's friends were subjected to the censures of the church, which he himself only escaped by resigning his living. But the tragedy nevertheless became very popular with the general public, who continued and still continue to receive it with enthusiasm. It is related that during one of the early representations in Edinburgh, when the feelings of the audience burst forth as usual at the conclusion of Norval's speech, a voice from the gallery shouted out the triumphant query, "Whaur's yer Shakspeare noo?" In 1757 Home again visited London, and through the influence of the Earl of Bute had the satisfaction of seeing "Douglas" brought out by Garrick with distinguished success, followed soon after by "Agis," with the great English tragedian and Mrs. Cibber playing the principal characters. His "Siege of Aquileia" was also represented on the London stage, but, owing to a lack of interest in the action, failed to win public favour. In 1760 Home printed his three tragedies in one volume, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales, whose society



he had enjoyed through the favour of Lord Bute, preceptor to the prince; and who, after his accession to the throne, granted him a pension of £300 a year, which, in addition to an equal sum from his sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, in Zealand, likewise bestowed upon him, enabled the poet to repose with tranquillity upon his prospects of dramatic fame.

The following letter, which we are not aware has ever been in print, contains the original order for Home's pension, and is also interesting owing to its placing the writer's character in a most amiable and endearing light. It was addressed by George III. to the Earl of Bute:—

"My dearest Friend,—In looking over the list we made together, I feel myself still in debt particularly to poor Home: no office occurs to me that I think fit for him; I therefore desire you will give him £300 per annum out of my privy purse, which mode will be of more utility to him, as it will come free from the burden of taxes and infamous fees of office. I have a double satisfaction in giving Home this mark of my favour, as I know the execution of it will be as agreeable to my dearest friend as the directing it is to myself." . . .

Home was the author of eight additional tragedies and comedies, composed during his residence in London, which terminated in 1779, when he went to reside in Edinburgh, and thenceforth lived in the enjoyment of the highest literary society of that city. Careless

of money, he delighted in entertaining large companies of friends, and often had more guests than his house could conveniently accommodate. His latest work was a "History of the Rebellion of 1745"—a transaction of which he was entitled to say *pars fui*. But the work disappointed public expectation, and was certainly not what was looked for from one who was not only an actor in the scene, but the author of a tragedy like "Douglas." An explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that the author was a pensioner of George III., and that the MS. was submitted before publication for correction by the reigning family. Home died Sept. 5, 1808, aged nearly eighty-six years, and was buried in the churchyard of his native place, where also repose the remains of his friend James Sibbald, and that "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" Robert Nicoll. As a dramatic poet Home deserves the credit of having written with more fervid feeling, and less of stiffness and artificiality, than the other poets of his time; his genius in this respect approaching to that of his contemporary Collins. His *Dramatic Works* were published at Edinburgh in 1798, in two 12mo vols.; and in 1822 another edition appeared in the same city, entitled "The Works of John Home, Esq., now first collected, to which is prefixed an account of his Life and Writings by Henry Mackenzie," in three 8vo vols. To this admirable work we refer the reader for further particulars connected with the literary labours of our author.

DOUGLAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD RANDOLPH. GLENALVON. NORVAL (DOUGLAS). PRISONER. SERVANTS, &c.
LADY RANDOLPH. ANNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of a Castle, surrounded with woods.*

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell awhile: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,

Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
Oh! Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this ghast,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.

Oh! disregard me not; though I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my
 lord,
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Again these weeds of woe! say, dost
 thou well
 To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
 The living claim some duty; vainly thou
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady R. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
 Childless, without memorial of his name,
 He only now in my remembrance lives.
 This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
 Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

Lord R. When was it pure of sadness? These
 black weeds
 Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
 For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
 Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:
 Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
 Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.
 Time that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
 As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand,
 Hath past o'er thee in vain.

Lady R. If time to come
 Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,
 Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish
 youth

Vied with each other for my luckless love,
 Oft I besought them, I implored them all
 Not to assail me with my father's aid,
 Nor blend their better destiny with mine:
 For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
 And froze affection in my chilly breast.
 At last my sire, rous'd with the base attempt
 To force me from him, which thou rend'rest vain,
 To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
 Besought me to commiserate his age,
 And vow'd he should not, could not, die in peace,
 Unless he saw me wedded, and secur'd
 From violence and outrage. Then, my lord,
 In my extreme distress, I call'd on thee,
 Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
 To lead a single, solitary life,
 And begg'd thy nobleness not to demand
 Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
 How thou persistedst after this thou know'st,
 And must confess that I am not unjust,
 Nor more to thee than to my myself injurious.

Lord R. That I confess; yet ever must regret
 The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not
 Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
 But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
 Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
 Of admiration, dear to womankind;
 These might contend with and allay thy grief,

As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith.
Lady R. To such a cause the human mind oft
 owes

Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

Lord R. Sure, thou art not the daughter of Sir
 Malcolm:

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady R. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my
 fathers:

Implacable resentment was their crime,
 And grievous has the expiation been.
 Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
 Of either house were lost: my ancestors
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
 On Teviot's pleasant banks; and now of them
 No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
 I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord R. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my
 words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love
 Which in the breasts of Fancy's children burns;
 Decent affection and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain:
 Hence, with the less regret my eyes behold
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady R. Thou dost not think so: woful as I am,
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
 But whither goest thou now?

Lord R. Straight to the camp,
 Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
 Of expectation, and impatient asks
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
 The Danes are landed.

Lady R. Oh! may adverse winds
 Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet!
 And every soldier of both hosts return
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord R. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a war-
 rior's wish:
 Right from their native land, the stormy north,
 May the wind blow, till every keel be fix'd
 Immovable in Caledonia's strand!
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady R. War I detest: but war with foreign
 foes,
 Whose manners, language, and whose looks are
 strange,
 Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
 As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
 A river here, there an ideal line,
 By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
 On each side dwells a people similar,
 As twins are to each other, valiant both,
 Both for their valour famous through the world,
 Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
 And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Lord R. I'll hear no more: this melody would
make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made:
Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in heaven
To souls of warriors in his battles slain.
Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANNA.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your *Anna's*
love:

Urg'd by affection, I have thus presumed
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady R. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my
state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady R. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady; humble tho' I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that, to dry
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady R. What pow'r directed thy unconscious
tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress
tremble,

I will speak no more; but silent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady R. No, thou shalt not be silent.
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be,
Henceforth, th' instructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady R. Didst thou not ask what had my sor-
rows been,

If I in early youth had lost a husband?
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;

And in some cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.

Anna. Oh! lady, most rever'd!

The tale wrapp'd up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady R. Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed
That my brave brother should in battle save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
Impatient Douglas to Balarno came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of
down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles: and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was
told

That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, falt'ring, I took
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, left no mortal leave
Thy onward path! although the earth should
gape,

And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady R. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral from my tragic tale.—
In a few days, the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest lady! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady R. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born
My nurse, the only confidant I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,
Or heard of, *Anna*, since that fatal hour.
My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd

The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen or heard of! then, perhaps,
he lives.

Lady R. No. It was dark December: wind
and rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!—
But they are both at rest; and I alone
Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds;
Nor has despitelike fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;
And Randolph now possesses the domains
That, by Sir Malcolm's death, on me devolv'd;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A baron's title and a baron's power.
Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
Which shines and disappears; alas, my child!
How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd!
Year after year hath worn her hope away;
But left still undiminish'd her desire.

Anna. The hand that spins th' uneven thread
of life,
May smooth the length that's yet to come of
yours.

Lady R. Not in this world: I have consider'd
well

Its various evils, and on whom they fall.
Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!
Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which, one by one, I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good angels
are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes;
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady R. I will avoid him. An ungracious
person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's
heir?

Lady R. Because he's not the heir of Ran-
dolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men its features. Self-denied,

And master of his appetites, he seems:
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to seize, unseen, the wish'd-for prey:
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.
Yet he is brave and politic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.
Why I describe him thus, I'll tell hereafter:
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit* LADY RANDOLPH.

Anna. Oh! happiness, where art thou to be
found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth arrayed:
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating
maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to
heaven.

Anna. Would that I were e'en as thou say'st,
a seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? what hast
thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts,
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let woman view yon monument of woe,
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes.

[*Exit* ANNA.

Glen. (alone). So!—Lady Randolph shuns me;
by-and-by

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.
The deed's a doing now that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour:
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The joyous harvest. Yet, I am not safe;
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as the Dane to me: ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he: she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold:

And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.*

Lady R. What means this clamour? Stranger,
speak secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men
presum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

1st Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So more afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and a young Man, with
their swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady R. Not vain the stranger's fears! how
fares my lord?

Lord R. That it fares well, thanks to this gal-
lant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way, four armed men attack'd me;
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no
more,

The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady R. My lord, I cannot speak what now I
feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave,
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should
thank?

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord R. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd
not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

(*To the Stranger.*)

Stran. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast of but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord R. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is en-
nobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand

Of nature! Blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Stran. My name is Norval: on the Grampian
hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road they took, then hastened to my friends;
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these
towers,

And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord R. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady R. I cannot say: for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death;
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt, unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

Lord R. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts;

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am

In speech and manners; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady R. (to Norval). I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord R. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.

(*To Norval.*)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I see are speeding thither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

Lord R. (to Lady R.) About the time that the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights;
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.*]

SCENE II.—*LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

Lady R. His parting words have struck a fatal truth.

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time,
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift passing hours
Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame
Of, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

Anna. May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet
balm of peace
Into the wounds that fester in your breast!

For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady R. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow—

A grave: that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?
At every happy parent I repine!
How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born.
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for awhile have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even
there mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;
I thought that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant
stranger,

And pair'd with him in features, and in shape,
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have num-
ber'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his
home,

And like an orphan cast upon my care.

I will protect thee (said I to myself)

With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure, Heav'n will bless so generous a
resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:

You must awake: devices will be fram'd,

And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,

If I deter him not: I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

'Tis pleasing to admire: most apt was I

To this affection in my better days;

Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd

Within the narrow compass of my woe.

Have you not sometimes seen an early flow'r

Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,

To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;

Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves.

And, though still living, die to scent and beauty

Emblem of me: affliction like a storm

Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady R. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,

With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
And torture force from them th' important secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,

Or if—

Lady R. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady R. I have not found so: thou art known to me.

Glen. Known?

Lady R. Ay, known!

And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By the most blessed cross,

You much amaze me. No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady R. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of woman-kind!

Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,

If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady R. Reserve these accents for some other ear;

To love's apology I listen not.
Mark thou my words: for it is meet thou should'st.
His brave deliverer, Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well:
But at thy peril, practise aught against him;
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.

Thou look'st at me as if thou fain wouldst pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless stranger my protection claims:
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—GLENALVON remains.

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
I am not what I have been; what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends, and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him!
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands
me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are,
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires
And policy remorseless! Chance may spoil
A single aim: but perseverance must
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words:
Persistent wisdom is the fate of man.
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurn'd from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Court, &c., as before.*

Enter ANNA.

Thy vassals, Grief! great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps I will walk forth
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious Heav'n, who love the human race,
Angels and seraphs, who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend:
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
With images celestial, such as please
The blest above upon their golden beds!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd,
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations, he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here's a
heart,
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Pris. I know no more than does the child
unborn

Of what you charge me with.

1st Serv. You say so, sir!

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

SCENE II.—*Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which, in a moment, from your lips may fly.

Lady R. Thou shalt behold me, with a des-
perate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[*The Prisoner kneels.*]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet
and mild!

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
Oh, save me, lady, from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heaven,
The tender lamb, that never nipp'd the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady R. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye
produce?

1st Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow
glen.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled.
We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence,
And what he was: he said he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his clothes,
And found these jewels; whose rich value plead
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villany. Permit us to try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. Oh, gentle lady, by your lord's dear life,
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er
assail;

And by your children's welfare, spare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my gray hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady R. Account for these: thine own they
cannot be;

For these, I say; be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the Servants and returns.*]

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R. Oh, Anna, hear.—Once more I charge
thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration:
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to thee as
just

As if you were the minister of Heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balaro's lord;
But, falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person
lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and
round,

A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestl'd curious there an infant lay.

Lady R. Was he alive?

Pris. He was.

Lady R. Inhuman that thou art!
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests
spard?

Pris. I was not so inhuman.

Lady R. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too
much:

This man has not the aspect of stern murder:
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings—of your kinsman's long-lost child.

Pris. The needy man who has known better
days,

One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do
them.

And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a band of harm.

Lady R. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps
he lives!

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R. Oh! God of heav'n! Did he then die
so lately?

Pris. I did not say he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R. Where is he now?

Pris. Alas! I know not where.

Lady R. Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou
riddler, speak

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honour'd! keen impa-
tience,

Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—
Pursue thy story, with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north!
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought
forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain, then, would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile, the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out; mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I set myself against his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the rugged mountains came—

Lady R. Eternal Providence! What is thy
name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he
bears.

Lady R. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!
Oh! sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw.
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was
woman's heart

Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated
dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld
By servile eyes: your gestures may be seen
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'er-
heard.

Lady R. Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'n
bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires.

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady R. With thee dissimulation now were
vain.

I am, indeed, the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescued from the flood is mine.

Pris. Bless'd be the hour that made me a poor
man;

My poverty has sav'd my master's house!

Lady R. Thy words surprise me: sure thou
dost not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright
Thou told'st the story of thine own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.
But, ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May Heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my master!
And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady R. His race shall yet reward thee. On
thy faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare
Before the king and nobles what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words; if thou should'st meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an
harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear these jewels on his arms:
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so
bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

(*LADY RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*)

Lady R. This man is not the assassin you sus-
pected,

Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against
him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

SCENE III.—*LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

Lady R. My faithful Anna, dost thou share
my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my
son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's Father!
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gazed on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had
thrown him,

And tower'd up to the region of his sires?

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the
boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady R. The ready story of his birth believ'd,
Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour:
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear your-
self

In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
For, if a cherub, in the shape of woman,
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train;—
To-day the baron started at your tears.

Lady R. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress
knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him:
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father;
Array'd in nature's ease; his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still:—
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady R. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret. [*Exit ANNA.*]

Enter GLENALVON.

Glen. Noble dame!

The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers:
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady R. But whence comes this intelligence,
Glenalvon?

Glen. A nimble courier, sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me as he pass'd that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady R. Then must this western army march
to join

The warlike troops that guard Edina's towers?

Glen. Beyond all question. If impairing time
Has not effac'd the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
And seems by nature formed for the camp
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
There inaccessible their army lies.
To our swift scouring horse; the bloody field
Must man to man and foot to foot be fought.

Lady R. How many mothers shall bewail their
sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood,
 Loud-yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
 Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
 Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death:
 Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady R. I scorn thee not, but when I ought
 to scorn:

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
 Than I to praise thy eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd
 man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice, abash'd,
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert; time will show how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
 Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him with a guardian
 arm.

Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

Lady R. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy
 friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,
 The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest'd.

[*Exit* LADY RANDOLPH.]

Glen. (alone). Amen! and virtue is its own re-
 ward!—

I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
 And women also; flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,
 And opes the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now, I know not.
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
 Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
 I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows
 Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
 That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:
 I show'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
 To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
 To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
 In raising Randolph's jealousy I may

But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.
 [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter LORD RANDOLPH *attended.*

Lord R. Summon a hundred horse, by break of
 day,
 To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Alas! my lord, I've heard unwelcome
 news:

The Danes are land'd.

Lord R. Ay, no inroad this
 Of the Northumbrian bent to take the spoil:
 No sportive war, no tournament essay
 Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
 And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
 The Danes are landed; we must beat them back,
 Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady R. Dreadful times!

Lord R. The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
 The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
 In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
 Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
 They but retire more awful to return.

Lady R. Immense, as fame reports, the Dan-
 ish host.

Lord R. Were it as numerous as loud fame
 reports,

An army knit like ours would pierce it through:
 Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
 And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 The husband, and the fearless father arm.
 In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady R. Men's minds are temper'd, like their
 swords, for war;

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
 They joy to rear erect their daring forms:
 Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life,
 And the sad mother's grief-bittered age.

Where is our gallant guest?

Lord R. Down in the vale
 I left him, managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and
 skill

Of every rider. But, behold, he comes
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter GLENALVON *and* NORVAL.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
 And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:
 Private I travel to the royal camp:
 Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man,

Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village science, nor its praise
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my lord delights to
praise

In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, form'd by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd, a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping Infidel display'd
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would
shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shown his wounds, he'd sit him
down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord R. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Norv. That too, at last, I learn'd. Unhappy
man!

Returning homewards, by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, My brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady R. My brother!

Norv. Yes: of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness;
And happy in my mind was he that dy'd:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert, on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate,
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost:
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady R. To what mysterious woes are mortals
born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Norv. No; they were dead: kind Heav'n had
clos'd their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord R. Hard is his fate; for he was not to
blame:

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserv'd doom:
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these
sounds? [*Trumpets at a distance.*]

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. My lord, the trumpets of the troops of
Lorn;

Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord R. Mine ancient guest, does he the war-
riors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Off. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the
sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord R. Glenalvon, go,
With hospitality's most strong request
Entreat the chief. [*Exit GLENALVON.*]

Off. My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord R. May victory sit on the warrior's plume.
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world:
Contemners they of indolence and gain:
But still for love of glory and of arms
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

(*LADY RANDOLPH and NORVAL remain.*)

Lady R. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and
pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?

Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady R. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady R. Know'st thou these gems?
(*Shows the jewels.*)

Norr. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady R. Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah! they
were thy father's!

Norr. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendour came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady R. Then learn of me, thou art not Nor-
val's son.

Norr. Not Norval's son!

Lady R. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norr. Lady, who am I, then?

Lady R. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy sire!

Norr. I will believe—

Oh! tell me further. Say, who was my father?

Lady R. Douglas!

Norr. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady R. His younger brother.

Norr. And in yonder camp?

Lady R. Alas!

Norr. You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady R. Ah! too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norr. Ah! me, unhappy! Ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady R. She lives; but wastes her life in con-
stant woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norr. You that are skill'd so well in the sad
story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friend you loved.
Oh! tell me who and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword—
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady R. Thy virtue ends her woe!—My son,
my son!

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas.

(*Falls upon his neck.*)

Norr. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is
my fate!

Art thou my mother! Ever let me kneel!

Lady R. Image of Douglas. Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

Norr. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady R. Arise, my son. In me thou dost
behold

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.

Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet, sometimes,
Liker the dove's: and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norr. How did he fall? Sure, 'twas a bloody
field

When Douglas died. Oh! I have much to ask.

Lady R. Hereafter thou shalt hear the length-
en'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes:
At present this:—thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord Randolph as my husband holds.
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norr. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady R. But we shall need both friends and
favour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norr. To be the son of Douglas is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady R. Thou dost not know what perils and
injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son,
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas.

Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports,
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!

Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we should part before you chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to see thee, dictated before
This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark:
For as I there appoint, we meet again.

Leave me, my son, and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norr. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
That good old man.

Lady R. At hand concealed he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone

To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.
Norv. Has he, indeed? Then let yon false
 Glenalvon beware of me. [*Exit DOUGLAS.*]

(*LADY RANDOLPH remains.*)

Lady R. There burst the smother'd flame.
 Oh! thou all-righteous and eternal King!
 Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord,
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breast of his forefathers burn'd;
 Set him on high like them that he may shine,
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
 When I, by reason and by justice urged,
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men
 In nature's pious cause.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Yon gallant chief,
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady R. Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd:
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
 And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*
 (*LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON remain.*)]

Lord R. 'Tis so, by Heav'n! her mien, her
 voice, her eye,
 And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now: behind the
 mount,

Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord R. For sad sequester'd virtue she's re-
 nown'd!

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Lord R. Yet this distinguish'd dame
 Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
 This assignation (*shows a letter*), the assassin freed,
 Her manifest affection for the youth,
 Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
 Whose heart he knows he has not: tho' she brings
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her;
 She may, she will bring shame and sorrow on
 him;

The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting
 thoughts;

But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.

This billet must to blooming Norval go:

At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;

I'll give it him refitted for his master.

In the close thicket take your secret stand;

The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may
 judge
 Of their behaviour.

Lord R. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
 The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,
 Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord R. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,
 And with ironical, derisive counsel
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonished from me:
 But if he be the favourite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord R. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let
 my lord

His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit RANDOLPH.*
 'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career,
 To one so little known. She, too, that seem'd
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice, emboss'd,
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!
 (*DOUGLAS appears.*)

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. (*Aside.*)
 Has Norval seen the troops?

Doug. The setting sun,
 With yellow radiance, lighten'd all the vale;
 And, as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
 Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd,
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host
 In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Doug. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admira-
 tion

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
 Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your mar-
 tial deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me,
 Norval;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
 Above his veterans of former service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
 Give them all honour; seem not to command;

Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Doug. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days To hear and speak the plain and simple truth: And though I have been told that there are men Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,

Yet, in such language I am little skill'd; Therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his counsel, Although it sounded harshly. Why remind Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Doug. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper. Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,

I will not leave you to its rash direction. If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men, Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Doug. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes; if you presume To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes, As if you took the measure of their minds, And said in secret, You're no match for me; What will become of you?

Doug. If this were told!— (*Aside.*)
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?

Doug. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly, I did; a nobler foe Had not been question'd thus. But, such as thee—

Doug. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Doug. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son; a wandering beggar-boy: At best, no more; even if he speaks the truth.

Doug. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Doug. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,

Perhaps I should revile: but, as I am, I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval Is of a race who strive not but with deeds. Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour, And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword, I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command

Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Doug. Villain, no more!
Draw, and defend thy life. I did design To have defied thee in another cause; But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee. Now, for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold! I command you both. The man that stirs Makes me his foe.

Doug. Another voice than thine That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Doug. Now you may scoff in safety.
(*Sheathes his sword.*)

Lord R. Speak not thus, Taunting each other; but unfold to me The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Doug. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment. I blush to speak: I will not, cannot speak Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land I owe a subject's homage; but, ev'n him, And his high arbitration, I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go

Hence, as he came: alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll meditate with impartial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields. Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms Repel the bold invader; then decide The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Doug. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord R. We come. [*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour, Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph. Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate, Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Doug. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;

When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. This is the place, the centre of the grove; Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood. How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

*Enter OLD NORVAL.**

Old N. 'Tis he; but what if he should chide me
hence?

His just reproach I fear.

(*DOUGLAS turns and sees him.*)

Forgive, forgive;
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And, ever honour'd, with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father? Oh! my
son,

I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which, in the wilderness, so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend: and, when my vassals
bow,

Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh! leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek
your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old N. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd; Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
And of the lady: threatening was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said; a wonderful discovery:
And, ever and anon, they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old N. For being what you are,—
Sir Malcolm's heir. How else have you offended?

When they were gone, I bled me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none; at last, perplex'd,
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower
With many a wary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins
I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Old N. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here, in this place,
I wait my mother's coming; she shall know
What thou hast told; her counsel I will follow;
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee!
Oh! may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from
the wave,

And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine! [*Exit OLD NORVAL.*]

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves;
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flow'rs.
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host;
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish;
Living or dead, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. My son! I heard a voice—

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady R. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's
ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth, the mother and the son should meet?

(*Embracing him.*)

Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-
day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady R. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady R. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good.—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval, in the grove, o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes
nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady R. Defend us, gracious God! we are be-
tray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth:
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps, e'en now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st,
This moment; this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save
thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No; to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread:
Then tell them loudly, that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady R. Oh! nature, nature! what can check
thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way;
Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;
Show him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth;
Which I, by certain proofs, will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey; but yet, my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady R. If thou regard'st thy mother, or
rever'st

Thy father's memory, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part;
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my
child,

In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets;
To-day I've found thee. Oh, my long lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.

The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you
comfort?

The God of battles of my life dispose,
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name,
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men.
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son;
Who, if he live not honour'd, must not live.

Lady R. I will not utter what my bosom feels:
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain:
And, as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.
Gaze not on me; thou wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again. [*Exit with DOUGLAS.*]

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.

Lord R. Not in her presence.

Now—

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord R. No: I command thee, stay.

I go alone; it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[*Exit.*]

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home:
The lover and the husband both must die.

Lord R. (behind). Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. (behind). Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. (*Clashing of swords.*)

Glen. Now is the time. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY RANDOLPH.

Lady R. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
thine own:

But spare,—oh! spare my son!

Enter DOUGLAS, with a sword in each hand

Doug. My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

Lady R. He lives, he lives!

For this, for this, to Heaven eternal praise!

But sure, I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

Lady R. Behind thee! Ah! thou'rt wounded!

Oh! my child,

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now?

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. (*Leans upon his sword.*)

Lady R. There is no hope!
And we must part; the hand of death is on thee.
Oh, my beloved child! Oh, Douglas, Douglas!

(*DOUGLAS growing more and more faint.*)

Doug. Too soon we part; I have not long been
Douglas.

Oh, destiny, hardly thou deal'st with me;
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady R. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end
like this?

Doug. Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell;
Turning, with fatal arm, the tide of battle!
Like them, I should have smil'd and welcom'd
death;

But thus to perish by a villain's hand,
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady R. Hear, Justice, hear! stretch thy aveng-
ing arm. (*DOUGLAS falls.*)

Doug. Unknown, I die; no tongue shall speak
of me.—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame;
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady R. Despair, despair!

Doug. Oh, had it pleas'd high Heaven to let
me live

A little while!—My eyes, that gaze on thee,
Grow dim apace. My mother!—O my mother!
(*Dies.*)

Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lord R. Thy words, thy words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart.
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survive
The traitor's sword —

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord R. The mother and her son. How curs'd
am I!

Was I the cause? No; I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives.

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
A while her powers.

Lord R. But my deliverer's dead!
The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,
Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd;
And, in my early days, I glory gain'd
Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
Now pass'd the noon of life, shame comes upon
me!

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate
Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

Lady R. (recovering). Where am I now? Still
in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's
strength,

With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
And train'd me on to be the object now
On which Omnipotence displays itself,
Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
To awe its vassal, man.

Lord R. Oh! misery,
Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence!

Lady R. Thy innocence!

Lord R. My guilt.

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady R. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or anything? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I.
Of thee and of thy valour! My fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's child-
hood,

And bear my brother's and my husband's name.
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know. But I shall be
That only whilst I please: for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate.

(*Runs out.*)

Lord R. Follow her, Anna; I myself would
follow,

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.
[*Exit ANNA.*]

Enter OLD NORVAL.

Old N. I heard the voice of woe! Heav'n guard
my child!

Lord R. Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

Old N. I fear thee not. I will not go.

Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare. Oh, I am punish'd now!
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the
ground,

And not the locks of Douglas.

Lord R. I know thee now: thy boldness I for-
give:

My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, although I cannot punish.
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,

Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Re-enter ANNA.

Anna. My lord! my lord!

Lord R. Speak! I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror, indeed!

Lord R. Matilda—

Anna. Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulf'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down—

Lord R. 'Twas I, alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. Oh, had you seen her last despairing
look.

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say—
Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord R. I will not vent,

In vain complaints, the passion of my soul,
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave:
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait;
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt.*]

DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

BORN 1724—DIED 1812.

DONACHA BAN, or Fair-haired Duncan—a name given to him in his youth, when he was noted for his personal beauty—was born in Druinliaghart (Glenorchy), Argyleshire, March 20, 1724. He was employed in early life as a forester by the Earl of Breadalbane, and upon the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745 went to the field as one of his followers, joining the Breadalbane regiment of fencibles, which led him to take part, much against his will (for he was a stout adherent of the Stuarts), in the battle of Falkirk. In the retreat he had the misfortune to lose his sword. Of that battle the Gaelic bard has given a minute description in an admirable song, which forms the first in his collection of poems, first published at Edinburgh in 1768. For above one-half of his long and eventful career he dwelt among his native hills, haunting "Coire Cheathaich" at all hours, and composing his mountain music, and sometimes travelling about the country collecting subscriptions to his poems. During these Highland expeditions he was always dressed in the Highland garb. His poems were republished in 1790; and a third edition, with some additional

pieces, appeared in 1804. For six years he was sergeant in the Breadalbane Fencibles, and when that regiment was disbanded in 1799 he procured, through the influence of the Earl of Breadalbane, his constant friend through life, a place in the City Guard of Edinburgh, those poor old veterans so savagely described by Fergusson in "Leith Races":—

"Their stumps, erst used to philabegs,
Are dight in spatterdashes,
Whase barked hides scarce fend their legs
Fra weat and weary splashes
O dirt that day!"

He was then seventy-five years of age. About this time he composed a quaint long rhyme in praise of Dunedin or Edinburgh, in which he described the Castle, Holyrood Abbey, &c., his sharp hunter's eye taking in everything as he wandered through the streets of the city. In 1802 Duncan visited his home in the Highlands, and there composed, in his seventy-eighth year, the most beautiful of all his poems, "The Last Farewell to the Hills." Another of his compositions, pronounced by Robert Buchanan, who translated it, his master-piece, is a description of the great corrie at

Glenorchy, where the poet in early life loved to roam. The venerable Highlander died in Edinburgh, May, 1812, and was buried in the Grayfriars' churchyard. A noble monument has been erected to his memory in Glenorchy.

Macintyre's biographer, in Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, says: "All good judges of Celtic poetry agree that nothing like the purity of his Gaelic and the style of his poetry has appeared in the Highlands since the days of Ossian." Another full and sympathetic account of the gifted Duncan may be found in *The Land of Lorne*, by Buchanan, who writes: "What Burns is to the Lowlands of Scotland, Duncan Ban is to the Highlands, and more; for Duncan never made a poem, long or short, which was not set to a tune, and he first sang them himself as he wandered like a venerable bard of old. . . . His fame endures wherever the Gaelic language is spoken, and his songs are sung all over the civilized world. Without the bitterness and intellectual power of Burns, he possessed much of his tenderness; and as a literary prodigy, who could not even write, he is still more remarkable

than Burns. Moreover, the old simple-hearted forester, with his fresh love of nature, his shrewd insight, and his impassioned speech, seems a far completer figure than the Ayrshire ploughman, who was doubtless a glorious creature, but most obtrusive in his independence. Poor old Duncan was never bitter. The world was wonderful, and he was content to fill a humble place in it. He had 'an independent mind,' but was quite friendly to rank and power wherever he saw them; for, after all, what were they to Coire Cheathaich, with its natural splendours? What was the finest robe in Dunedin to the gay clothing on the side of Ben Dorain? . . . In the life of Burns we see the light striking through the storm-cloud, lurid, terrific, yet always light from heaven. In the life of Duncan Ban there is nothing but a gray light of peace and purity, such as broods over the mountains when the winds are laid. Burns was the mightier poet, the grander human soul; but many who love him best, and cherish his memory most tenderly, can find a place in their hearts for Duncan Ban as well."

THE BARD TO HIS MUSKET.

Oh! mony a turn of woe and weal
May happen to a Highlan' man:
Though he fall in love he soon may feel
He cannot get the fancied one.
The first I loved in time that's past
I courted twenty years, ochone!
But she forsook me at the last,
And Duncan then was left alone.

To Edinbro' I forthwith hied,
To seek a sweetheart to my mind,
An' if I could, to find a bride
For the fause love I left behind;
Said Captain Campbell of the Guard,
"I ken a widow secretly,
An' I'll try, as she's no that ill faur'd,
To put her, Duncan, in your way."

As was his wont, I trow, did he
Fulfil his welcome promise true,
He gave the widow unto me,
And all her portion with her too;
And whoso'er may ask her name,
And her surname also may desire,

They call her Janet—great her fame—
An' 'twas George who was her grandsire.

She's quiet, an' affable, an' free,
No vexing gloom or look at hand,
As high in rank and in degree
As any lady in the land;
She's my support and my relief,
Since e'er she join'd me, anyhow;
Great is the cureless cause of grief
To him who has not got her now!

Nic-Coisear¹ I forsaken quite,
Although she liveth still at ease—
An' allow the crested stags to fight
And wander wheresoe'er they please;
A young wife I have chosen now,
Which I repent not anywhere,
I am not wanting wealth, I trow,
Since ever I espoused the fair.

I pass my word of honour bright—
Most excellent I do her call;

¹ A favourite fowling-piece to which he composed another song.—Ed.

In her I ne'er, in any light,
Discover'd any fault at all.
She is stately, fine, an' straight, an' sound,
Without a hidden fault, my friend;
In her defect I never found,
Nor yet a blemish, twist, or bend.

When needy folk are pinch'd, alas!
For money in a great degree;
Ah! George's daughter—generous lass—
Ne'er lets my pockets empty be;
She keepeth me in drink, and stays
By me in ale-houses and all,
An' at once, without a word, she pays
For every stoup I choose to call!

An' every turn I bid her do
She does it with a willing grace;
She never tells me aught untrue,
Nor story false, with lying face;
She keeps my rising family
As well as I could e'er desire,
Although no labour I do try,
Nor dirty work for love or hire.

I labour'd once laboriously,
Although no riches I amass'd;
A menial I disdain'd to be,
An' keep my vow unto the last;
I have ceased to labour in the lan',
Since e'er I noticed to my wife,
That the idle and contented man
Endureth to the longest life.

'Tis my musket—loving wife, indeed—
In whom I faithfully believe,
She's able still to earn my bread,
An' Duncan she will ne'er deceive;
I'll have no lack of linens fair,
An' plenty clothes to serve my turn,
An' trust me that all worldly care
Now gives me not the least concern.

MARY, THE YOUNG, THE FAIR-HAIR'D.

My young, my fair, my fair-hair'd Mary,
My life-time love, my own!
The vows I heard, when my kindest dearie
Was bound to me alone,
By covenant true, and ritual holy,
Gave happiness all but divine;
Nor needed there more to transport me wholly,
Than the friends that hail'd thee mine.

'Twas a Monday morn', and the way that parted
Was far, but I rivall'd the wind,

The troth to plight with a maiden true-
hearted,
That force can never unbind.
I led her apart, and the hour that we reckon'd
While I gain'd a love and a bride,
I heard my heart, and could tell each second,
As its pulses struck on my side.

I told my ail to the foe that pain'd me,
And said that no salve could save;
She heard the tale, and her leech-craft it
sain'd me,
For herself to my breast she gave.

For ever, my dear, I'll dearly adore thee
For chasing away, away,
My fancy's delusion, new loves ever choosing,
And teaching no more to stray.

I roam'd in the wood, many a tendril survey-
ing,
All shapely from branch to stem,
My eye, as it look'd, its ambition betraying
To cull the fairest from them;
One branch of perfume, in blossom all over,
Bent lowly down to my hand,
And yielded its bloom, that hung high from
each lover,
To me, the least of the band.

I went to the river, one net cast I threw in,
Where the stream's transparence ran,
Forget shall I never, how the beauty I drew in,
Shone bright as the gloss of the swan.
Oh, happy the day that crown'd my affection
With such a prize to my share!
My love is a ray, a morning reflection,
Beside me she sleeps, a star.

COIRE CHEATHAICH ;

OR, THE GLEN OF THE MIST.

My beauteous corri! where cattle wander—
My misty corri! my darling dell!
Mighty, verdant, and covered over
With wild flowers tender of the sweetest smell;
Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep,
The cannach blowing, the darnel growing,
While the deer troop past to the misty steep.

Fine for wear is thy beauteous mantle,
Strongly-woven and ever new,
With rough grass o'er it, and, brightly gleaming,
The grass all spangled with diamond dew;

It's round my corri, my lovely corri,
Where rushes thicken and long reeds blow;
Fine were the harvest to any reaper
Who through the marsh and the bog could go.

Ah, that's fine clothing!—a great robe stretching,
A grassy carpet most smooth and green,
Painted and fed by the rain from heaven
In hues the bravest that man has seen—
*Twixt here and Paris, I do not fancy
A finer raiment can ever be—
May it grow for ever!—and, late and early,
May I be here on the knolls to see!

Around Ruadh-Arisidh what ringlets cluster!
Fair, long, and crested, and closely twined,
This way and that they are lightly waving
At every breath of the mountain wind.
The twisted hemlock, the slanted rye-grass,
The juicy moor-grass, can all be found;
And the close-set groundsel is greenly growing
By the wood where heroes are sleeping sound.

In yonder ruin once dwelt MacBhaidi,
'Tis now a desert where winds are shrill;
Yet the well-shaped brown ox is feeding by it,
Among the stones that bestrew the hill.
How fine to see, both in light and gloaming,
The smooth Clach-Fionna, so still and deep,
And the houseless cattle and calves most peaceful,
Grouped on the brow of the lonely steep.

In every nook of the mountain pathway
The garlic-flower may be thickly found—
And out on the sunny slopes around it
Hang berries juicy, and red, and round—
The penny-royal and dandelion,
The downy cannach, together lie—
Thickly they grow from the base of the mountain
To the topmost crag of his crest so high.

And not a crag but is clad most richly,
For rich and silvern the soft moss clings;
Fine is the moss, most clean and stainless,
Hiding the look of unlovely things;
Down in the hollows beneath the summit,
Where the verdure is growing most rich and deep,
The little daisies are looking upward,
And the yellow primroses often peep.

Round every well and every fountain
An eyebrow dark of the cress doth cling;
And the sorrel sour gathers in clusters
Around the stones whence the waters spring;
With a splash, and a plunge, and a mountain
murmur

The gurgling waters from earth up leap,
And pause, and hasten, and whirl in circles,
And rush, and loiter, and whirl, and creep!

Out on the ocean comes the salmon,
Steering with crooked nose he hies,

Hither he darts where the waves are boiling—
Out he springs at the glistening flies!
How he leaps in the whirling eddies!
With back blue-black, and fins that shine,
Spangled with silver, and speckled over,
With white tail tipping his frame so fine!

Gladsome and grand is the misty corri,
And there the hunter hath noble cheer;
The powder blazes, the black lead rattles
Into the heart of the dun-brown deer;
And there the hunter's hound so bloody
Around the hunter doth leap and play,
And madly rushing, most fierce and fearless,
Springs at the throat of the stricken prey.

Oh, 'twas gladsome to go a-hunting,
Out in the dew of the sunny morn!
For the great red stag was never wanting,
Nor the fawn, nor the doe with never a horn.
And when rain fell, and the night was coming,
From the open heath we could swiftly fly,
And, finding the shelter of some deep grotto,
Couch at ease till the night went by.

And sweet it was, when the white sun glimmered,
Listening under the crag to stand—
And hear the moor-hen so hoarsely croaking,
And the red-cock murmuring close at hand;
While the little wren blew his tiny trumpet,
And threw his steam off blythe and strong,
While the speckled thrush and the redbreast gaily
Lilted together a pleasant song!

Not a singer but joined the chorus,
Not a bird in the leaves was still.
First the laverock, that famous singer,
Led the music with throat so shrill;
From tall tree branches the blackbird whistled,
And the gray-bird joined with his sweet "coo-
coo;"
Everywhere was the blythsome chorus,
Till the glen was murmuring through and through.

Then out of the shelter of every corri
Came forth the creature whose home is there;
First, proudly stepping, with branching antlers,
The snorting red-deer forsook his lair;
Through the sparkling fen he rushed rejoicing,
Or gently played by his heart's delight—
The hind of the mountain, the sweet brown
princess,
So fine, so dainty, so staid, so slight!

Under the light green branches creeping
The brown doe cropt the leaves unseen,
While the proud buck gravely stared around him,
And stamped his feet on his couch of green;
Smooth and speckled, with soft pink nostrils,
With beauteous head, lay the tiny kid;

All apart in the dewy-rushes,
Sleeping unseen in its nest, 'twas hid.

My beauteous corri! my misty corri!
What light feet trod thee in joy and pride.
What strong hands gathered thy precious treasures,
What great hearts leaped on thy craggy side!
Soft and round was the nest they plundered,
Where the brindled bee his honey hath—
The speckled bee that flies, softly humming,
From flower to flower of the lonely strath.

There thin-skinned, smooth, in clustering bunches,
With sweetest kernels as white as cream,
From branches green the sweet juice drawing,
The nuts were growing beside the stream—
And the stream went dancing merrily onward,
And the ripe, red rowan was on its brim,
And gently there, in the wind of morning,
The new-leaved sapling waved soft and slim.

And all around the lovely corri
The wild birds sat on their nests so neat,
In deep, warm nooks and tufts of heather,
Sheltered by knolls from the wind and sleet;
And there from their beds, in the dew of the morning,
Uprose the doe and the stag of ten,
And the tall cliffs gleamed, and the morning reddened,
The Coire Cheataich—the Misty Glen!

THE LAST ADIEU TO THE HILLS.

Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain, and paced its dark-gray path;
Was there a hill I did not know—a glen or grassy strath?
Oh! gladly in the times of old I trod that glorious ground,
And the white dawn melted in the sun, and the red-deer cried around.

How finely swept the noble deer across the morning hill,
While fearless played the fawn and doe beside the running rill;
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the bellowing of the deer—
I think those are the sweetest sounds that man at dawn may hear.

Oh! wildly, as the bright day gleamed, I climbed the mountain's breast,
And when I to my home returned, the sun was in the west;

'Twas health and strength, 'twas life and joy, to wander freely there,
To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe the mountain air.

And oft I'd shelter for a time within some shieling low,
And gladly sport in woman's smile, and woman's kindness know.
Ah! 'twas not likely one could feel for long a joy so gay!
The hour of parting came full soon—I sighed, and went away.

And now the cankered withering wind has struck my limbs at last;
My teeth are rotten and decayed, my sight is failing fast;
If hither now the chase should come, 'tis little I could do;
Though I were hungering for food, I could not now pursue.

But though my locks are hoar and thin, my beard and whiskers white,
How often have I chased the stag with dogs full swift of flight!
And yet, although I could not join the chase if here it came,
The thought of it is charming still and sets my heart on flame.

Ah! much as I have done of old, how ill could I wind now,
By glen, and strath, and rocky path, up to the mountain's brow!
How ill could I the merry cup quaff deep in social cheer!
How ill could I sing a song in the gloaming of the year!

Those were the merry days of spring, the thoughtless times of youth;
'Tis fortune watches over us, and helps our need, forsooth;
Believing that, though poor enough, contentedly I live,
For George's daughter, every day, my meat and drink doth give.¹

Yestreen I wandered in the glen; what thoughts were in my head!
There had I walked with friends of yore—where are those dear ones fled?
I looked and looked; where'er I looked was naught but sheep! sheep! sheep!
A woeful change was in the hill! World, thy deceit was deep!

¹ "George's daughter" was the musket carried by him as a member of the city-guard and servant of King George. The value of his "meat and drink" was fivepence or sixpence a day.—ED.

From side to side I turned mine eyes—Alas! my
soul was sore—
The mountain bloom, the forest's pride, the old
men were no more.
Nay, not one antlered stag was there, nor doe so
soft and slight,
No bird to fill the hunter's bag—all, all were fled
from sight!

Farewell, ye forests of the heath! hills where the
bright day gleams!
Farewell, ye grassy dells! farewell, ye springs
and leaping streams!
Farewell, ye mighty solitudes, where once I loved
to dwell—
Scenes of my spring-time and its joys—for ever
fare you well!

JOHN LAPRAIK.

BORN 1727 — DIED 1807.

JOHN LAPRAIK, author of the song "When I upon thy bosom lean," was born in the year 1727, and died at Muirkirk, where he latterly kept the village post-office, in 1807. In 1788 he published at Kilmarnock a volume of poems, but none of them equalled the one mentioned above. "This song," says Burns, "was the work of a facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble the Ayr Bank. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes." It will be recollected that Burns, hearing these beautiful lines sung at a "country rocking," was so much taken with them that he addressed a poetical epistle to Lapraik, which opened up

a correspondence between them. The poet says with exquisite delicacy—

"There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel
What generous manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, Can this be Pope or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk."

The "old Scottish bard" whom Burns so highly complimented, although greatly his senior, outlived him many years, and died at the great age of fourscore years. Lapraik's other productions prove that he had little claims to the title of poet.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please.
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;

Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest:
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

JANE ELLIOT.

BORN 1727 — DIED 1805.

MISS JANE or JEAN ELLIOT, the authoress of the finest of the various versions of "The Flowers of the Forest," was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto, and was born at Minto House in Teviotdale in the year 1727. During the rebellion of 1745, when her father was forced to conceal himself among Minto Crags from an enraged party of Jacobites, she received and entertained the officers at Minto House, and, by her extreme composure and presence of mind, averted the danger to which he was exposed. Miss Elliot had many admirers, but she never married. From 1782 to 1804 she resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh, and is said to have been the last lady in that city who, after the era of the fly, kept standing in her hall a private sedan-chair. Miss Elliot stole back, when nearly fourscore, to bonnie Teviotdale, and died either at Minto House, or Mount Teviot the residence of her younger brother Admiral Elliot, March 29th, 1805.

The pathetic dirge for the stalwart sons of Selkirkshire slain at Flodden Field, Miss Elliot's only composition, was written in 1756, and when first published it passed for an old ballad, and long remained anonymous. Burns was among the first to pronounce it a modern production, saying, "This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than Hardyknute. The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday;" and Sir Walter Scott, who was among the first to bring it home to Jean Elliot's door, remarked: "The manner of the

ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince me that the song was of modern date." Allan Cunningham preferred it to Mrs. Cockburn's version; but both are extremely beautiful, and in singing the latter is generally preferred. "The Forest" was the name given to a district which comprehends the county of Selkirk and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its archers. These were almost to a man slain at the disastrous battle of Flodden, and upon this event the song is founded. Cunningham writes: "The song of Miss Elliot was composed from the impulse of some ancient verses; and if there be such a thing as the transmigration of poetic soul, it has happened here. The most acute antiquary could not, I think, single out, except by chance, the ancient lines which are woven into the song, the simulation is so perfect. The line with which it commences—

"'I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin'," is old, and so is the often recurring line which presses on our hearts the desolation of the Forest. Now, admitting these lines to be old, can we say that the remainder of the song has not in every line, in language, and image, and sentiment, the same antique hue, and spirit, and sound? The whole comes with a cry in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden Field; and when it is sung we owe little to imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the Forest, and hear in it the ancient wail of its maids and matrons."

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning in ilka green loanin'—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.
In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleecing—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Ate'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the
 foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

JAMES MACLAGGAN.

BORN 1728 — DIED 1805.

The Rev. JAMES MACLAGGAN was born in the year 1728 at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and after being licensed as a preacher he was appointed to the chapel-of-ease at Amulree (made a parish in 1871), Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplaincy of the 42d Regiment, his commission bearing date June 15, 1764. He accompanied the regiment to the United States, and was present in several engagements during the war of 1776–82. After discharging the duties

of military chaplain for twenty-five years, he was presented to the parish of Blair-Athole, where he died in 1805. He published anonymously a collection of Gaelic songs; and during his service with the regiment he composed a number of war lyrics and poems, many of which still remain in manuscript. He was a thorough Gaelic scholar, and recovered, while settled in the Highlands, from the recitation of various persons, large portions of the poetry of Ossian prior to Macpherson's publications.

SONG OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

For success a prayer, with a farewell, bear
 To the warriors dear of the muir and the valley—
 The lads that convene in their plaiding of green,
 With the curtal coat, and the sweeping *eil-e*.
 In their belts array'd, where the dark blue blade
 Is hung, with the dirk at the side;
 When the sword is at large, and uplifted the
 targe,
 Ha! not a foe the boys will abide.

The followers in peril of Ian the Earl,
 The race of the wight of hand;
 Sink the eyes of the foe, of the friend's mounts
 the glow,
 When the Murdoch's high blood takes com-
 mand.
 With Loudon to lead ye, the wise and the steady,
 The daring in fight and the glorious,
 Like the lightning ye'll rush, with the sword's
 bright flash,
 And return to your mountain victorious.

Oh, sons of the lion! your watch is the wild-
 lands,
 The garb of the Highlands is mingled with
 blue,
 Though the target and bosses are bright in the
 Highlands,
 The axe in your hands might be blunted well,
 too.
 Then forward—and see ye be huntsmen true,
 And, as erst the red-deer felling,
 So fell ye the Gaul, and so strike ye all
 The tribes in the backwoods dwelling.

Where ocean is roaring, let top-sails be towering,
 And sails to the motion of helm be flying;
 Though high as the mountain, or smooth as the
 fountain,
 Or fierce as the boiling floods angrily crying;
 Though the tide with a stroke be assailing the
 rock,
 Oh, once let the pibroch's wild signal be heard,

Then the waves will come bending in dimples
befriending,
And beckoning the friends of their country on
board.

The ocean-tide's swelling, its fury is quelling,
In salute of thunder proclaiming your due;
And, methinks, that the hum of a welcome is come,
And is warbling the Jorram to you.

When your levy is landed, oh, bright as the pearls
Shall the strangers who welcome you, gladly
and greeting

Speak beautiful thoughts; aye, the beautiful girls
From their eyes shall the tears o'er the ruby
be meeting,

And encounter ye, praying, from the storm and
the slaying,

"From the stranger, the enemy, save us, oh,
save!

From rapine and plunder, O, tear us asunder, —
Our noble defenders are ever the brave!"

"If the fondest ye of true lovers be,"
So cries each trembling beauty,
"Be bold in the fight, and give transport's
delight

To your friends and the fair, by your duty."

"Oh, yes!" shall the beautiful hastily cry;

"Oh, yes!" in a word, shall the valiant reply;

By our womanly faith we pledge you for both,
For where'er we contract, and where'er we be-
troth,

We vow with the daring to die!"

Faithful to trust is the lion-like host

Whom the dawn of their youth doth inure

To hunger's worst ire, and to action's bold
fire,

And to ranging the wastes of the moor.

Accustom'd so well to each enterprise snell,

Be the chase or the warfare their quarry;

Aye ever they fight the best for the right,

To the strike of the swords when they hurry.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

BORN 1732 — DIED 1769.

WILLIAM FALCONER, an ingenious poet, the son of a poor barber who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb, was born at Edinburgh, February 11, 1732. He went early to sea as an apprentice on board a Leith merchant vessel; and before he was eighteen rose to the situation of second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in the Mediterranean, only Falconer and two others being saved. In 1751 he was again living in Edinburgh. The earliest production of his muse was a monody on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, followed by several minor pieces, none of which attracted attention. He appears to have continued in the merchant service until 1757, but little is really known of the life of Falconer during this period. It is stated, on doubtful authority, that he had joined the royal navy, and was one of the few persons saved from the wreck of the ill-fated ship *Ramilies* in 1760. But the period must have been one of considerable leisure and meditation, for all at once he burst from obscurity in a manner which placed him in the

front rank of Scottish poets. This was the "Shipwreck, in three cantos, by a Sailor," first published by Millar in 1762, and dedicated to Edward, duke of York, brother to George III. His epic was preceded by the following appropriate motto:—

"quae ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

The shipwreck which Falconer selected for his theme was that in which he had been a sufferer on board the *Britannia*, wrecked off the coast of Greece, and in this way he imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The disaster occurred near Cape Colonna, one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. "In all Attica," says Lord Byron, "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'isles that

crown the Ægean deep; but for an Englishman Colonna has yet an additional interest as the actual spot of Falconer's 'Shipwreck.' Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

The reception which the "Shipwreck" received from the public was in the highest degree flattering to the author, and it was universally hailed as an accession to English poetry. The Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, shared in the general admiration, and obtained for Falconer the position of midshipman on board the *Royal George*; but he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board of which he held the position of purser. Soon after he married a Miss Hicks, daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. After the peace of 1763 the *Glory* was laid up, and the poet retired on half-pay. The commissioner of the dockyard generously ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up for his residence, and in this characteristic retreat for a sailor poet he was enabled for a time to enjoy all the luxury of literary pursuits, undisturbed by the din of the world and free from many of its cares. In 1764 he presented the public with a new edition of his poem, considerably improved and enlarged, containing upwards of 1000 additional lines. In 1769, at which period he was residing in London, he published his "Universal Marine

Dictionary," a work of the greatest practical utility, which speedily came into general use in the navy; and soon after issued a third edition of the "Shipwreck," with considerable improvements.

Having been appointed purser to the *Aurora*, which was ordered to India, the frigate sailed September 30, 1769, and was never heard of after touching at the Cape of Good Hope in the succeeding December, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No "tuneful Arion" was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having perished under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his companions in the *Britannia*. The poetical reputation which Falconer enjoyed while living has not diminished after a lapse of more than a hundred years. The hope of immortality which he ventures to express in the introduction to his "Shipwreck" bids fair to be realized; his name, this

" . . . tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save."

Since the time of Falconer's death various editions of his poems have been issued in Great Britain and the United States, two of which were accompanied by memoirs, written by the Rev. J. S. Clarke (1804) and Rev. John Mitford (1836), the latter appearing in Pickering's series of the Aldine Poets. An elegant illustrated edition of the "Shipwreck," with a memoir by R. Carruthers, appeared in 1868.

THE SHIPWRECK.

INTRODUCTION.

While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the paleful vale with dire alarms;
While Albion bids the avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:

But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps,
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress:
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;

Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the mild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where winter's tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus and the tune-ful train!
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"¹
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus,² lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.

But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattel'd line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail.
Such joyless toil in early youth endured,
The expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the soul oppressed,
And quenched the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the pow'r that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethæan banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,

Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and, swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid, intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores.

To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom, transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores:
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasure'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.—I. Retrospect of the Voyage—Arrival at Candia—State of that Island—Season of the Year described.—II. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion—Palemon, Sen to the Owner of the Ship—Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the daughter of Albert—Noon.—III. Palemon's History.—IV. Sunset—Midnight—Arion's Dream—Unmoor by Moonlight—Morning—Sun's Azimuth taken—Beautiful Appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.

I. A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held:
Of famed *Britannia* were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew;
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued;
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanced incautious of each fatal snare,
Though warned full oft the slippery tract to shun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betrayed them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resigned.
Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam;
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crowned each painful voyage with success;
Still, to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

¹ Shakspeare's Henry IV. act iii.² Darien.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
 Across the equator rolled his flaming sphere,
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
 She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
 Unwearying wafted her commercial store;
 The richest ports of Afric she had viewed,
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
 And visited the margin of the Nile:
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal:
 They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
 No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
 But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
 For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near;
 Inflamed by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
 Ideal pleasures vainly antedate:
 Already British coasts appear to rise,
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
 Embracing strains the mistress of his soul;
 Nor less o'erjoyed, with sympathetic truth,
 Each faithful maid expects the approaching
 youth.

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:
 Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;
 Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
 Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion called to touch at Candia's shore,
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon
 explore;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Despatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating war:
 Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
 Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
 In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
 To crown the valleys with eternal green:
 For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appeared.—
 Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
 No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
 For stern oppression quenched its genial fires:
 Though still her fields, with golden harvests
 crowned,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
 Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
 And hears his famished babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
 A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,

Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
 No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
 Excite the avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
 For whom contending kings were proud to die;
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
 Those charms, so long renowned in classic strains,
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere the sun
 Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had
 run.

And on the Ecliptic wheeled his winding way,
 Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
 Four days becalmed the vessel here remains,
 And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
 This, when the autumnal equinox is o'er,
 And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.—
 No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
 A captive fettered to the oar of gain:
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
 Determined, from whatever point they rise,
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
 Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
 Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,
 Record whom chief among the gallant crew
 The unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew:
 Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?—

They can, for gold too oft with magic art
 Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
 To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause;
 This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode;
 This spreads with slaughtered heaps the bloody
 plain,
 And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

II. The stately ship, with all her daring band,
 To skilful Albert owned the chief command.
 Though trained in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refined;
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
 Abroad, confessed the father of his crew!
 Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene:
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attracted, and by seas repelled;
 Or point her devious track through climes un-
 known

That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave
glide,

And into motion charm the expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminished force;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar¹ and shelf the watery path they sound
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclined.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boist'rous of manners; trained in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
shore,

With foul intent the stranded bark explore;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, armed with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, trained by this unhallowed crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,

¹ A *bar* is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand that has been collected by the surge of the sea at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult and often dangerous. A *shelf*, or *shelve*, so called from the Saxon "*schylf*," is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks lying immediately under the surface of the water.

And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawned in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom withered, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove,
Hither he wandered anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd zone.
In vain;—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explored along the deep domain;
Trained to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doomed to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:

Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
 Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;
 O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
 The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
 Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
 Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love:
 By fond society their passion grew,
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
 While their chaste souls possessed the pleasing
 pains

That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
 In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
 Betrayed the secret of their mutual flame.
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast
 Palemon's father heard the tale confessed;
 Long had he listened with suspicion's ear,
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true:
 Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
 Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
 Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;
 (For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)
 With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
 That veiled the beauties of this charming maid.
 Indignant he rebuked the enamoured boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy;
 He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
 Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravished sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her powers enchanting Music failed,
 And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevailed.
 Long with unequal art in vain he strove
 To quench the ethereal flame of ardent Love:
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look and voice assumed a harsher strain.
 In absence now his only hope remained;
 And such the stern decree his will ordained:
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;
 High beat his heart, fast flowed the unbidden
 tear,

His bosom heaved with agony severe;
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
 No tender pity touched that sordid mind—
 To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consigned.
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.
 Incapable of change, the unhappy youth
 Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth;
 Still Anna's image swims before his sight
 In fleeting vision through the restless night;
 From clime to clime an exile doomed to roam,
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
 To him since young Arion first was known;

Who wandering here through many a scene re-
 nowned,
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found;
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,
 He on the roaring wave embarked once more.
 Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppressed
 Some painful secret of the soul confessed:
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
 Recalled to memory by the adjacent shore:
 The scene thus present and its story known,
 The lover sighed for sorrows not his own.
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
 Soon the ripe metal owned the quickening ore;
 For in one tide their passions seemed to roll,
 By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the inferior naval train preside,
 The course determine, or the commerce guide:
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguished crew,
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppressed,
 And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest:
 High in his chariot glowed the lamp of day,
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
 Relaxed from toil, the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more;
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast;
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
 But with Arion, from the sultry heat
 Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects
 crowned,
 The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
 The ruined bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
 Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:
 What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers
 assailed,
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevailed;
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'er-
 turned,
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burned.¹

III. But now before them happier scenes arise,
 Elysian vales salute their ravished eyes;

¹ These lines allude to the memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Olive and cedar formed a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error strayed.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream renowned in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wide alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charmed the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclined,
In pity's bleeding bosom poured the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
"Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance
taught,

My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betrayed.
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
"Albert thou know'st with skill and science
graced;

In humble station though by fortune placed,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave:
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live, the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter and a faithful wife.
For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

"This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,
The admiring parents all their care applied;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection trained,
No vice untuned, no sickening folly stained:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrilled every heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dressed,
The smile of maiden innocence expressed;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look complacence smiled serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene!

"'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, arrayed in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich freighted from the Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard
From this return, with recent treasures stored;
Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent

To Albert's humble mansion: soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of the event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbbed with strange alarms:
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
fraught,

My fluttering spirits first the infection caught?
When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betrayed
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid;
While the dim light my ravished eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook.
With all her powers dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love:
She strove in vain;—subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current
leads,
We roved at evening hour through flowery
meads;

There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,
To her with tender sighs my hope appealed:
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was hers, and innocence, and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart.—
My suit prevailed! for Love informed my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
For Love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,
At last on cruel exile he resolved:
The rigorous doom was fixed; alas! how vain,
To him of tender anguish to complain.

His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert charge he gave
To wait Palemon o'er the distant wave.

"The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale:
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love;
The impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joys distant still, and sorrows ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide,
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied:
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confessed! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
The impetuous joy that glowed in either heart?
O! ye whose melting hearts are formed to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love;
When with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.

"In transport lost, by trembling hope im-
pressed,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While hers congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flashed from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.
'Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she
cries,
While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs,)
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, strayed
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine abandoned to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortured bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth, nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms,
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms:
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:

Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove;
On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'

"She ceased: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties showered celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms arrayed,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
'O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consigned to lasting misery for me!
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands;
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

"O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are
o'er,

Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.'

"Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night with-
drew,

And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;
With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear,
While dying fondness languished in her eyes,
She poured her soul to Heaven in suppliant
sighs:—

'Look down with pity, O ye powers above!
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love;
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,
 Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain,
 Bid every guardian-minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-loved youth defend!' ¹
 With grief o'erwhelmed we parted twice in vain,
 And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
 At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion beat in either heart,
 Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
 She to her silent couch retired to weep,
 Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep."

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
 Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief:

To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
 No secret wish or fear their bosoms knew;
 In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
 Nor hope nor danger could their love divide.¹

Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
 Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
 Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
 May never fatal tenderness approve
 The fond effusions of their ardent love:
 Oh! warned by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
 The fatal path where thousands are undone!
 Now, as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
 Approached the lonely margin of the main,
 First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
 The graceful lover, formed in nature's pride:
 His frame the happiest symmetry displayed,
 And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed;
 In every look the Paphian graces shine,
 Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
 With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,
 Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
 Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
 Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

IV. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
 Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
 Creation smiles around; on every spray

¹ This and the three preceding lines were deleted in the third edition, and the following (which seem worthy of preservation) substituted:—

"The hapless bird, thus ravished from the skies,
 Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Composed at length his sadly-warbling strain—
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain."

The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
 Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
 Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
 The golden lime and orange there were seen
 On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
 The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
 To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
 The glassy ocean hushed, forgets to roar,
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
 And lo! his surface lovely to behold
 Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
 The skies with pomp ineffable array.
 Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
 While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
 And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
 Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
 And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
 With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
 The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
 Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
 By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
 As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
 Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
 Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
 The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
 When eastern breezes from the shore arise:
 The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
 Pale glimmered o'er the long-protracted cloud;
 A mighty halo round her silver throne,
 With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone:
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
 Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
 Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
 Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
 Approached the sacred hymeneal fane;
 Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
 And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
 Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
 Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
 With painful step he climbed, while far above
 Sweet Anna charmed them with the voice of Love;
 Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
 While dreadful yawned beneath the jaws of hell—
 Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
 He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
 Up starting from his couch on deck he sprung,
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung:

"All hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry,
 "All hands unmoor!" the caverned rocks reply.
 Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass² arm:

² The *windlass* is a large roller used to wind in the cable or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a

The order given, up-springing with a bound
 They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound:
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And far abroad the canvas wings extend.
 Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
 The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
 With silver deluging the fluid stream.
 Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
 Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.
 A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,
 The boats, with rowers manned, are sent ahead;
 With cordage fastened to the lofty prow
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow;¹
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:
 Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high,
 Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:
 She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,
 But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's² height,
 Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
 North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
 And westward, Freschin's woody cape³ appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
 Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
 The drowsy air attentive to retain,
 As from unnumbered points it sweeps the main.
 Now swelling stud-sails⁴ on each side extend,
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
 While all to court the veering winds are placed,
 With yards alternate square, and sharply braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
 And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
 Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,

His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
 The pilots now their azimuth⁵ attend,
 On which all courses, duly formed, depend:
 The compass placed to catch the rising ray,

The quadrant's shadows studious they survey
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phebus down the vertic circle glides;
 Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Thus height and polar distance are obtained,
 Then latitude, and declination, gained;
 In chiliads next the analogy is sought,
 And on the sinical triangle wrought:
 By this magnetic variance is explored,
 Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically slow before the breeze
 She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas:
 Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
 White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
 The bending wales⁶ their contrast next displayed,
 All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed.
 BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow,
 Gazed o'er the vassal waves that rolled below:
 Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
 The imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
 The eternal empire of the main to keep,
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
 Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
 Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
 There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
 O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
 And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
 In bloody combat met, from age to age;
 Tamed into Union, yoked in friendship's chain,
 Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished
 main:
 From the proud margin to the centre grew
 Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the
 view!

The immortal shield from Neptune she received,
 When first her head above the waters heaved.
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
 A figured scutcheon glittered on her breast:
 There, from one parent-soil, for ever young,
 The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.

number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from recoiling.—*Paul*, a certain short bar of wood or iron fixed close to the capstern or windlass of a ship, to prevent those engines from rolling back or giving way when they are employed to heave in the cable, or otherwise charged with any great effort.—Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*.

¹ *Towing* is chiefly used, as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by the swell of the sea.

² A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

³ Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

⁴ *Stud* or *studding sails* are light sails which are

extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails which are hoisted up on a strong rope called a stay when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

⁵ The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

⁶ Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong planks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale and the channel-wale.

Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
 Such was the sculptured prow—from van to rear
 The artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier!
 Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave,
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
 On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
 That never servile rules of art controlled,
 An allegoric tale on high portrayed;
 There a young hero; here a royal maid.
 Fair England's Genius, in the youth expressed,
 Her ancient foe, but now her friend confessed,
 The warlike nymph with fond regard surveyed;
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed.
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,
 Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
 Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
 Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.
 Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
 Brandished the unconquered Caledonian spear.
 The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
 Flashed like the meteors of her native sky.
 Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a
 scar,

And o'er her helmet gleamed the northern star.
 The warrior youth appeared of noble frame;
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame.
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow,
 Renowned in song, the terror of the foe!
 The sword, that oft the barbarous North defied,
 The scourge of tyrants! glittered by his side.
 Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
 The George emblazoned on his corselet shone;
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
 Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:
 Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
 The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!
 Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
 Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous; overhead
 Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood:
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
 There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair Commerce stretched her winged sail;
 Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale:
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled
 The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
 Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,
 And warlike trophies either quarter dressed:
 Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on
 high;
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;
 Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain;
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

The scene of death is closed, the mournful strains
 Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
 Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
 And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with
 fear.

But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,
 At once the future and the past explore;
 Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
 And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
 The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
 Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
 That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
 While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
 O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
 And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless frenzy shall the father sting,
 Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear;
 Severe remorse his tortured soul shall wring—
 'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
 Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
 The tempest now shall howl, unheard by you,
 While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
 Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful
 heat.

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
 Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
 Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
 When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
 While hunger and disease your life consume;
 While parching thirst; that burns without allay,
 Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
 That taints the realms with misery severe;
 No more behold pale Famine, scattering death
 With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling
 strain,
 Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:

Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep;
O! happier now, escaped to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing-bell;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
But oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are drest in all the pride of May;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove;

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me;
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart
Thy sovereign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring!

JOHN OGILVIE.

BORN 1733 — DIED 1814.

JOHN OGILVIE, D.D., a poet of some renown in his day, was the son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1733. He was educated at Marischal College, from which afterwards he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Having qualified himself as a preacher he was in 1759 appointed minister of the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire, where he continued in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties for more than half a century. His personal history was only varied by the publication of his numerous and now forgotten poems (the first of which, "The Day of Judgment," appeared in 1759), and an occasional visit to London, where he became acquainted, through his friend and admirer James Boswell, with Dr. Johnson, Churchill, and other literary magnates of the metropolis. Scarcely any of Ogilvie's poems are known

even by name to readers of the present day, and he is only remembered by several hymns which are to be found in collections in use in the United States and Great Britain. His biographer remarks that "Ogilvie, with powers far above the common order, did not know how to use them with effect. He was an able man lost. His intellectual wealth and industry were wasted in huge and unhappy speculations. Of all his books, there is not one which, as a whole, can be expected to please the general reader. Noble sentiments, brilliant conceptions, and poetic graces may be culled in profusion from the mass; but there is no one production in which they so predominate, if we except some of his minor pieces, as to induce it to be selected for a happier fate than the rest. Had the same talent which Ogilvie threw away on a number of ob-

jects been concentrated on one, and that one chosen with judgment and taste, he might have rivalled in popularity the most renowned of his contemporaries." The venerable divine

continued his useful parish labours till his death in 1814. In addition to his poems Dr. Ogilvie was the author of several works on philosophy and Christian ethics.

REVEALED RELIGION.¹

Yet let the muse extend her towering wing,
To roam the vast of Nature! Lo! what scenes,
By man yet unexplored, unfold to rouse
Her search! to tremble in her ardent eye!
To tempt her flight sublime, as o'er the world
She soars, and from her airy height surveys
The fate of empire; and the shifting scenes
Of human thought, successive as they swim,
Buoying, or lost in time's o'erwhelming wave.

Nor idly curious her light glance pervades
The plans of wisdom; with no stranger's eye
She comes to *wonder* on the solemn scenes:
Or prying search for labyrinths, where the field
Is open, rich, accessible.—But free,
Impartial, just, she scans the mighty themes;
And paints them genuine as they rose to view.

'Twas where a plain far from the haunt of man,
Spread its green bosom to the evening ray,
All soft and sweetly silent; my slow step
Had led me wandering wide: the stream of
thought

In that calm hour to meditation due,
Flow'd on the soul spontaneous; as the breeze
On the smooth current of some limpid rill
Steals o'er the ruffled wave. A dusky wood
O'erlook'd the field, and full in sight opposed
A range of hills frown'd o'er the chequer'd
scene,

Crown'd with gay verdure; whence the list'ning
ear

Thrill'd to the music of the tuneful choirs
That stream'd sweet-warbling o'er the vale; or
heard

Remote the deep's low murmur, like the voice
Of torrents from afar. Here all retired,
Musing I sat, and in thy mirror view'd
Fair History, beheld the towering piles
Of grandeur fallen, or call'd the forms august
Of heroes from the tomb. The mighty chiefs,
I saw them bustling o'er the human scene,
'Til Fate had digg'd the sepulchres, and toll'd
The bell that summon'd them to rest. What
boon,

The prize of virtue paid them! did thy worth,
Intrepid Decius, from the Samnite steel
Screen the devoted heart? Did Scipio quell
The tide of passion, and release the fair,
Blooming and spotless, to her lover's arms;
Or snatch from Hannibal's proud crest the wreath
Of victory; to find the sons of Rome
Just to his deeds? Ah no!—Amid the gloom
Of solitude he pined; scarce from the grasp
Of fury rescued, indignation swell'd
His manly heart, and grief slow-mining loosed
The props of life, and gave him to the tomb.

Such, Tully, was thy fate, and, Brutus, thine!
The ghastly head low-rolling in the dust;
The tongue, to satiate female frenzy, torn;
The bleeding heart, yet reeking, spoke the end
Of eloquence and virtue. Scarce a tear
Embalmd their urns, triumphant vice beheld
With smiles their exit; and oppression raised
Her scourge to punish where the feeling heart
Swell'd in soft moisture to the pitying eye.

O! wreck'd, and dubious of a *life to come!*
What trophies graced the present! Heav'n with-
held

From these *superior light*, left in the maze
Of doubt to wander, by the twilight ray
Of glimmering nature led: while toil and pain
Mark'd their long course with woe; and death's
pale eye

Terrific frown'd them into nought. Did these,
Than we more guilty, by superior crimes
Insult th' Omnipotent, that Truth's fair form,
Unveil'd to us, was from the dark research
Of cool philosophy in shades immured?
Whence, then, the palm by every voice conferr'd?
Whence the sweet lay that wantons in their
praise?

Why o'er soft pity's pallid cheek descends
The tear that weeps their doom, that says they
lived

A virtuous few! that mourns them as they fell,
The victims of ingratitude, or zeal
For public honour? yet the beam of heav'n
Illumed not Reason's path, nor led the mind
To see the Maker in his work portray'd
One, perfect, infinite, nor show'd the climes
Of pure ethereal pleasure, for the blest
Prepar'd, nor to th' enlighten'd view display'd

¹ This extract is taken from the beginning of the second book of Ogilvie's principal poetical work, entitled "Providence, an Allegorical Poem, in Three Books," first issued in a handsome illustrated quarto, London, 1764.—Ed.

The form of moral beauty as it swells
 In full proportion to the mental gaze,
 Wrought by celestial aid. To these its charms
 Appear'd not. Heav'n on their degenerate sons
 Confer'd its noblest boon when from the gulf
 Of surgy Chaos, where the goddess lay
 Wrapt in black clouds, He bade eternal Truth
 Rise to the day!—She heard, and to his call
 Obedient rose! Her beauty-beaming eye,
 Fair as thy ray, Aurora, when it scares
 The growling lion from his prey, dispell'd
 Th' involving shade, her magic touch dissolved
 The veil of error, lighten'd the dim search
 Of dark philosophy, and show'd the MIND
 That form'd, supports, and guides this mighty
 frame.

HYMN, FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name;
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair!
 Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim—
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound!
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing:
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid;
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou Heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God!
 Who called yon worlds from night;
 "Ye shades, dispel!" the Eternal said,
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul!

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own!
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing—
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed in the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne;
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore—
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
 O praise the Eternal Source of love
 With youth's enlivening fire:
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre!

WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

BORN 1734 — DIED 1788.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the translator of the "*Lusiad*" of Camoens, and an original poet of some merit, was born at Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, September 29, 1734. He was the third son of the Rev. Alexander Meikle, the poet having changed the spelling of his name "without," as Dr. Johnson says of Mallet's change of name, "any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover." At the age of fifteen he was taken from the high-school of Edinburgh to assist his widowed aunt in carrying on a brewery, in which he finally became a partner; but proving unsuccessful in business, he in 1763 proceeded to London with the intention of entering upon the career of a man of letters. He became known to Lord Lyttelton, to whom he submitted some of his poems; and failing to please his fastidious patron, or to obtain through his lordship's interest some civil or commercial appointment, he accepted the humble position of corrector to the Clarendon Press at Oxford. In 1765 Mickle published several short poems, and two years after "*The Concubine*," a poem in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser. The former failed to attract attention, but nothing could be more flattering than the reception of the latter. It appeared anonymously, and was ascribed to some of the most eminent poets of the day. It soon passed through three editions, the title, to prevent misapprehension, being changed to "*Sir Martyn*." The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, "with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:"

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropped with dew;
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake

The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

In 1771 Mickle issued proposals for printing by subscription a translation of the "*Lusiad*," by Camoens, to qualify himself for which he studied the Portuguese language. He published the first book as a specimen in 1771, and from the liberal encouragement he received he was induced to resign his situation at the Clarendon Press, and to take up his residence at a farm-house about five miles from Oxford, where he devoted his whole time to his great translation. It was finished in 1775, and published in a quarto volume under the title of "*The Lusiad, or the Discovery of India*," to which he prefixed an Introduction, containing a "Defence of Commerce and Civilization, in reply to the misrepresentations of Rousseau and other visionary philosophers; a History of the Portuguese Conquests in India; a Life of Camoens; and a Dissertation on the *Lusiad*, and Observations on Epic Poetry." The work obtained for Mickle a high reputation at home and abroad, and so rapid was its sale that a second edition was soon called for. By the two editions he realized about one thousand guineas. In May, 1779, he accompanied Commodore Johnston as secretary on board the *Rodney* man-of-war, and sailed with a small squadron to Portugal. He was received on his arrival at Lisbon with great distinction by the countrymen of Camoens, and admitted as a member of the Royal Academy of Portugal. While in Lisbon he wrote his poem of "*Almada Hill: an Epistle from Lisbon*," published in 1781. On his return with the squadron to England Mickle remained for a time in London as joint agent for the disposal of some valuable prizes taken during the expedition. He had now acquired some means, and in 1783 he married Miss Mary Tomkins, the daughter of the farmer with whom he had resided at Forest Hill while engaged on the "*Lusiad*," and with the lady obtained considerable wealth. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence, in

writing occasional pieces, and in revising his published poems. He died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788, leaving one son, for whose benefit a volume of his collected poems was published in 1795; and a second edition, with a memoir of Mickle written by Rev. John Sim, appeared in 1806.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of "Cumnor Hall," which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Scott the groundwork of his charming romance of "Kenilworth," which Sir Walter intended to have named "Cumnor Hall," but was wisely persuaded by his publisher to adopt the title of "Kenilworth." He is also believed to be the writer of that very fascinating lyric "There's nae luck about the house," which has touched more hearts than

his translation of the "Lusiad," and some eighteen or twenty of the sweetest ballads in Evans' collection. Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart, instead of his ambition. We are well aware that the authorship of "There's nae luck about the house" has long been a subject of controversy, several writers attributing it to Jean Adams, one of the minor songstresses of Scotland, whose poems were published at Glasgow in 1734. No copy of the song is found either in Mickle's or Jean Adams' works printed while they lived, and it will not now probably ever be known with absolute certainty who wrote it, but authorities entitled to respect attribute the authorship to Mickle.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this the love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But, be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay;
What floweret can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious, they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say:
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say:
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O'er the hills of Cheviot beaming,
Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears, and helmets gleaming,
Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs, like torrents pouring,
Edwin's horsemen rush'd along;
From the hills, like tempests lowering,
Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
And the yew-boughs half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,
Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood Queen Emma, shrieking,
Ran between the dreadful bands.

"Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
Bids you grasp the unhallow'd spear?
Heaven detests the war fraternal;
Oh, the impious strife forbear!

"Ah! how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

"O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dared for thee the fight.

"Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
O, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

"Hah! what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

"Ah! bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowld.

"When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!

"With that sword shalt thou assail him,
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee!

"O, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy counsels darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

"Wisdom tells, and justice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd,
O, revere these holy proffers,
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

"Oh, my sons"—but all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen, all stain'd with blood;
In her purpled bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.

"Ah! my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood," she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

"From that blood around you streaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Must'round th' offended skies.

"See what burning spears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

"O'er you both Heaven's lightning volleys,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

"Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

"Ha! what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of justice poising
High aloft the eternal scales.

"Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

"Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile show'r distils.

"But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies.
Distant thunders groan and die.

"O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hill and magic power,
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

"Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested!
Through thy streets shall loud resound.

"To thy brother, sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha! in settled darkness low'ring,
Now no more the visions rise!

"But thy ranc'rous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

"This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar," loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk and died.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.¹

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.

¹ Burns says that "this is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." The sixth stanza, beginning

"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,"

was written by Dr. James Beattie. Jean Adams, who affirmed it to be her composition, was a schoolmistress of Greenock, whose chequered life terminated, in 1765, in the town's hospital, Glasgow.—ED.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by: I ha'e him safe;
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

(FROM THE LUSIAD.)

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we
held:

Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling
star;

So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning
heaven,

The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhalloved eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempest and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble
shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered;
Uncarthy paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed his gnashing teeth's blue
rows;

His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.

His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless
prows,

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore

Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature
drew

To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet that through my dear do-
main,

With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse, wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou de-
plore,

Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my
shore."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud, dispersing, leaves the sky.

JAMES BEATTIE.

BORN 1735 — DIED 1803.

JAMES BEATTIE, a distinguished poet, moral-
ist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at
Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, October 25,
1735. His father was a shopkeeper in the
village, and also rented a small farm on which
his ancestors had lived for many generations.
James received at the school of his native vil-
lage an education to fit him for the university,
and even at this early period gave such indi-
cations of the future "Minstrel" that he was
known among his school-fellows as "the poet."
Not only was his taste for poetry thus early
evinced, but even the purity of that taste:
his master preferred Ovid as a school book for
youth, young Beattie was enthusiastic for
Virgil. In 1749 he went to Marischal College,
Aberdeen, where his superior scholarship en-
titled him to receive a bursary or exhibition.

Beattie made great progress in his studies,
and acquired that accurate and classical know-
ledge for which he was afterwards so famous.
Being originally destined for the church, he
attended the divinity class for three sessions,
but afterwards abandoned that intention, and
soon after taking his degree of M.A. in 1753,
was appointed schoolmaster of the parish
of Fordoun, a lovely sequestered spot, sur-
rounded by interesting and romantic scenery.
It is related of him that he used to wander in
the fields at night and watch the appearance
of the coming dawn, feeding his young dreams
of poesy "in lone sequestered spots." The
scenes which he afterwards delineated in his
"Minstrel" were, as Southey has justly re-
marked, those in which he had grown up, and
the feelings and aspirations therein expressed



were those of his own boyhood and youth. His productions of this period appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, gaining for him considerable local reputation, and the friendship of some of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, with whom he ever after maintained a friendly intercourse. A vacancy occurring in the grammar school of Aberdeen in 1757, Beattie presented himself as a candidate for the situation, but did not succeed. He acquitted himself so well, however, that on a second vacancy in the following year he was elected one of the masters of the school.

In 1760 Beattie published at London a volume of poems and translations, which, though it met with a favourable reception, he endeavoured at a subsequent period to suppress; and the same year he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. In 1762 he wrote his "Essay on Poetry;" in 1765 he published an unsuccessful poem on "The Judgment of Paris;" and the year following issued a new edition of his poetical works. In June, 1767, he married Mary, daughter of Dr. James Dun, rector of the grammar school of Aberdeen, but the union was not a happy one, a hereditary disposition to madness on the part of Mrs. Beattie making its appearance soon after their marriage, and subsequently rendering it necessary to confine her in an asylum. On this subject his biographer says, "When I reflect on the many sleepless nights and anxious days which he experienced from Mrs. Beattie's malady, and think of the unwearied and unremitting attention he paid to her during so great a number of years in that sad situation, his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure can never be excelled, and makes the fame of the poet and philosopher fade from my remembrance." In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," written with a view to confute the pernicious doctrines advanced by David Hume and others, which at that time were very prevalent. This work was so successful that in four years five large editions were sold, and it was translated into several foreign languages. The same year he published anonymously the first book of "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," a poem in the

Spenserian stanza, which he had commenced writing in 1760. It was received with universal approbation. In a criticism which Gray the poet communicated to the author, he says of the following passage, "This is true poetry, this is inspiration:—

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Beattie visited London, and was received in all its brilliant and distinguished circles. Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and Lord Lyttelton were numbered among his friends. On a second visit three years later he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in his receiving a pension of £200. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted and presented him with his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie is seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Is it surprising that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother poet? In 1774 the second book of "The Minstrel," now considered one of the classic poems of the language, was published. His biographer, Sir William Forbes, says:—"Of all his poetical works 'The Minstrel' is beyond all question the best, whether we consider the plan or the execution. The language is extremely elegant, the versification harmonious; it exhibits the richest poetic imagery, with a delightful flow of the most sublime, delicate, and pathetic sentiment. It breathes the spirit of the purest virtue, the soundest philosophy, and the most exquisite taste. In a word, it is at once highly conceived and admirably finished."

Dr. Beattie had two sons—the eldest, an amiable and promising young man, died in 1790, aged only twenty-two, and in 1796 the youngest died in his nineteenth year. Looking at the corpse of the latter, he said, "I am now done with this world;" and although he performed the duties of his professorship till a short time previous to his death, he never again sought society; even music, of which he had

been passionately fond, lost its charms for him. Yet he would sometimes express resignation to his childless condition. "How could I have borne," he would feelingly say, "to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness." He died April 18, 1803, and was buried, in accordance with his own desire, by the side of his sons, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas at

Aberdeen. His *Life and Writings*, with many of his letters, was published in 1806 by Sir William Forbes. Of this pleasing and popular poet M. Taine remarks that he was "a metaphysical moralist, with a young girl's nerves and an old maid's hobbies;" and Bishop Warburton pronounces him to be "superior to the whole crew of Scotch metaphysicians."

THE MINSTREL:

OR THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.¹

BOOK I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump
of fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher
aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;

With thee let pageantry and power abide,
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes
adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will!

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent
Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?

¹ Of "The Minstrel," which Beattie admitted was a picture of himself as he was in his younger days, Lord Lyttelton said: "I read 'The Minstrel' with as much rapture as poetry, in her sweetest, noblest charms ever raised in my mind. It seemed to me that my once

most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature and finest feelings of virtue, not with human but with angelic strains!"—Ed.

No, let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven
aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom
shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
given!

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish
scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving muse, resume thy purposed
theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in fairyland might
dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north country;¹
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock:

¹ There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance wherein a minstrel or a harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "*of the north country.*" It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.—See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat be-
sprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er
they went.

From labour health, from health contentment
springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
Hemourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a
child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair,
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
worth;
And one long summer day of indolence and
mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd
the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some be-
lieved him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,

There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long low vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sub-
lime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now em-
boss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hear pro-
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight:
Nor less than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.¹
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,

And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O, ye wild groves! O, where is now your bloom?
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture
brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless
flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd?
Ah! see th' unsightly slime and sluggish pool
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks
away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they
mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate relenting lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to
live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No, Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant
reign."

¹ Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some
late writers, as well as by Milton.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

"Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much and oft he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the
right,

By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below:
Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to
hear!

To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
And cool and fresh and fragrant is the sky.
And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory
nigh,

How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with
age,

When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom
warm,

This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's
rage,

And disappointment of her sting disarm.

But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?

Perish the lore that deadens young desire!

Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,

Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire:

Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves
expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves and corpses
pale;

And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,

Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles
along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,

To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helmets, and green their silk
attire;

And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling
wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
inspire.

With merriment and song and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance

Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre born,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain
side,
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide,
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and,
hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs;
Slow toils the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Whospread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse
should deign
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a
rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams and my wild wanderings
guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain
And driving snow the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful
art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms dis-
play'd;

Or merry swains who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,¹
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,

Yell in the midnight storm or ride the infuriate
flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts
undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles
torn,²

The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
defy,

This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When death lays waste thy house, and flames
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to misery given;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has
driven

To censure fate, and pious hope forego:

¹ Allusion to Shakspeare:—

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth, act iv. scene 1.

² See the fine old ballad called "The Children in the
Wood."

Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he whose birth, maturity, and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain-
say,

Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages
without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies!
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics creeping pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why! their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth;
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,

Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal
day,

Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind,
Ah! then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refined!
Ah! what is mirth but turbulence unholly,
When with the charm compared of heavenly
melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse—he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or
mourn

And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintiff flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit,
And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare,
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern caves the storms are
bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
sound,
Torrents are hurl'd, green hills emerge; and lo,

The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
crown'd,

Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go,
And wonder, love, and joy the peasant's heart
o'erflow.¹

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of
human kind.

BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass en-
tomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents
have bloom'd.²

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine;
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame is
mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.

¹ Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Lap-landers. About the time the sun enters Cancer their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.—*Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

² See Plato's *Timæus*.

Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes de-
stroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild and mountains more
sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trod:
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy
green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made.
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote
survey'd
Blue hills and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbins crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and
stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,

Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents
stole.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here innocence may wander safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest
wade!

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow."

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to
flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening
star;

And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)

"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of levity and lust, who all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hugged the chain, that, glittering on their
gaze,

Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
blaze.

"Like them, abandon'd to ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smiled to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,

Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power pos-
sess'd,

Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay Heaven-prompted, and harmonious
string,

The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

"Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
nown,

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
grave.

"And thither let the village swain repair;
And light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall
know.

"For though I fly to scape from fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost and ruin'd man I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
defiled?

"Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But in the mental world what chaos drear!

What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!

O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear?

"O thou at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark confusion,
driven

Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
the way!"

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.

"And is it thus in courtly life (he cries),
That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct and sublime desire?
Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.

The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;¹
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false where there is none to hear.

"Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell?
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care
dispel."

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And kneeling lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret
small.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.

"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from
whence?

Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"

"A shepherd boy (the youth replied), far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice
rebound,

(For in thy speech I recognize the sound.)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul?
Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?

Is glory there achiev'd by arts as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late exulting, view'd in Nature's frame
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with human-
kind;

When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd by ill."

"Wouldst thou (the sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads
to woe.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,

¹ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.—
Shakspere.

And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
And in thy converse I shall find relief.
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and
pain:
Come often then; for haply in my bower
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st
gain:

If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

And now at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood
assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierce-
ness burn:
Here smiling virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo! ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp the aban-
don'd urn.

Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath?
Shall life, shall liberty be lost (he said)
For the vain toys that pomp and power be-
queath!
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'er-
whelming wave.

"Ah! what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel?
Ah! what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt
with steel?
To those whom nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could history man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would
not yearn!

"This praise, O Cheronean sage,¹ is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

¹ Plutarch.

"O who of man the story will unfold
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole
employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream
decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And hull the bed of peace and crown the board
of mirth.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves!
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling and his heart content.
Then hand in hand health, sport, and labour
went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowld for prey, none watch'd to cir-
cumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave;
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his
slave.

"But ah! the historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis fancy's
beam
Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where love and fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven,—enough of earth I
know."

"I cannot blame thy choice (the sage replied),
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor
blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer
blind,
More dark and helpless far than if it ne'er had
shined?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart and dizzy
brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience and truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have fared.
 Were they successful? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment off their sole reward?
 Yet shall their tale instruct if it declare
 How they have borne the load ourselves are
 doom'd to bear.

"What charms the historic Muse adorn, from
 spoils,
 And blood, and tyrants when she wings her
 flight,
 To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
 Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 And peace, through every age divinely bright
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
 Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
 A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrined
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid
 combined?

"Hail sacred Polity, by freedom reared!
 Hail sacred Freedom when by law restrain'd!
 Without you what were man? A grovelling
 herd,
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 In arts unrivall'd. O! to latest days,
 In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage,
 For lo! with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb imagination's lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By indolence and moping fancy bred,
 Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,
 And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are
 shed.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life!
 The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests
 howl;
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

¹ The influence of the philosophic spirit in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure; in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition; in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science.

"And reason now through number, time, and
 space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns from facts compared the laws to
 trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 Such glory bear?—for lo! the shadows fly
 From nature's face; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;
 Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of
 noon.

"Many a long-lingering year in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves;
 Lo! with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native
 craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 But science gives the word; and lo! he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

"And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
 shore
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
 Even fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous
 brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from
 every flood.

"'Twas from philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo! from the echoing axe and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale:
 And from the breezy main and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
 gale.

"What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire!

Yet science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside death's level'd dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
 Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the
 lips of love.

"What cannot art and industry perform,
 When science plans the progress of their toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 When tyrants scourge or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to
 assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith and public love sincere,
 And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
 Proceeds the path of science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
 The flame of industry and genius fan,
 And emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams and all his wanderings
 shared,

And bless'd the Muse and her celestial art,
 Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From Nature's beauties, variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection¹ which the
 bard,

While boundless hopes and boundless views
 inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous
 show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops the
 unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan
 plains²

His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his
 soul,
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,
 Homer raised high to Heaven the loud, th' im-
 petuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious
 maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing: but ah! I strive in vain.
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of
 death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
 He sleeps in dust.³ Ah, how shall I pursue

¹ General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See Aristotle's *Poetics*, and the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

² Virgil.

³ This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely
snow,

Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.

'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh
my tears.

RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;

When fancy roved at large, nor care
Nor cold distrust alarm'd,
Nor envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

"'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah! why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home!

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O! while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore!
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

THE HERMIT.¹

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

¹ Boswell mentions that when Dr. Johnson was reading this poem in his presence he was so much affected that it brought tears in his (Johnson's) eyes.—Ed.

When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his sharp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass
away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science be-
tray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

'O, pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from
thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
free!'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-
ing,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb."

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

Could aught of song declare my pain,
Could artful numbers move thee;
The muse should tell in mournful strain,
O, Delia, how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art
When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh
The heartfelt pang discover;
And in the keen, but tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;—
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of nature prizing.

ALEXANDER GEDDES.

BORN 1737—DIED 1802.

ALEXANDER GEDDES, a divine of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in 1737 in the parish of Ruthven, Banffshire. His education was completed at the Scots College at Paris, and in 1764 he returned to Scotland. After officiating as a priest for a year in Forfarshire, he was invited to reside at Traquair House, where he formed

an attachment to a member of the earl's family, which was returned with equal warmth by the lady. Not wishing to violate his vow of celibacy, Geddes abruptly left the ancient mansion, leaving behind him a beautiful poem addressed to the fair yet innocent cause of his departure. He spent a winter in Paris, and then returned

to Scotland, being appointed to the charge of a congregation in his native county. The liberality of his sentiments, and the friendships that he formed with Protestant clergymen, at length caused his suspension from ecclesiastical functions, and so, after having for ten years acceptably performed his pastoral duties, he proceeded to London, receiving before his departure, from the University of Aberdeen, the degree of LL.D., being the first Roman Catholic to whom it had been granted since the Reformation. The remainder of Dr. Geddes' life was chiefly spent in London, where he died February 26, 1802. He was an accomplished scholar, being familiar with various ancient and modern languages; a voluminous

prose writer, and the author of numerous now-forgotten poems and translations from Homer, Horace, &c.; but he is chiefly entitled to remembrance as the writer of two popular and pleasing songs. The life of this able and eccentric divine, with criticisms on his various prose and poetical works, was written by Dr. John Mason Good, and published in 1804. Dr. Geddes began a translation of the Bible, with notes, which he did not live to complete. While this work is generally admitted to contain many happy renderings, and to exhibit a profound knowledge of Hebrew, its rationalistic tendency gave great offence to Christians generally, and both Protestant and Romanist united in rejecting it.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

There was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,
Had got a wee bit drappukie that bred her meikle care,

It gae'd about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew;

O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.
I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou;

Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;

But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.

Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
By came a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae lang;

He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran;

And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,

Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my baw-bee,

And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me.

But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunnie be:—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man;
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie, if this be me he'll fawn;

And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome gi'e,

And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.

This is nae me, &c.

The night was late and dang out weet, and oh but it was dark,

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark;

Oh, when she heard the doggie bark, and ken-nin' it was he,

Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.
This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;

Is that you, Bessukie? Wow na, man!

Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be;
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end.
I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;

My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,

Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful
to me,
How that a wife without a head could speak, or
hear, or see!
But things that happen hereabout so strangely
alter'd be,
That I could maist, wi' Bessie, say, 'tis neither
you nor she.
Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you
nor she;
Wow na, Johnnie, man, 'tis neither you nor
she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and, oh! but
he was fain
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.
He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her
knee,
Oh! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to
me;
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now
me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now
me;
I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now
me.

LEWIS GORDON.¹

Oh! send my Lewis Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name;
Although his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.

Heh, hey! my Highlandman!
My handsome, charming Highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee.
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!

This lovely lad, of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
And on his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one,
Seated on his father's throne!
Our griefs would then a' disappear,
We'd celebrate the jub'lee year.

¹ The Lewis Gordon alluded to was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. He declared for Prince Charles in 1745, and was afterwards attainted, but escaped to France, where he died in 1754. "It needs not," remarks Burns, "a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song."—Ed.

SATIRES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.—SAT. 1.

TO DR. BEATTIE.

Whence is it, Beattie, that we find
Scarce one of all the human kind
Content with that partic'lar lot
Which choice procur'd, or chance begot;
But dreaming still, if he possess
His neighbour's place, he should be blest?

"Happy the man (the soldier says,
Worn out with toils and broke with days)
Who snug behind his compter lies,
And sees his thousands round him rise!"

"More happy soldier! (cries again
The trader, trembling on the main)
He marches—fights—and, in a breath,
'Tis vict'ry—or a glorious death:
While I must live in constant fear,
And shrink at ev'ry blast I hear."

The country 'squire, whom knotty cause
To London and the Chanc'ry draws,
Oblig'd from earliest morn to wait
'Till twelve o'clock, at lawyer's gate,
Exclaims, with many a peevish frown:
"How lucky they that live in town!"

The lawyer, dun'd with dire debate,
Would just as gladly rusticate;
And talks in the most rapt'rous strains
Of rural seats and verdant plains.

The doctor—but the complaints of all,
Not Luttrell, in St. Stephen's Hall,
Were able fully to describe:
So num'rous is the grumbling tribe!

But should some god (the gods with ease
Can do whate'er their godships please)
Proclaim: "'Tis granted—henceforth be
A merchant thou, a soldier he;
A lawyer this, and that a 'squire:
Each have his relative desire—
Why stand ye mute?—'Tis given to choose
Your envy'd lots"—all, all refuse.

Sure Jove might burn with holy ire
To see them sneakingly retire;
And, in his well-timed fury, swear
He'd never more indulge their pray'r.

But to be grave—tho', all the while,
A man may tell the truth and smile;
As dunes encourage imps to read
With sugar-plums and ginger-bread—
However, to be grave—inquire

At soldier, merchant, lawyer, 'squire,
 What is the end of all their pains?
 They'll answer, *unâ voce*: "Gains!
 We mean (and sure our meaning's sage)
 To guard against the needs of age;
 And make our hay while Phebus shines,
 Ere life's uncertain day declines.
 'Tis thus the providential ant
 Secures herself from future want,
 By scraping all she can together
 In summer months and sunny weather."

True—but when storms and winter come
 The ant ne'er stirs a foot from home;
 But very wisely shuts the door,
 And lives upon her gather'd store:
 Whilst you, that boast superior reason,
 Expose yourself in ev'ry season—
 To summer's heat, to winter's cold,
 Fire, water, famine—hell, for gold!

Yet, tell me why such fearful hurry
 These treasures in the earth to bury?
 "Lest, if I once break in upon 'em,
 I waste them faster than I won 'em."
 And, if you waste them not, I tell you,
 You quite misapprehend their value.

Let lasts of wheat your gran'ry swell:
 A bushel does my turn as well:
 For when we both sit down to dine,
 Your belly holds no more than mine.
 The slave, his master dooms to bear
 The victual-basket to the fair,
 Eats neither more nor less than they
 Who carry nothing on the way.
 Is it material to the man
 Who follows nature's frugal plan,
 Whether his manor measure o'er
 Ten thousand acres—or ten score?

"But, doubtless, 'tis a greater pleasure
 To take from an exhaustless treasure!"
 That is, your pitcher you would fill
 From river, rather than from rill.
 But, should the treacherous bank give way,
 And heave you headlong to the sea;
 How would you, with retorted look,
 Regret my little limpid brook,
 Where I have water cheap and clear;
 And am, moreover, void of fear?
 Let me but drink—I'll never ask,
 Whether from kilderkin or cask.

"But, sir, the most of modern folk
 Will sneer, and say: 'Tis all a joke,
 Damn'd, dogmatizing, moral stuff!
 A man can never have enough:

Your worth the world will always rate,
 Not from your merit, but estate!
 What will you do with such as these?"
 Bid them be wretched!—since they please
 Wretched to be—or, rather, bid
 Them do as honest Heathcote did;
 Who, when the populace assail'd him,
 And as a sordid miser hail'd him,
 Would thus console himself: "The rabble
 Despise and hiss me! Let them gabble—
 For I despise them ten times more,
 Whene'er I count my guineas o'er."

Poor Tantalus, with scorched lips,
 Gapes for the wave that from him slips;
 And, tho' in water to the chin,
 Can never wet his tongue therein!
 You laugh! But only change the name,
 Your case, my friend, is just the same.
 You hover o'er your bags of money,
 Like bee bedrown'd in her own honey,
 Yet dare not, for your very heart,
 Presume to taste the smallest part:
 Content to view them, various ways,
 As folks on prints and pictures gaze.

The use of riches would you know?
 First, meat, and clothes, and fire allow.
 If, after that, you still have savings,
 Indulge the rest of nature's cravings.
 As far as finances permit,
 Want nought that's suitable and fit.

But to return: is it not strange,
 That ev'ry fool his lot would change;
 And is in this a bit no wiser
 Than the most discontented miser,
 Who bursts with envy to behold
 The increase of his neighbour's fold:
 And tho' he cannot fail to see
 That thousands poorer are than he,
 Yet is the varlet ne'er content,
 If there be one more opulent.
 Thus, drivers in the course ne'er mind
 The chariot they have left behind;
 But all their art and ardour ply
 To reach the one already by!
 Hence, rare the man that will confess
 He lives a life of happiness;
 And, like a grateful, well-serv'd guest,
 With pleasure quits the sober feast.

But here's enough.—Let critics cry:
 "A plagiary! a plagiary!"
 And swear I've pilfer'd some divine;
 I will not add another line.

